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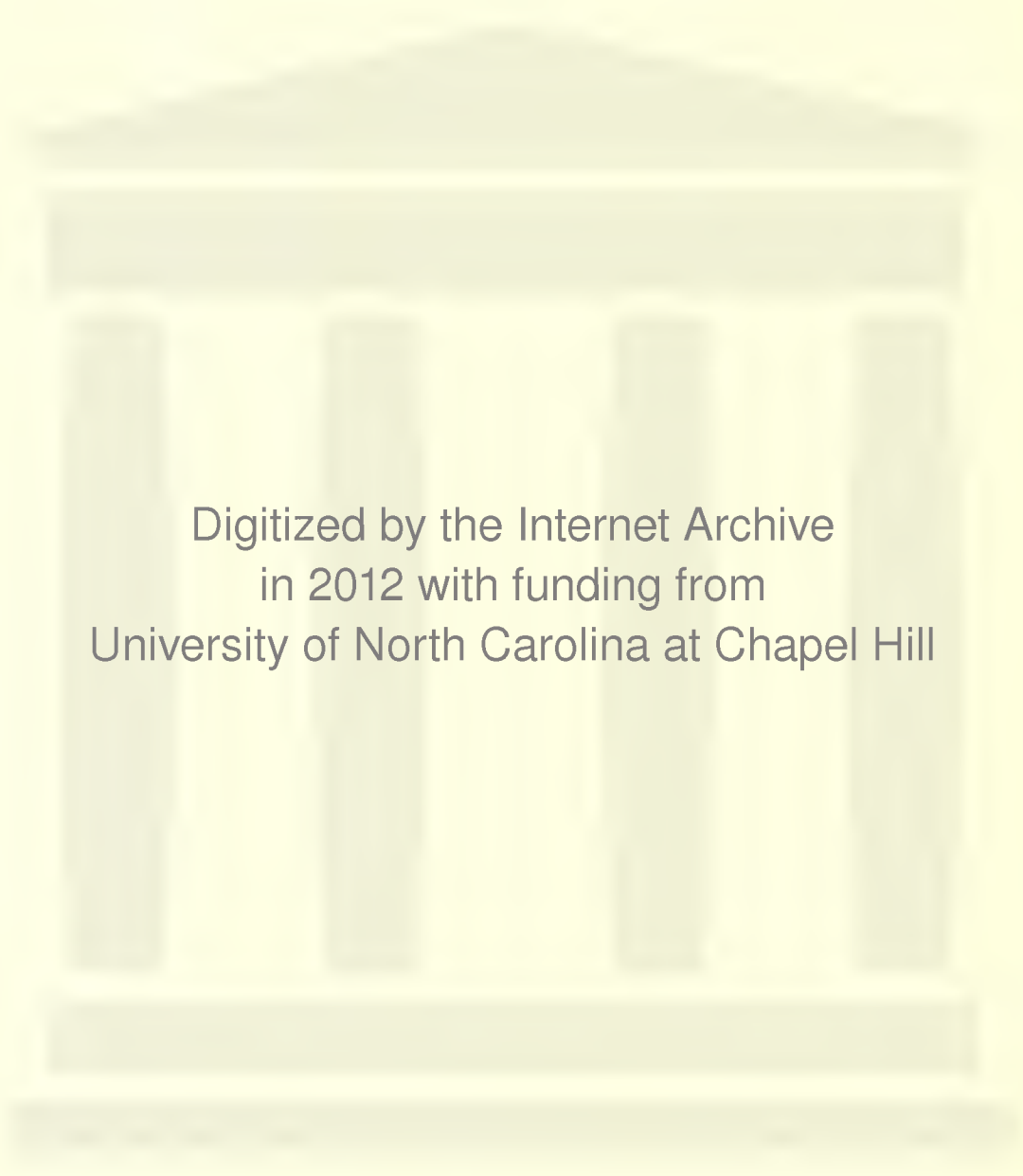
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CAROLINA BOLLWEEVIL

FRESHMAN
NUMBER

PRICE
25¢





Bradley
KNIT WEAR

Proved on muddy practice fields, and in the scuffle of inter-collegiate games, Bradley Knitwear has had spectacular opportunity to demonstrate its wear-resistance and color-fastness.

Your use of a Sweater may happen to be less strenuous—but it is well worth knowing that when you buy a Bradley, you are buying a Sweater *guaranteed* to yield you a remarkable measure of long service, combined with warmth and good style.

BRADLEY KNITTING COMPANY,
Delavan, Wisconsin

*"Slip into a Bradley
—and out-of-doors!"*

This is the invitation the new Book of Bradley Styles extends—it shows scores of the smartest Sweaters, in addition to Mufflers, Toques, Tams, Gauntlets and Sports Hose. A postcard brings it.

PRITCHARD-PATTERSON, Chapel Hill, N. C.
MARKHAM-ROGERS, Durham, N. C.

1. Speaking of comfort, consider a collar that refuses to roll or gap, that is made to fit. That's the Hanes Tailored Collarette.

2. There's a lot of comfort in a cuff that fits firmly, that is made better and stronger, that won't rip from the sleeve. The Hanes Elastic Cuff is guaranteed to be just that sort.

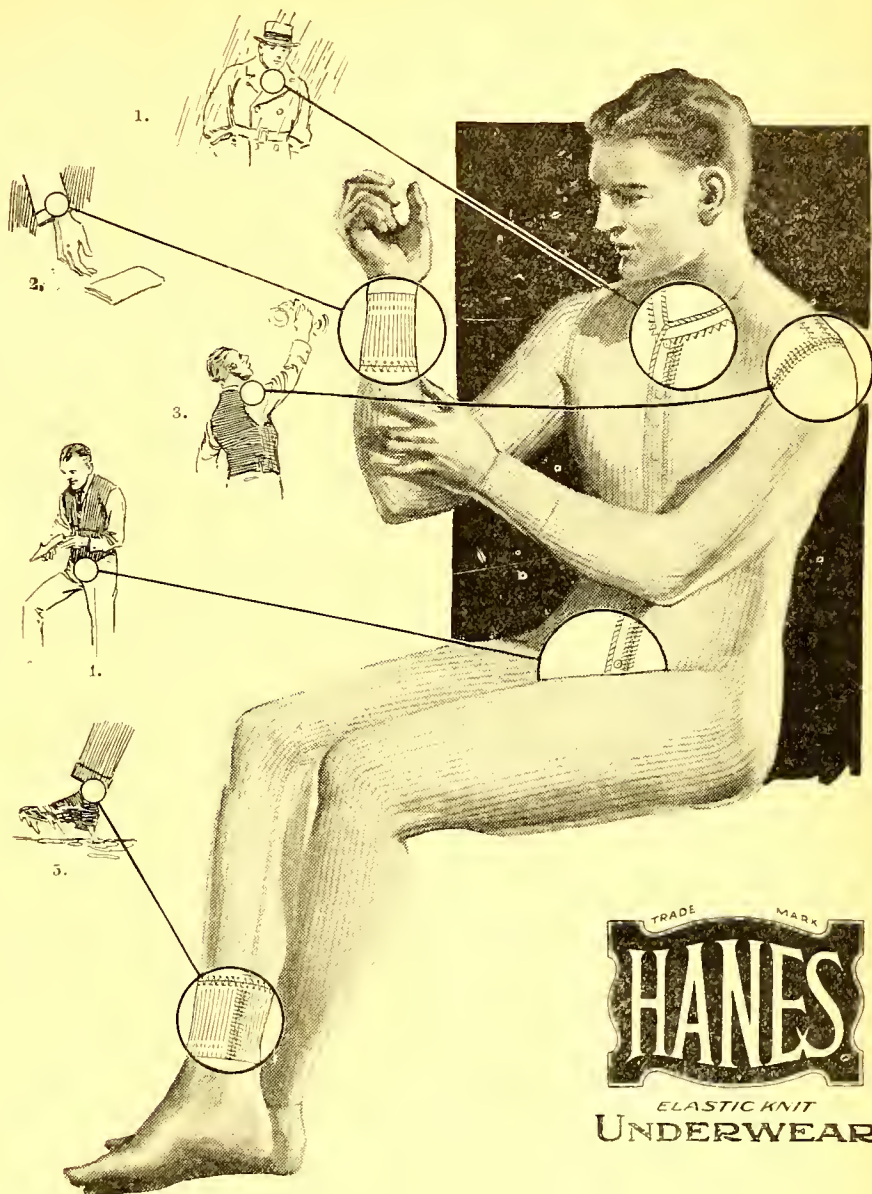
3. You can never be "underwear-bound" with Hanes Elastic Shoulders. They fit, give with every movement because they're made with a service-doubling lap seam.

HANES GUARANTEE:

We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely—every thread, stitch and button. We guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks.

5. What looks or feels worse than bunches at the shoe tops? The Hanes Elastic Ankle never loses its shape even after repeated washings—it always clings close.

4. Here is a closed crotch that really stays closed. It is specially stitched and cut so that it always stays in position.



TRADE MARK
HANES
ELASTIC KNIT
UNDERWEAR

**Check off
these five points
---one at a time**

Balance these points against the underwear discomfort you have known. Add to the credit side of the ledger, seams that are non-irritating and never rip. Put down buttonholes that hold their shape—buttons that are sewed on to stay—fleece cotton that never scratches and has all the warmth and comfort that any one could want—a tailored fit that makes you think that Hanes was made just for you.

Couple all this with wear that withstands the ardour of the tub time and again without the slightest change.

There you have Hanes.

And the cost? Never was such underwear made to sell for so low a price. Look a suit over and realize why every stitch and button is guaranteed. Then ask yourself if you ever saw any underwear that came near the value of Hanes.

You can get Hanes either in union suits or shirts and drawers, light, medium and heavy weights. Your nearest dealer should have Hanes. If he hasn't, write to us and we will see that you are supplied.

Hanes comes in boys' sizes, too

The very underwear for the youngsters, hard wearing, warm, well fitting. Two weights—medium and heavy. Sizes 2 to 16 year (sizes 20 to 34). 2 to 4 year sizes with drop seat. Made also in knee length and short sleeves.

P. H. HANES KNITTING COMPANY

Winston-Salem, N. C.

Next summer wear Hanes full-cut athletic Union Suits!

8-682

TO ALL CAROLINA MEN

WE ANNOUNCE THE OPENING OF OUR NEW Drug Store, next to the University Cafetria, and invite you all to be with with us at all times. As far as equipment and service is concerned we do not think that we can be beat, and we hope that we can please every one.

Every year the men have some place to "hangout" down town during their leisure hours. Nothing would please us better than for you to make yourselves at home in our store whenever you can. We will guarantee prompt service and extra fine quality to all of you.

SUTTON & ALDERMAN

Druggists

STROWD MOTOR CO.

Ford
Fordson
Lincoln

CARS — TRUCKS
TRACTORS

Chapel Hill, N. C.

Dan—" 'Ullo, Bert! I thought you said you was sending us a chicken for Sunday's dinner?"

Bert—"So I was, Dan—but it got better."

—Punch

* * * *

"David ver are my glasses?"

"On your nose, fodder."

"Don't be so indefinite."

—Phoenix

* * * *

Wharful

She—"Sir, do you realize whom you are speaking to? I am the daughter of an English peer."

He—"Not so fast. I am the son of an American doc."

—Wampus

* * * *

Lord Babbington was instructing the new colored servant in his duties, adding "Now, Zeke, when I ring for you, you must answer me by saying, 'My lord, what will you have?'"

A few hours afterwards, having occasion to summon the servant, his lordship was astonished with the following:

"My Gawd, what does you want now?"

—Virginia Reel

NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

**"U. S. MAIL PLANE MAKES TRIP FROM NEW YORK
TO SAN FRANCISCO IN LESS THAN 24 HOURS"**

Almost as good as Gooch's Service

**COLLEGE INN
GOOCH'S CAFE**

QUALITY SERVICE
SINCE 1903



JOSEPH HENRY
1797-1878

Born at Albany, N. Y., where he became teacher of mathematics and physics in Albany Academy. Leading American physicist of his time. First director of the Smithsonian Institution.

When Henry rang the bell

If any bell was ever heard around the world, Joseph Henry rang it in his famous experiment at the Albany Academy. The amazing development of the electrical industry traces back to this schoolmaster's coil of insulated wire and his electro-magnet that lifted a ton of iron.

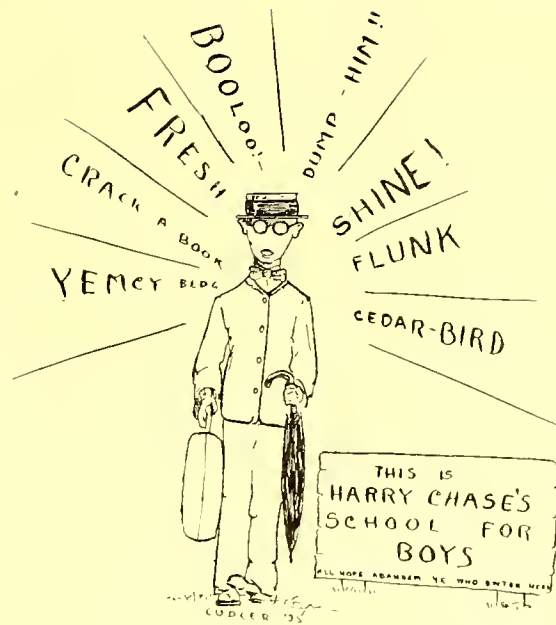
Four years later when Morse used Henry's electro-magnet to invent the telegraph, Henry congratulated him warmly and unselfishly.



The work that was begun by pioneers like Joseph Henry is being carried on by the scientists in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company. They are constantly searching for fundamental principles in order that electricity may be of greater service to mankind.

The principle of Henry's coil of wire is utilized by the General Electric Company in motors and generators that light cities, drive railroad trains, do away with household drudgery and perform the work of millions of men.

GENERAL ELECTRIC





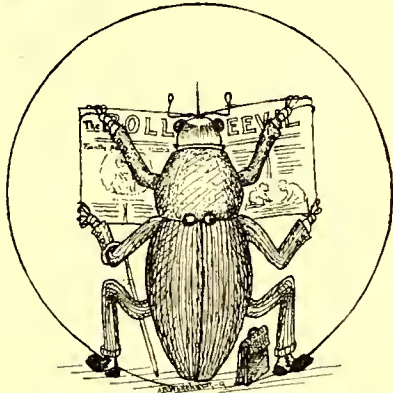
Poetic Fresh: "What is so rare as a day in June?"

Unpoetic Soph: "A Freshman after a Sophomore Banquet."

CAROLINA

BOLL

WEEVIL



VOL. II., NO. 1

FRESHMAN NUMBER

ON TIME!

Riff: "Does this road go to Durham?"

Raff: "Yes!"

Riff: "Well, when does it leave?"

* * * *

A SKETCH

He was wandering at random across the campus. His head was hatless, and black, shaggy hair fell almost to his dirty collar, which encircled a neck bent forward at an angle of forty-five degrees. Apparently his eyes were covered with a mist, for he stared ahead absentmindedly. His shoulders bore a weary expression, and his lower lip hung as if tired out. His coat was just a bit too short, some four inches or more, and his trousers were slumped at the knees. The suit itself was of a most beautiful pattern and color, peg topped trousers, short in length, fancy pockets, faint red stripes on a bright blue background. His nose, and even ears were in harmony with the remainder of his features; for the nose was cocked just a bit to one side in an inquisitive attitude, and his ears were so large that they hung down listlessly. No he was not a freshman—merely a professor.

* * * *

Hard—The man in the moon must be a freshman.

Guy—Because he borrowed his light?

Hard—No; because he usually "shines" at the wrong time.

THE THREE FROSH

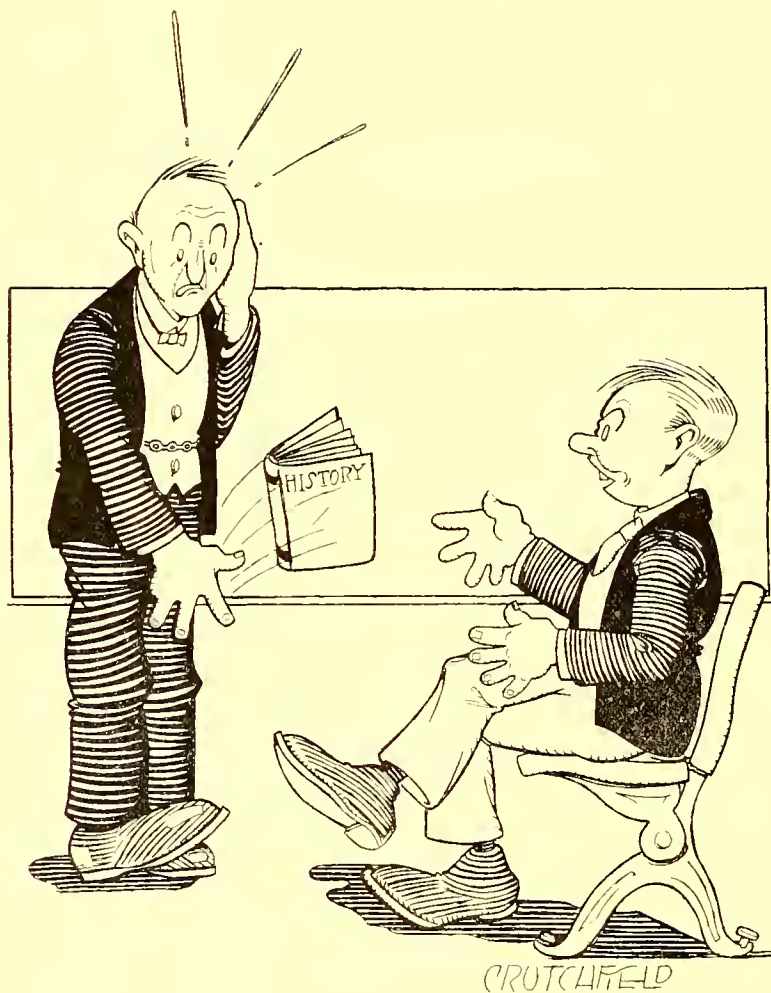
"I meant to go to Elon,
A preacher for to be
But Dan Grant's booting system
Made an ass out of me
So I came to Carolina,
Gosh why did I change my mind?"

"I meant to go to A and E,
And learn the textile trade
But when I saw the hole
I got kinda 'fraid
So I came to Carolina,
Gosh why did I change my mind?"

"I meant to go to Davidson,
They said I was a dub,
I listened to what they said—
I've made the Booloo club—
So I came to Carolina,
Gosh why did I change my mind?"

CHORUS

"The place ain't what we thought it wuz,
We wish we wuz back home
Working with a mule and plough,
We all wuz crazy in the dome
When we came to Carolina,
Gosh why did we change our minds?"



Fresh: "What do you think of a fellow that goes horse-back riding at midnight and rides all night?"

Prof: "I should think he was crazy! Who did that?"

Fresh: "Paul Revere."

* * *

IF YOU TOLD A CO-ED THE TRUTH

"Yes, I'm really only coming to see you for what I can get out of it."

"You're right I think all of you ought to be run off the hill."

"Your eyes would remind me of stars—if they weren't crossed a little."

"Of course I'll forget all about

you as soon as the quarter is over."

"You don't think that just because you're here I'm not going to have my girl up for the dances, do you?"

"Love you! My eye —"

BUT NONE OF 'EM WANT
THE TRUTH, ANYWAY

LEAVE AT HOME

*The alarm clock,
Books,
Hats,
That democratic attitude,
Your legible handwriting,
Your energy,
Frankness;*

and

BRING ALONG

*A line of bull,
A pair of knickers,
I list of girl's names,
Plenty of ambition,
Two ounces of olive oil,
A false reputation,
Lots of jack, and
Lots of jack.
Then you'll get by in a rush*

* * *

THE RHYMSTERS BURDEN

*The birds are singing in the trees,
(Damn that saxophone)
Around the flowers hum the bees,
(How that thing does moan)*

*It's spring, and outside the breezes
blow,
(I'd like to choke that hen)
Gone are the days of cold and snow,
(Curse this fountain pen)*

*Fragrance is wafted upon the
wind,
(That's pretty good I think)
All of nature seems so kind,
(Oh, hell where is the ink)*

*I love this season of the year
(Gosh it's hot)
The heavens seem so bright and
clear;
(What a voice that fellow's got)*

*It's spring, it's spring, my glad
heart cries,
(Get outa here, pup)
I feel my soul within me rise,
(Oh, hell, I give it up).*

A KNIGHT OF THE NIGHT

The girl stood in the garden alone, her face upturned to the moon. It was August, but the moon looked cold and far away. From time to time fleecy white clouds or pearl grey ones moved swiftly across its pale face. While almost in the center of the heavens, and seemingly in pursuit of the fair queen of the sky, rode a slow dark mass of clouds. The wind was rising, and the whole universe seemed surcharged with electricity. It was just such a night as makes old blood run young, and young blood hot.

The girl was keenly sensitive to this mood of the elements. The jazz victrola, dancing couples and laughter all sank into the background. She was a-tingle with the mystery, the urge, the romance of the night.

Even as she watched, the bank of clouds caught and overwhelmed the moon, thus plunging the world into the deepest shadow.

From the path which led to and past her retreat,

she heard footsteps approaching. A cigar tip glowed, and then was flung impatiently away. The girl hardly breathed—was he too following the urge of the night? Was this some kindred soul seeking hers out in the darkness?

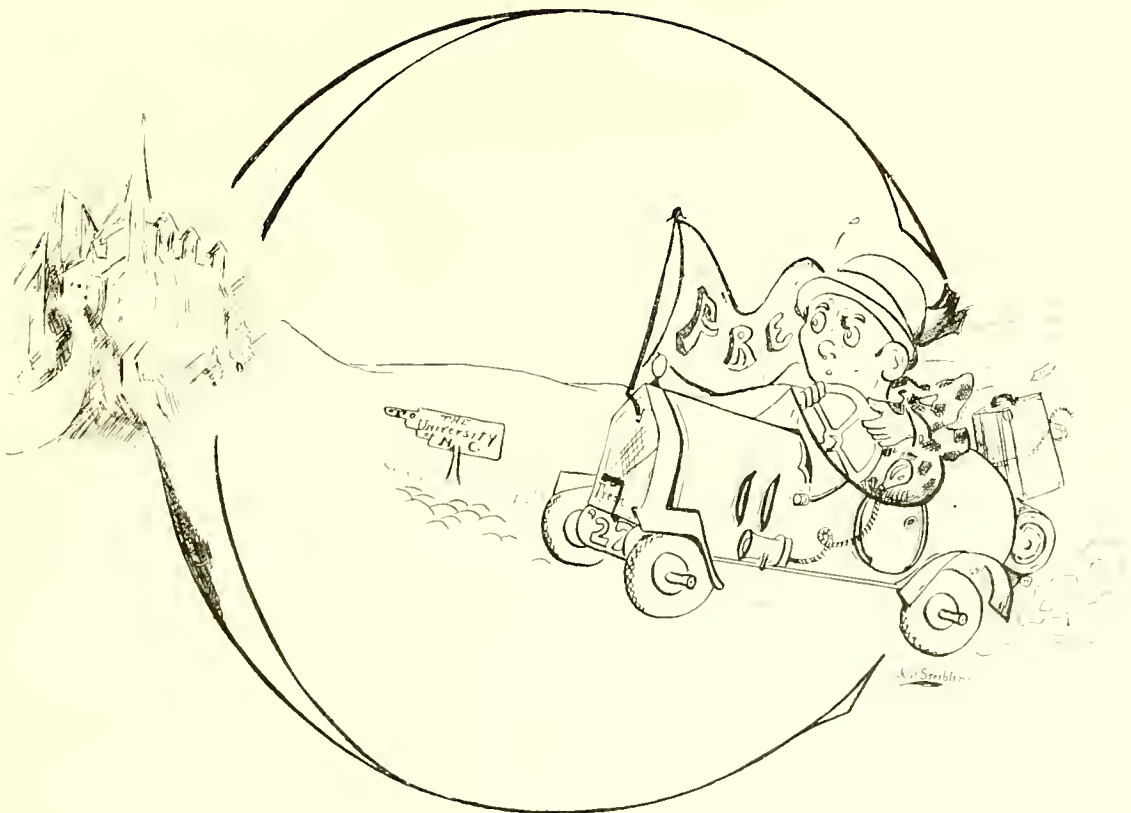
And then indeed her heart seemed to suffocate her, for he stopped, turned from the path, and put out an exploring hand for the sundial against which she leaned. Her head reeled, Fate had sent him to her. His hand touched her, she swayed toward him, and was caught in two strong arms. She lay quiet a moment listening to the strong beating of his heart and then slowly she raised her lips to his.

The black clouds parted in a jagged streak of lightning which revealed all with a cruel distinctness.

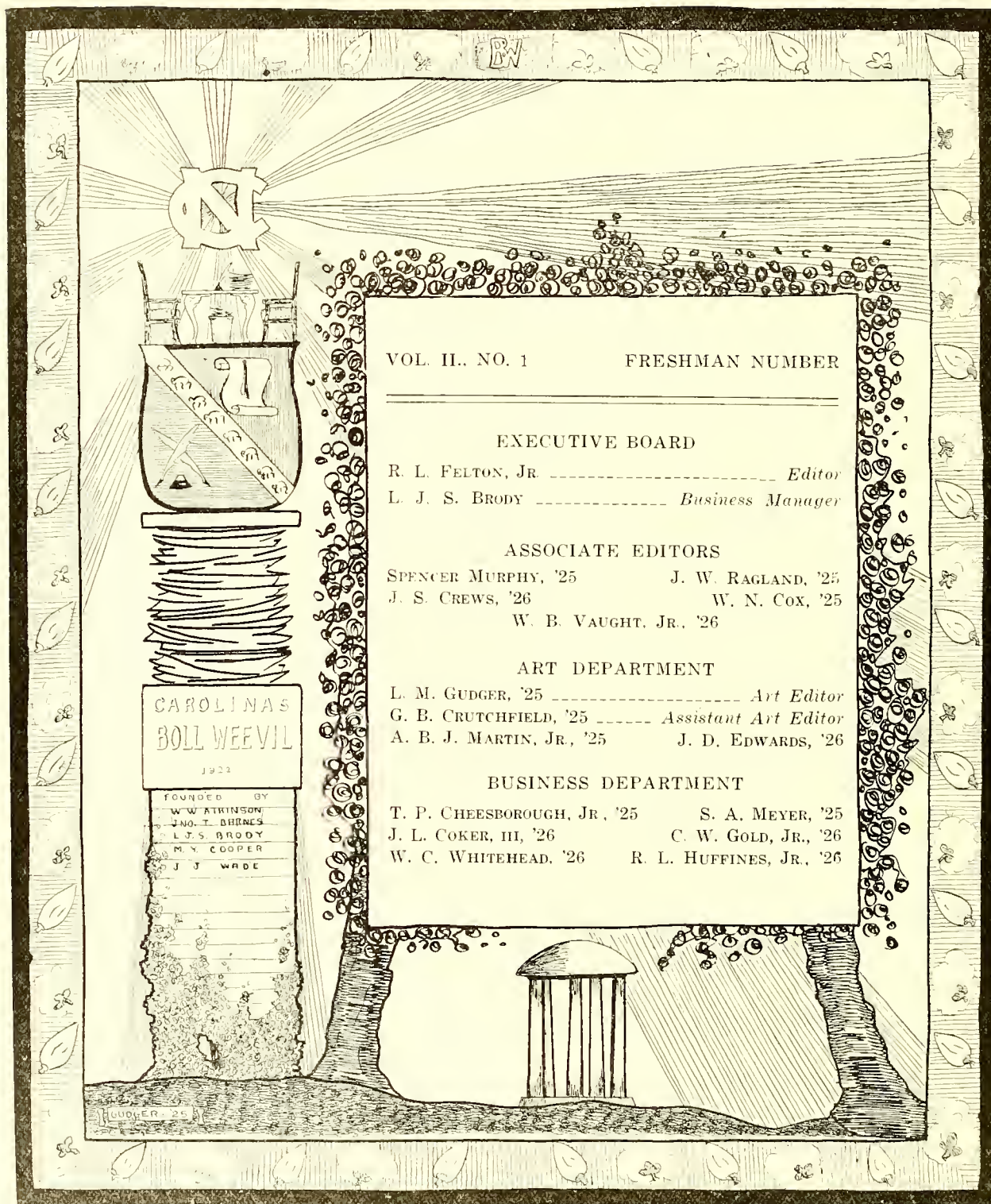
The man's arms fell, the girl seemed transfixed with horror.

"Brother," she screamed.

* * * * *



IT'S ARRIVAL



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5,000 COPIES PRINTED THIS ISSUE

THE USUAL THING

CCORDING to custom, we bid the old editorial staff good-bye, congratulate it on its success, and wish its members luck. That being over "Boll Weevil" starts up its second row in the field of college humor. There have been some flaws, as there are flaws in everything; and it is our intention to remove some of these. When this statement is made it is not with an idea of aiding in the paving of hell. "Boll Weevil" has been successful enough to warrant its continued publication, and with a bit of co-operation it can become even more successful.

Criticism is constructive. "Boll Weevil" should be criticised; nevertheless, no one can be expected to gain pleasure and enjoyment if he reads it while in a critical state of mind, and if he reads with his mind set upon seeing only the faults. There are some whom we'll not even attempt to make laugh. Such weary-faced creatures have evidently sworn never to crack a smile, and these "Boll Weevil" sympathizes with, while they criticise. We wish you to have a receptive state of mind, less pessimism, less personal prejudice, a few contributions; and smiles will follow as a natural consequence.



AND SPEAKING OF CONTRIBUTIONS

HE early numbers of "Boll Weevil," namely, Freshman, Football, and Christmas, will be "try-out" numbers. Those who contribute the greatest quantity, the best quality, and the most original will be placed on the board. If you can write, write! But if what you write is not original, carry it to some other than "Boll Weevil." Better still, keep it in your room as this material not only hurts the magazine, but yourself. And remember that it is still

brevity, and not vulgarity, that is the soul of wit. An occasional "damn" is all right; and if "legs" are mentioned in a decent way the contribution will not be discarded. But nothing "smutty" or "dirty" will even be considered, so don't contaminate our innocent young minds with such. Your work can be mailed or handed to the managing editor at any time.

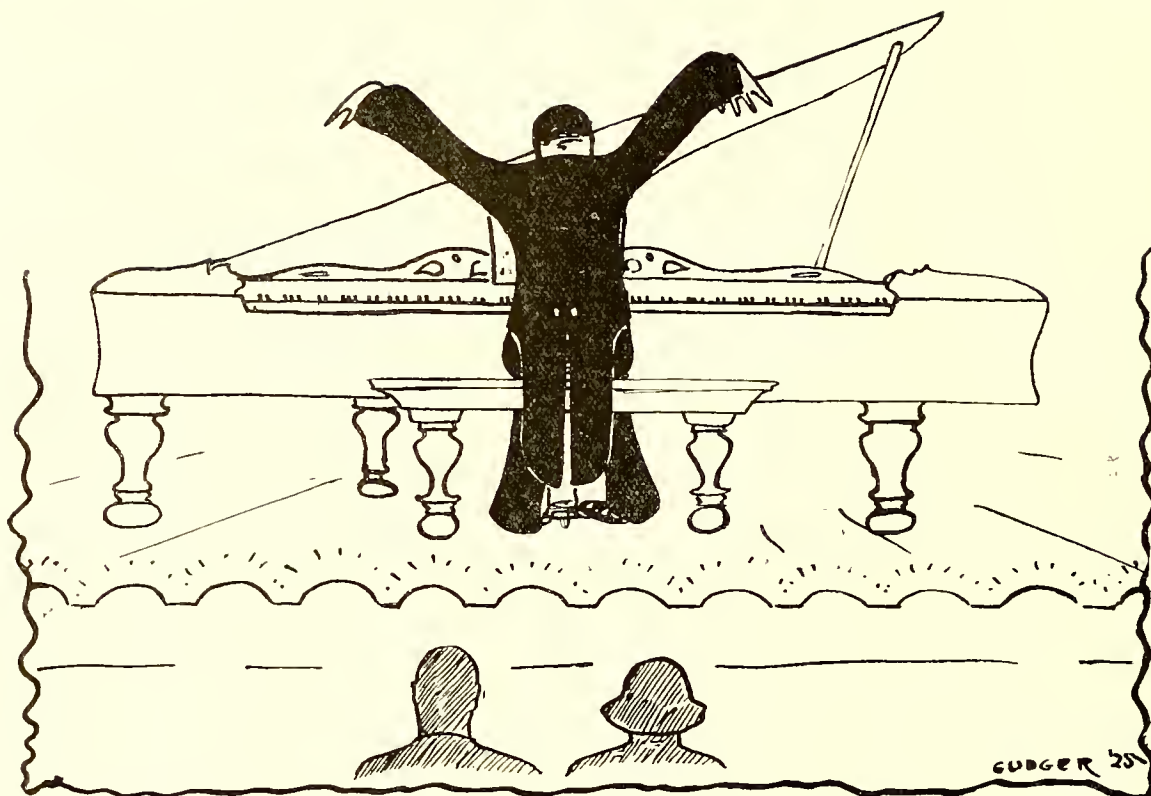


'27



It was hard to decide whether to name this the Freshman or Sophomore number; for "Boll Weevil" itself has just become a Soph, and would like to make the fact known even as other Sophs do. Besides, there are at least as many "wise cracks" to be made on the second year man. However, after thoroughly considering this most momentous matter it was decided that this issue should be yours, oh mighty, mighty freshman! We have no advice, but would like to remind you seriously that this is neither a military "prep" school, a farmyard, or a nursery; that it is best to get the idea out of your head that, because you were "the berries" in high school, you'll be the preserves here. Of the eight hundred freshman, nearly half of them were class presidents, and at least two-thirds of them have made a football team somewhere. And practically all can tell a story about this or that girl.

Some of you should substitute courtesy and respect for conceit and "brass." Others should substitute self-confidence and hope for home-sickness and utter self-humiliation. But, as was said, we come not to advise, but to give you hell in true sophomorical style. Our hopes are that you'll be a good fellow, and join in whatever fun there may be.



She: "What kind of an instrument goes best with a piano?"

He: "An axe."

* * * * *

STUDENT'S LIST OF NON-ESSENTIALS

8:30 classes.
 Saturday quizzes.
 mid-terms.
 room deposits.
 German Club fees.
 9:25 classes.
 deans.
 literary society meetings.
 10:20 classes.
 postoffice boxes.
 chapel.
 11:45 classes.
 hats.
 freshmen.
 12:40 classes.
 afternoon labs.
 accounting.
 2:30 classes.
 the drugs in Patterson's.
 co-eds.
 classes.

HEARD AT THE RITZ

"Oh, yes, you Americans are all right, but I just can't grasp your slang. To show you what I mean, old frolic: that fellow sitting next to me at dinner, the silly ass, made some blasted reference to a 'cat's ankle.' Now what the devil did he mean? He also talked about the same cat's nightgown. I simply couldn't grasp it, you know, so I grasped the first opportunity to shed him and shoved off. Of course, dear thing, you understand this beastly jargon, and you don't notice the blighted stuff, because you hear it every bloody day. Just the same, work the old bean a little and see if you can't understand why I hate so blasted much to hear the jolly old king's English murdered so. Well, Pip, pip."

* * * * *

What is the most important punctuation mark?

The chapel period.

THINK TWICE BEFORE YOU SPEAK

(Old Proverb)

You can imagine what broke loose when Joe Berry, head of the school board and village cut-up, spoke to the children at Miss Pross's school house. He was on an inspection trip, he found the teacher out of the room, but not so far out that she could not hear all that was said. The pupils were

presenting a real rebellion on a small scale. He clasped his hands and spoke thus:

"Ah, my children, it does me good to see you so happy, I guess it is because,—When the cats away the mice will play—and I can't hlame you."

And the old fool had been court-ing Miss Pross for twelve years.



**GEN. HOWARD ONGUSTUS G. PHATT,
THE FIRST MAN TO SCALE
CHAPEL HILL**

In the right background is seen Chapel Hill, which for years remained unscalable until Gen. H. O. G. Phatt, the renowned Apline climber, managed under great difficulties to reach the summit. Gen. Phatt is seen smoking an excelsior cigar which, he states, greatly helped him to gain the summit. In the right foreground may be seen a section of the famous Orange County Corn Fields which have gained such renown throughout the state within the last few years.

"From an Old Steel Engraving"

How many men are there in the freshman class?

Oh, 'bout forty.

What?

Yes, but the other seven hundred will grow up eventually.

* * *

DISENCHANTMENT

Oh, sweet Co-ed, with an empty head

*And feet so cute and tiny—
Thy morning nose is a blushing rose,
And lo, its tip is shiny.*

The moonlight beams on thy co-ed dreams

*As ye stroll across the campus
In evening frock, with a manly flock,
And bold designs to vamp us.*

The lovelight burns in the fleshly urns

*That beat within our bosoms,
And masculine hearts to feminine arts
Are victims by the dozens.*

The magic moon is thy witch's boon,

*Its light is weird and hazy—
By daylight drear, we fain would swear*

That moonshine makes us crazy.

* * *

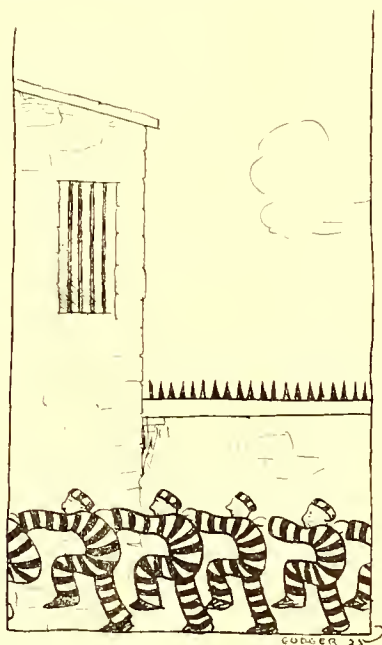
AND EVEN THE RING IS SQUARE

A conscientious minister was appointed to censor certain prize fighting activities in his town. It was his first view of the manly art and he was trying to convince his wife of his new convictions.

"May, it is not brutal, and such self-control. They use the same methods that we tried to teach our own Willie. Why, they even have a gentleman to count ten when one of the contestants falls down before his opponent can attack him again."

IF YOU WANT IT

To begin with we wish to congratulate you on choosing this institution for your winter resort for the next four years (Subject to Student Council regulation). We do not like to boast, but we think that we can safely claim that there are only two other institutions in the State which can in any way compare with this one, and both of them keep all their windows barred. This in itself is a great inconven-



—keep all their windows barred.

ience, it tends to keep out the flies, you will find nothing here to keep out the flies.

The best source of advice here is, of course, the Y. M. C. A. handbook, but everything in that is so humorous that sometimes the advice becomes rather obscure. However, we advise that you peruse it assiduously; reverse everything in it, and you will have a good working basis for a college degree. Everything here comes by degrees. We got knickers that way and co-education.

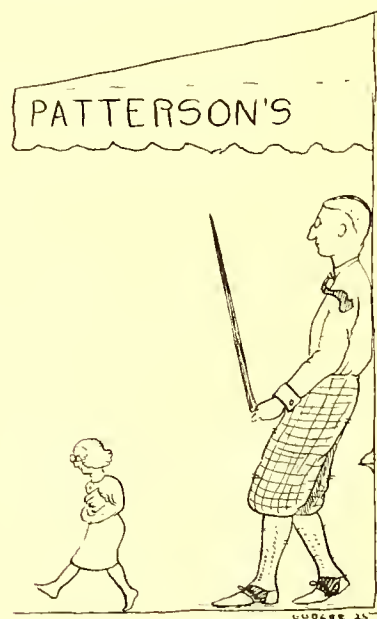
The biggest mistake that is usually made by a Freshman is in remembering that he is a Freshman. "Never refer to it." You are just as good as the upper classmen if not better—you haven't suffered our degrading influences yet. Just think how you rated back in dear old Podunk High. Weren't you the "Stuff?" Keep it up. Tell everybody about it. We want to realize your importance.

The best way to gain immediate popularity is to start right in at the beginning and make the Fra-

ternity houses your homes. The boys want to get acquainted with you. Just walk right in and introduce yourself; put your feet on the table, bum a cigarette, play the Victrola, and you are at once recognized as a man of worth.

Never buy any books. Borrow a few if you must have something to lug around with you, but we warn you that the faculty looks down on a man who buys books (if you really want to help the indigent University, the Book Exchange sells Stacomb and peanuts at 500% profit). You must have a note-book though, a big shiny one is the best form. Take this note-book to Chapel with you, note down in it what you hear from the rostrum. Submit this material to the "Boll Weevil" if you care to. Be sure, of course, to mention the source, the faculty loves to see its name in print.

One of the inconvenient rules here is that a Freshman cannot join any of the Fraternity eating clubs, so it would be best for you to board at Swain Hall for the first year. If you intend to go out for baseball, the rolls there will give you a fine opportunity for pitching practice. The steak, too, will improve your jaw movement. Always keep your jaws



—We got knickers that way,—and co-education.

working; a "Bull artist" is master of the campus, and is very much in demand for honors.

If the Hall fare grows monotonous, drop around on the President some evening. Tell him about the

home-folks, and your ambitions. He will invite you to come back.

Musical talent is greatly appreciated on the Hill. If you play any kind of instrument get it out. Wait till the boys have come home from the Pick and then give a few selections on your zither or mouth organ. Start about, say, eleven o'clock and play for an hour or two. The whole campus will look up to you.

There are several other things which I might mention, but I know you have too much sense to need them, and I feel a little diffident about so doing; so let me leave you with parting admonition: remember that you are "It," and don't let others forget it. You have a hard road to travel, but look at those who have been graduated from our noble halls and take comfort unto yourselves.

* * * *

Fresh—What course should I take?

Prof—A golf course.

Fresh—Why?

Prof—Because you are acquainted with the green.

* * * *

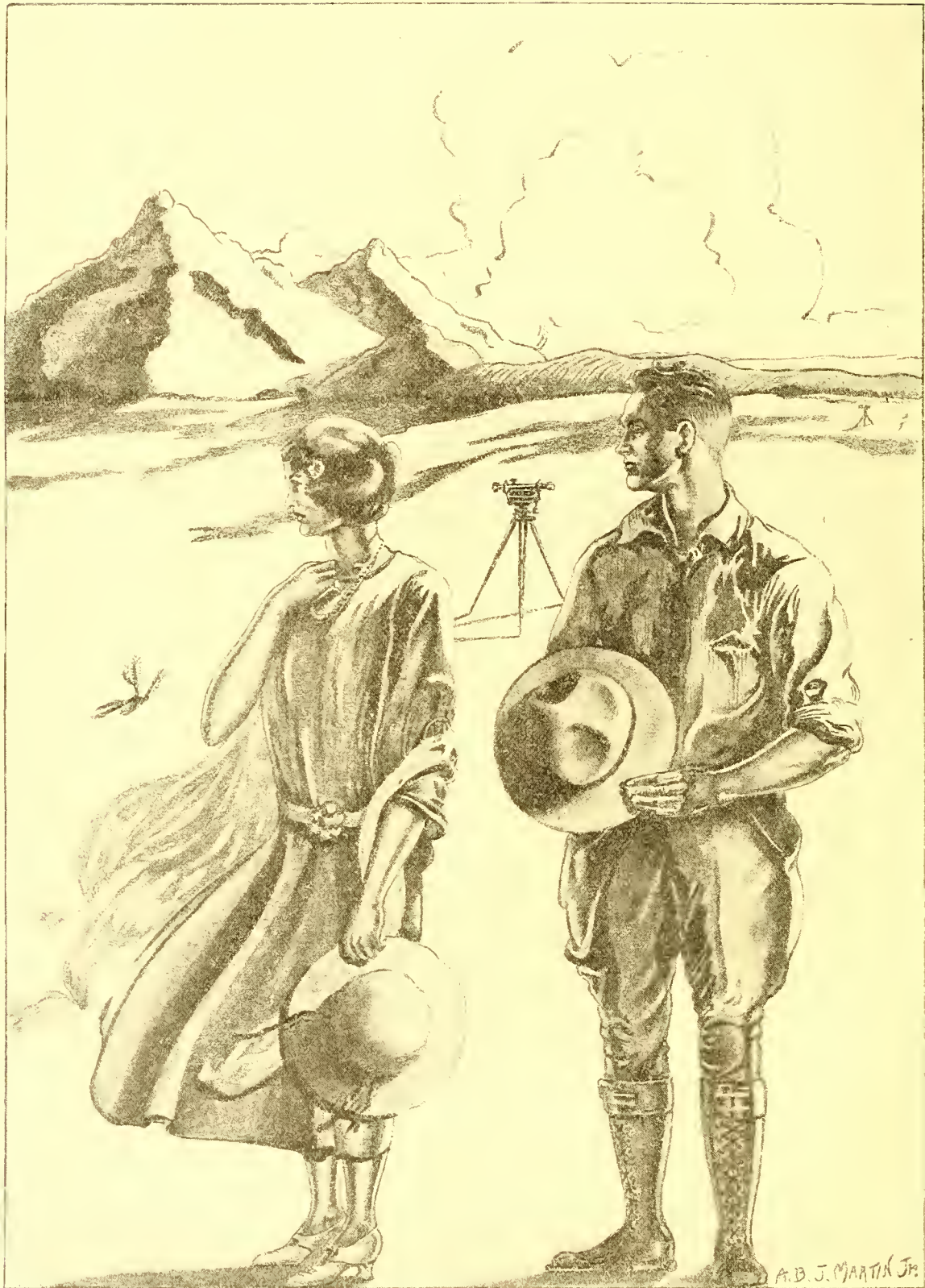


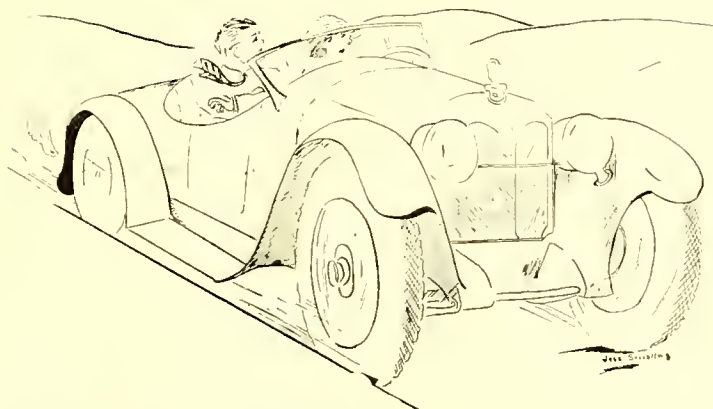
She: "Well, I made a 69. Tomorrow I'll go out and play the second hole."



He: "I've an idea——"

She: "Notion counter's at the rear, sir."





She—"Are you a Freshman?"

He—"No, but this is my first year here. I went to a prep school last year."

* * * * *

"THE DEVIL'S ELF"

*You bob-haired wretch!
I see her pass, and think
What devil pushed her from the brink
Of hell itself to fetch
Her evil ways, her lies,
Her sloven face, and slinking eyes
Up to this upper stretch?*

*I cannot say
Or tell her—"Go to hell,"
I can't do this because—oh, well,
It was one luckless day
The devil sent here
From that low place, and even there
They called her——*

* * * * *

*A bearing vain,
But beauty she has none,
Because her heart is stone;
Tho she may strive again
To beautify herself,
This shallow, narrow, youthful elf
Will always have a stain.*

*A fainting frame
Of flesh, not more than glue;
Her much relapsing soul faints, too,
Recover from the flame
It never will; nor can
She ever rid herself the baw,
Her body, soul, or name.*

*A child in age,
Her words are less than wind,
And less than that, I think, her mind;
She thinks herself some sage,
But she thinks wrong, a knife
Has cut her from the Book of Life;
I do not miss the page.*

IT IS EVER THUS

1st. Wise Soph—Lo' Jim, when did you git back and what kind of a time did you have this summer?

2nd. Wise Soph—Fine Bill, glad to be back—but aint it awful?

1st. Soph—What's awful, Bill?

2nd. Soph—This new freshmen class, that's what. Now I've seen a bunch of Freshmen classes in my time, but this is the crudest, slouchiest and dumbest crew that I have ever seen yet.

> < < >

A HELEGY

*Daylight brings the cad of party gay,
Dead soldiers are strewn o'er the lea,
The revellers homeward plod their weary way
And leave the mess to a hangover and me.*

*Now reels the glimmering landscape in my sight,
And all the air a certain odor holds,
Save near the open window on my right,
Whose curtains trip me in their folds.*

"ELLA'S FELLA"

Eustace knew everything. He could hold a teacup in one hand and chat charmingly with the other. He knew what to do when he overturned a glass of water, which he never did, or when the girl asked him to come in. He knew better than to change his pardner's initial bid of three spades. He knew that his cork-tipped, monogrammed cigarettes lent him an air of class. He knew how to bow when he met the old lady.

Yes, Eustace knew everything.

That is, everything that a cultured young college man should know.

Now Hank, he dubbed as a boring, mediocre, illbred,—he shuddered to use such a bourgeoisie term—roughneck.

When a lady dropped her hanky, did Hank emulate Eustace, and with a charming smile and a graceful bow and with his little finger arched, murmur, "Allow me" as he handed it to her?

He did not. He would grab it with his fist and shove it in her face with a "here's your wiper, ole gal." He couldn't arch his little finger because he had broken it playing football.

No, decidedly no. Hank knew nothing, absolutely nothing of the niceties that make a gentleman.

It is true that Hank made touch-downs while Eustace sat in the grandstand, that is, when the weather warranted his venturing out. It is true that Hank was elected to the athletic association while Eustace was elected to make arrangements for the chaperons at the hops.

In other words, Hank collected monograms while Eustace collected prom cards.

But what is brawn when one has culture—what?

Another summer passed, and in the fall both returned as dignified seniors. And one night they were talking on the porch at the fraternity house.

"Have a big summer?" asked Hank.

"Of course," replied Eustace, polishing his nails on his sleeve. "Quite a bit of a time, old thing." (Someone once asked him if he was from England, and he had never forgot it.)

"I'm worried, Eustace," Hank confided a little later. "I met a girl this summer, you see, and—er, have you ever fell for one of 'em?"

"I have loved, yes," replied Eustace delicately. Under the rays of the moon and the magic of absence he desired to talk to someone of this affair of his, even to so coarse a person as Hank.

"Tell me about it," begged Hank. "I need advice."

"She was as beautiful as a cameo, if you know what that is," Eustace said, generously enlightening Hank through his own experience. "She was the cynosure of admiration and attraction. I met her at Hendersonville, and told her that I loved her. I know she loved me too. She left in August, but she let me understand that she was mine for the asking. If I do say so, my bearing, my ap-

pearance, my breeding, and, pardon me, but my culture, won her. How could she but love me?"

"What's her name?" Hank asked.

"I don't see that that matters," Eustace replied stiffly. He did not add that in spite of his professed undying love for Ella Greentree, she had never written him or given him but one date. One was enough.

"Now this gal of mine," spoke up Hank, "was a whizz too. Her old man had enough rocks to build the Rocky Mountains, and the old lady's ancestors was here before the Mayflower landed. She has as many guys hanging around her as she has jack and family. And the best thing of all, she liked me. She liked me enough to say that she'll marry me after I get through and take the job her dad offered me."

"Congratulations," said Eustace, but inwardly he sneered. He could picture the girl that would marry Hank. "Where and when did you meet her?"

"In Wrightsville, the last of the summer."

"Marry her, Hank, by all means. Its the best chance you'll ever get."

And to himself he laughed. What an awful thing she must be. "Marry her," was his advice.

Yes, Eustace knew everything, and Hank nothing, not even the way to eat artichokes.

But Eustace never knew until he was asked to be best man the next summer that he had advised Hank to marry Ella Greentree.



"How did you enjoy the dance?"

"I wasn't sober long enough to know."

AFTER THREE THOUSAND YEARS

*After three thousand years
It's funny there is no change:
Beds still have the same old bugs,
And dogs the same old mange.*

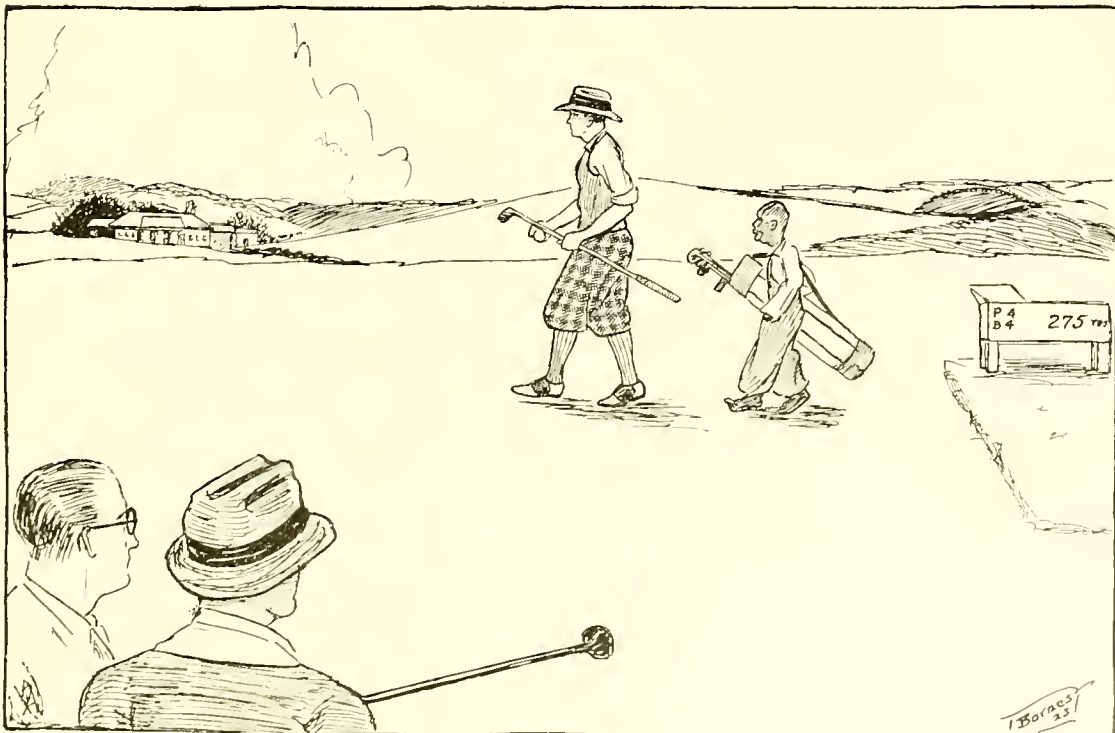
*After three thousand years
It's like it's always been:
The same damned kind of women,
Make the same poor fools of men.*

*After three thousand years
Things are like they were:
Still the guy with the biggest mouth
Makes the biggest stir.*

*After three thousand years
Nothing's different at all:
The women use the same old line,
The men do the same old fall.*

*After three thousand years
We live from day to day;
And babies keep on being born
In just the same old way.*

* * * * *



Near-sighted Individual: "I thought short skirts had gone out of style."

Hatted One: "Oh, that's only Mc Jones in his 'Plus-fours'."

Now is the time for all good freshmen to support the Book Exchange.

* * * *

THE REASON

*A W. O. L. tonight my Muse,
The lines just will not come;*

*I try and try, but what's the use,
My thinker's on the rum.*

To my mind comes no pleasing rhyme,

The words will not appear.

I in truth am wasting time,

And merely sitting here.

*Not for me is the wild applause
Of critics gone crazy.*

*To tell the truth, it's just because:
I'm so gosh dern lazy.*

* * * *



"Bill's end is in sight."

"Flunked out in his work?"

"No—Somebody stole his clothes."

PEEK-A-BOO!

Oh, little co-ed is it thee

Who standeth 'neath my window,

And gazeth in with feminine glee

Upon my masculine splendor!

—With Apologies to Hank.

* * * *

HELLISH "H" 'S

"Yes mam, Miss Sarah, ah sho is gwine ter quit.
I jes can't stand hit no moh."

"What's the matter, Lizzie?"

"Miss Sarah, you know dat maid an' butler dat
you brung over heh from Lunnon to act so big-
gety an' put on airs."

"Yes, Lizzie, but what's wrong?"

"Why de bof done gone plum crazy. Dat maid
come thru de ironing room an' wants ter no ef I
nowed where her body was at. An' dis mawning I
over-hears dem both telling Sam, dat drives Mr.
John's kah, dat dey is gwine ter bring der hant
from Ol'e Hengland to keep house fo' dem, an' I
house-keeping hants."



"My girl ain't no lightning bug, but you ought
to see her nose."

THE DIRGE OF THE DUMB-BELL

By LONGFELTON

*One girl I knew this summer
Was a queen from foot to head;
With a smile for every comer,
And a wink, she'd knock him dead.*

*She only knew some thousand
Who were—"the cutest I ever
saw,"
With whom she'd gladly carouse
and
Be willing their ear to gnaw.*

*Her name? Her name was Hilda,
And I'm telling you a fact—
(If only she knew 'twould harm
killed her)—
There was nothing that she lack-
ed*

*Her hair was dark, and brownish
Bobbed, and usually curled;
Smiling, frowning or looking
clownish
The prettiest she was in the world.*

*Her eyes,—how god-like they glit-
tered,
But their color I couldn't describe
For I thought many times, as she
twittered,
The hue too rich to imbibe.*

*Like the ripple on shining ocean,
Or the flutter of sunlit leaves
Were those lashes in their motion,
As in breasts they caused great
heaves.*

*Her lips I leave far some other,
A master of brush or of pen;
For I know there is no other
Who could have the proper ken.*

*They were curved, and red, and
tempting,
Beauteous, smiling, gay;
But it's useless in me attempting
To tell of their beauty in my shab-
by way.*

*Her complexion was partly powder,
And rouge, and other things;
But nature had also endowed her
With other than wrinkles and
rings.*

*In build she was symmetrical,
Not fat nor yet too slim,
She would give effects electrical
To an enterprising him.*

*She wore her dream-land dresses
So they reached to red, red shoes,
Which, along with those bobbed
tresses,
Made a girl you'd hate to lose.*

*I met her first on a corner
Of main street near the hotel
When she had no one to warn her
That I was a deadly dumb-bell.*

*I asked her for a date, and she
stalled me;
For she had a quick eye to tell;
So soon that it fairly appalled me.
She rated me "just a dumb-bell."*

*She at last decided to try me,
But I felt a hopeless ease;
For I thought that she would deceive
me
For my craven, dead, slow pace.*

*Well, I was right, I knew it,
She tired, and tired real soon,
And as for this I'll stow it,
For a dumb-bell's just a loon.*

*But no more date would she give
me,
And little more would she say,
When I smiled at her she'd drive
me,
With a scornful look, away.*

*The tale of a dumb-bell so endeth;
It's sad, in fact, sad as hell.
But there is a chance that it lend-
eth
Mateship to another dumb-bell.*

*But I face the future gayly,
Poor dumb-bell that I am;
There are hundreds of women day-
ly,
So I little give a damn.*

* * *



A Well Balanced Meal.



O.B. PRUTCHFELD

'27: "Well, guess I'll get a little more sleep."
 Room-Mate: "What! Not going back to bed?"
 '27: "No, to class."

* * * *

ATTENTION FRESHMEN

Have you read your freshman bible. If not, why not? Many have made the mistake, and never amounted to much in college.

"Give up all hope, ye who enter here." Unless— You read that precious book.

Get one free at the Y. M. C. A. office. You will find the Y. M. C. A. office in the Book Exchange. There you can get the bible free of charge. The only thing ever handed out free in that building. So be sure to take advantage of your opportunity. It tells you all you need to know:

How to analyze your Profs.

How to grat classes and get

away with it.

How to make a fraternity.

How to boot the DI and PHI Societies.

How to win an argument.

How to overcome self-consciousness in the presence of co-eds.

How to get in touch with the best boot-leggers.

How to make the Boo Loo Club.

So be sure to get this treasure chest.

* * *

College classes change their colors.

Chameleons change with every scene;

But leopards never change their spots,

And the Freshman's always green.

Ed—Why is a Freshman like an Irishman?

Co-Ed—Because his color is green.

* * *

WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME

To be a co-ed at the University and live in the new dormitory.

* * *

"CROSSING THE PA"

(Apologies to Tennyson)

*Four-bits and a vaudeville star,
 And one clear call for me!
 And may there be no groaning of
 the car
 When I "put out" to see.*

*But such a swig as moves me but to
 sleep—*

*Too full for sound and foam,
 When that old cork from out the
 bottle leaps—*

Honey, take me home!

*Moonlight and all is well,
 And after that the park;
 And may there be an early morn
 farewell,
 When I embark;*

*For tho' from out my usual time
 and place,*

*This jane may lead me far,
 Don't let me meet my father face
 to face
 When I have "crossed the bar!"*

* * *

Freshmen are interested in their marks, but "Boll Weevil" is concerned with their REMARKS.

* * *

GOOD INTENTIONS

Hell must be a very slippery place to walk in, considering what the streets are paved with.

* * *

Why not sell the Freshmen something worth while, like Memorial Hall, instead of mere radiators and window panes?

OVERHEARD

President's address to the Freshmen class—
 "Young gentlemen, in closing, I want you to remember that on the morrow it will be you who will lead the glorious procession across our great campus. Keep this ever in mind and do not forget it."

1st. Freshman to 2nd. Freshman—"Naw, I don't calculate to have nothing to do with them doings to-morrow. Cause Pa's last words to me when I pulled out was—'Whatever you do, don't follow the crowd'."

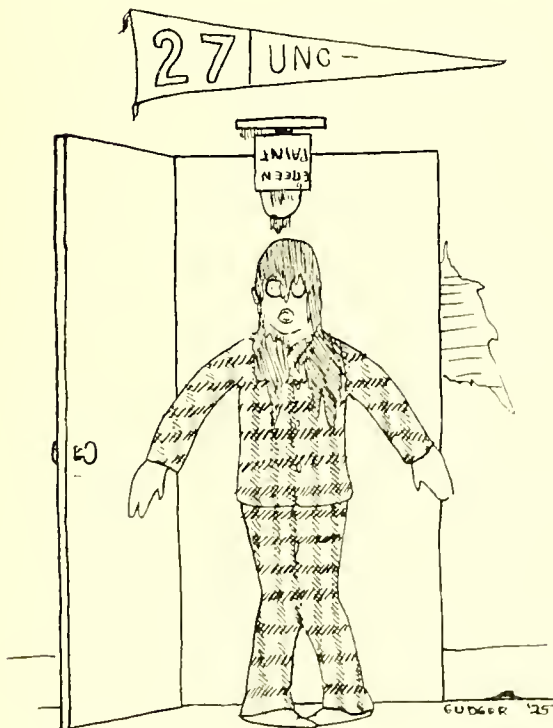
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ELECTRICIAN TO HIS INAMORATE

*Had I the power of Volt
 Aire to fling a wicked line,
 I'd invoke a thunderbolt
 Dear, to prove that you were mine.*

*But I haven't, dear, so watt
 Can I say than this sweeter:
 If there's better'n you to be got,
 Dear, I have yet to metre.*

* * * *



Fresh Paint.



She uses Coty's,
 Dances like a nymph,
 Kisses me, pets me,
 Has the form of a goddess,
 Dresses like one too,
 Runs me wild
 Calling me darling.
 She is an artist in everything—
 Necking included—
 I suppose I love her
 But O ye gods
 She costs.

* * * *

PASSION

It was such a night as Leander punted the Hellespunt, and Mark Anthony marked time at the feet of Cleopatra forgetting even his patrimony. It was such a night as Dido dipped digitalis in order to forget that Aeneas had given her the slip, and it was such a night as Helen made Paris think that he was in Paris. It was such a night as tonight. It was a darn good night for necking—and that's what we weren't doing nothing else but. Suddenly I tore my lips away from her neck—it pains me even now to think of it. With one last look of pity I cast her at my feet, and walked off. Enough of a thing is enough, and I had eaten every bite of meat off of that chicken's neck.

* * * *

No, Anastasia, Homer's Odyssey is not an automobile.

TWENTY-SEVEN KINDS

Four years ago a freshman came to Carolina. He came (even as you and I) with all the hope of inexperience shining in his eyes, and determination to make Phi Beta Kappa—although he had never heard of such a club then. He hailed straight from a cattle ranch in Texas, where college had been considered only as a prospective market for beef until a year ago when pa planted a small oil well.

Ma had been to college a year, but even her experience coupled with Son's knowledge of the world (largely acquired during his trip to school) did not prepare him for the University. But our hero was not to be outdone, he discarded his hat the first day. Other things came equally fast; by the end of the first year he was extending his activities to include Durham and Raleigh. It was about this time that papa enlarged his oil wells and Son's checks.

He stayed to summer school, and he liked it so well that he stayed to the second.

His sophomore year passed much as his first had done only more so. Toward the end of this year, papa again enlarged his oil wells and began business on a regular scale. The news leaked out at school and Son was taken into a fraternity.

He was considered a jolly good fellow now with a convenient bankroll; and life, he found, was very interesting. As his standing was more firmly established, he became a social leader. He shaved less; wore ragged shirts, and had a special way of letting his socks wrinkle over the tops of his expensive low cut shoes. He was always ready to "sit in" at a harmless game of pinochle or such, and he led his gang in the innocent pleasures of week-end parties. At the dances he was a veritable shiek; and whether due to his early ranch training or no, he could throw a neater line of bull with greater finesse than any man in college.

Two more years passed, and Son had still found not time to waste on a visit home. Things might have gone on indefinitely like this, if papa had not written for the first time in four years, and required Son's presence home.

Therefore a week or so (Son did not remember which) after receiving his "dip," he packed his trunks and wearily started for home. He recuperated so much on the way that he could actually look with a something akin to interest for his homecoming. It would be good to see little sis and mamma, yes and papa too. Would his mother wear the same faded gingham apron? and let her hair string about her face? He remembered his sister's coarse shoes

and thin legs, the low squat house, and his father—but with a shudder he checked his imagination.

The little town had grown since he left, and he felt vaguely resentful when he was deposited in front of a smart new red brick station. As he was looking around for Pa's non-de-script figure and the old buggy, a respectful person in livery accosted him, ascertained his name, told him his father was out of town, that "the car was waiting," and taking his bag started toward a line of parked cars. There was nothing to do but follow, and so Son followed. The dainty, expensive little limousine into which he was handed fairly flew over the ground, but our hero seemed unable to do anything but stare at the roses in the cut glass vase. Just as they left the road and started up the drive to a large white house, a grey roadster shot past them and drew up before the house with a flourish. A lady jumped out, and standing above him on the steps his mother nearly smothered him in summer furs as she took him in her arms.

"I took your father's car and raced all the way back from the club meeting to beat you here," she explained. And Son might have been an oyster for all the answer that he gave her. They entered the house only to be met at the door by a flying figure in white knickers, shirt, and green sport hat.

"O Buddie," the girl squealed, "my big, big brudder."

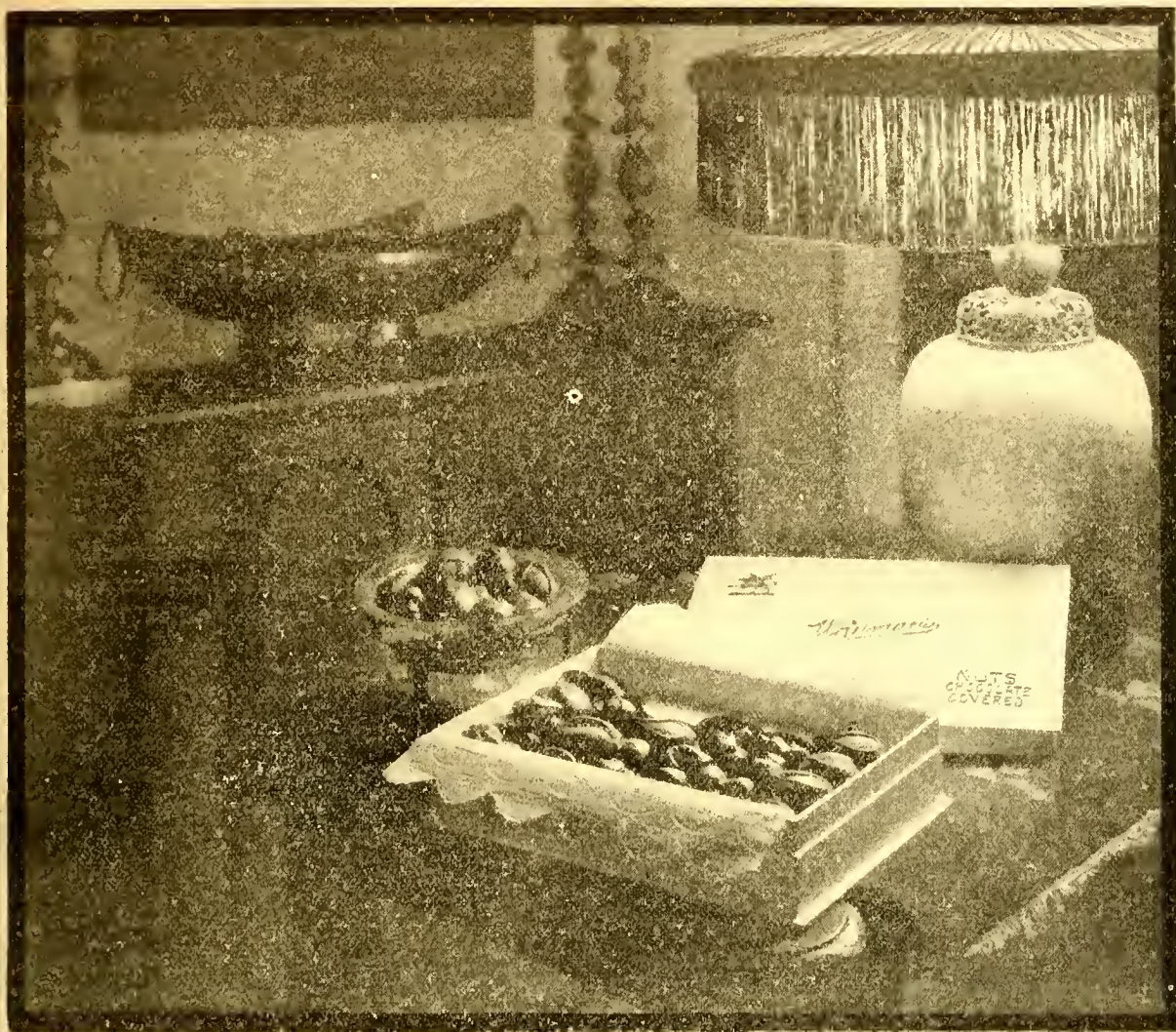
And Son rubbed the back of his neck where she had burnt him with a cigarette, and wondered if this were his "little sister." He stared in frank wonder at the neat maid who took his hat, and was promptly snubbed for his pains. Crossing the room his foot slipped on the hardwood floor, and he colored furiously as his sister laughed outright.

Left alone for a second, he dropped weakly into a chair, and glanced at a circular which lay on its arm.

"DO YOU WANT TO BOOST YOUR TOWN?" he read. "THEN REGARD YOURSELF AS A PERMANENT FIXTURE AND BUY—"

"Good Lord!" he ejaculated, "'permanent fixture' that don't mean my people." And he cast the paper behind him.

And then he saw the reasons. He had only been to college, while they—well there was the evidence on the library table, "Learn to Dance by Mail," "Beautify yourself by Mail." Learn the English Language by Mail." These and many more were jumbled together with copies of all the most modern magazines.



Whitman's

NUTS CHOCOLATE COVERED

Whole Nut Meats

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Filbert Clusters
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Almond Clusters
Peanut Clusters
Pecan Clusters

A very special appeal to the taste of those who want the best nut meats the markets of the world afford, combined with chocolate of Whitman's Super Extra Quality.

There are no combination centers in this package—nothing but nuts, whole nut meats thickly coated with delicious chocolate.

We believe the kinds are assorted to appeal to most tastes. We know that the package is a first favorite with many good judges of fine confections, and its popularity has increased steadily for many years.

Nuts Chocolate Covered is one of Whitman's Quality Group of special candy assortments for discriminating lovers of sweets.

This package has a special Hallowe'en wrapper for that holiday.

All Whitman's chocolates are sold only by selected stores in every neighborhood that are chosen as agents for the sale of Whitman's. Every agency receives frequent fresh supplies direct. Every package of Whitman's is guaranteed to be fresh and to give complete satisfaction.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Also makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

Whitman's Famous Candies are sold by

PATTERSON BROTHERS



"Didn't your wife bawl you out last night when you came home so late?"

"No; I fooled her. I stood in the hall an hour, delivered a lecture on 'Civic Righteousness,' told a bedtime story, and sang three grand opera selections, and she thought she had forgotten to turn off the radio."

—*Judge*

* * * *

Bride: "I want to buy some writing paper, please."

Clerk: "Linen sheets?"

Bride: "Sir! I said writing paper."

—*Virginia Reel*

* * * *

Absent-minded Father: "We have a new baby at our house."

Friend: "Well! Well! Girl?"

A. M. F.: "No."

Friend: "Boy, huh!"

A. M. F.: "Yes, how did you know?"

—*Record*

* * * *

Buck: "Can you give a definition of an orator?"

Private: "Sure! He's a fellow that's always ready to lay down your life for his country."

—*American Legion Weekly*

* * * *

She: "I believe a man should give his wife plenty of rope."

He: "That's what I did with mine—and she skipped!"

—*Yale Record*

* * * *

"My heart is with the ocean," cried the poet, rapturously.

"You've gone me one better," said the seasick novelist, as he took a firmer grip on the rail.

—*Flamingo*

* * * *

Fussy Passenger (on board steamship): "Doesn't this boat tip a lot, steward?"

Steward: "Yes, she's setting a good example to the passengers. Thank you, sir."

—*Jack-o-Lantern*

"No, Genevieve, a bridal party has nothing to do with horses."

—*Virginia Reel*

* * * *

One: "How do you know that your woman doesn't love you?"

Two: "Woman's intuition."

One: "You're not a woman."

Two: "My girl is, though."

—*Widow*

* * * *

Professor (explaining the movements of heavenly bodies): "Perhaps it will be clearer if I let my hat represent the moon. First, is there a question?"

Stude: "Is the moon inhabited?"

—*Froth*

* * * *

Father (slowly): "Well, do you think you can give my daughter what she's been used to?"

Impetuous Young Man: "Sure! We smoke the same kind of cigarettes."

—*Juggler*

* * * *

Two Irishmen were excavating for a proposed building, when an interested spectator inquired: "How is it, Pat, although you and Mike started work together, he has a bigger pile of dirt than you?"

"Shure!" was the quick retort, "He's diggin' a bigger hole."

—*Judge*

* * * *

What Ails Our Library?

"You probably don't remember me, professor," began the meek little middle-aged man; "but fifteen years ago you sent me over to the library to get a book for you—"

Yes, yes," returned the professor, "and have you got it?"

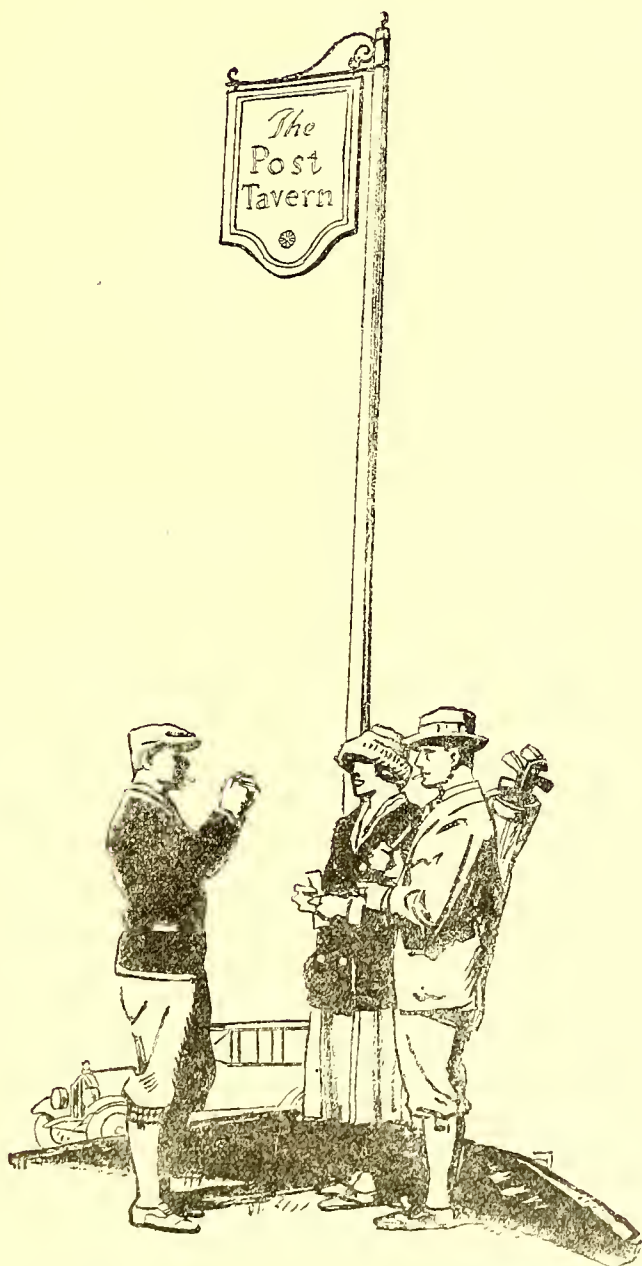
—*Jester*

* * * *

Prof.: "What are known as the Dark Ages, Egbert?"

Egbert: "From 18 to 25, sir."

—*Sun Dial*



“What a difference
just a few cents make!”

FATIMA

DO NOT WORRY!

All of us cannot play football, but we can all support our team. If you are sitting in the stadium on a cold, rainy day, supporting

your team and feel you're catching cold, just remember a good rub-down with Vicks Vapo-Rub will "nip it in the bud."

MAXIM—"An Ounce of Prevention is Worth a Pound of Cure."

**KEEP THE OLD
BLUE JAR HANDY**

**VICKS
VAPORUB**

Over 17 Million Jars used Yearly.

Stewed: "Shay, Mister, what's the name (hic) of that piece (hic) the orchestra's playin'?"

Stude: "Aw don't bother me."

Stewed: "See here, Mister, I wanna know (hic) what that piece is they're playin'."

Stude: "'Go Feather Your Nest.'"

Stewed: "Aw go sit on a tack!"

—Purple Cow

* * * *

Prof.: "Gentlemen, what is the Colossus of Rhodes?"

Soph.: "The Lincoln Highway, sir."

—Record

* * * *

Pretty Tough

Cannibal Woman: "Have you seen anything of my husband?"

Cannibal Chief: "Not since dinner."

—Juggler

"Did you understand the game?"

"Not much of it except that it was all settled by a man they called the vampire."

—Record

* * * *

First Catch Them

If all the followers of Mr. de Valera were placed end to end, we are informed, they would reach about seven miles out to sea. A lot of people are in favor of this scheme.

—Punch

* * * *

Fond Parent to Abie: "How much is two times two?"

Abie: "Six."

Fond Parent: "No, Abie, that's wrong. The answer is four."

Abie: "I knowed the answer, Fadder, but I wanted to see you bargain."

—Jack-o-Lantern

YOU ALL KNOW THE O'HENRY

GREENSBORO'S FINE HOTEL

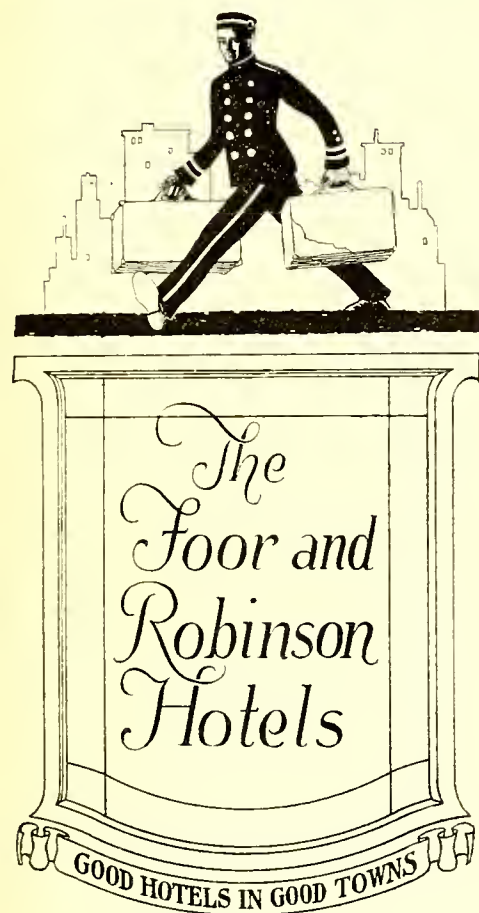
What a place it is for that dance, banquet, "frat" gathering, or week-end trip. Its accessibility is most attractive also for alumni meetings.

The Sheraton, at High Point, and the Cleveland, at Spartanburg, S. C., are other examples of

Good Hotels in Good Towns

The Foor & Robinson Hotels

By Easter vacation the following unexcelled hotels will be placed at your service: The Francis Marion, Charleston, S. C.; The Charlotte, Charlotte, N. C.; The George Vanderbilt, Asheville, N. C.



Specific, Anyway

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadows, the cow's in the corn.
Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep—
He's at a meeting of Sheeptender's Union Local 125,
And says he doesn't give a darn what they do.

—*Jack-o-Lantern*

"Don't you think my wife has a fine voice?"
"Eh?"

"I said, hasn't my wife a fine voice?"

"That woman's making such a horrible row I
can't hear a word that you say."

—*London Opinion*

Accentuated

Harold—"That soprano had a large repertoire."

Maggie—"Ain't it the truth now, and since you
speak of it her dress only made it look worse."

—*Purple Cow*

That's the Idea

Excited Voice (over the telephone to physician)

"Doctor, my mother-in-law is at death's door.
Please come and see if you can't pull her through."

—*Time*

The Saturday Line-up

Teacher—"Oscar, what is the Ancient Order of
the Bath?"

Oscar (puzzled)—"I dunno; Johnny comes first,
then Willie, then the baby, and then me."

—*The Flamingo*

* * * *

Dentists' Wife—"Did you collect your bill from
Mr. Grouch?"

Dentist (angry)—"No, not only that, but he
gnashed my own teeth at me!"

—*Owl*

Dairy Husbandry

"I have a good job at the confectioner's."

"What do you do?"

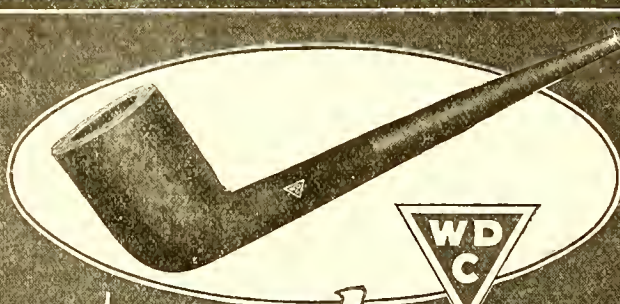
"Milk chocolates."

—*The Showed*

Patronize Our Advertisers

"Do you often change your environment?"

"Shure an' I do; ivry Saturday night."



Milano
Fifth Avenue's Favorite Pipe

"There is something
fine about it"

\$3.50 and up
at the better
smoke shops

WM. DEMUTH & Co.
NEW YORK

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Equipped for handling College Annuals and All Classes of Publications.

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ENGRAVED
STATIONERY

PUBLISHERS CAROLINA BOLL WEEVIL

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Oxford Orphanage
OXFORD, N. C.



Louis E Levy, inventor of the Half-tone, made the first Half-tone at 632 Chestnut Street. This Historic Site, now the home of the Franklin Photo-Engraving House, has been noted ever since for progressiveness in the Engraver's Art.



FRANKLIN PHOTO-
ENGRAVING HOUSE
PHILADELPHIA

Shades of Danny Deever!

"What is that roaring sound I hear?"

Said the frosh in the hall.

"'Tis Mac beneath his chiffoniere,

I heard the blame thing fall."

"What is that high up in yonder tree?"

Said the frosh in the hall.

"A bathrobe that belongs to me,"

He heard a brother bawl.

For they're slicking up the frat house,

They are stirrin', of things 'round.

There are dress suits in the shower

And a collar can't be found.

And the brothers' choice possessions

Are outside upon the ground.

For they're slicking up for Junior Week this morn-
ing.

—Widow

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,

CLOTHING,

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
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Telephone Murray Hill 8800

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during the coming season
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Send for "Comparisons"

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BROOKS BROTHERS'

Building, convenient to
Grand Central, Subway, and
to many of the leading Hotels
and Clubs

Passenger—"What's the matter, Guard?"

Guard (fed up with the question)—"There's a new signalman in the box up there that's got red hair, and we can't get the engine to pass him."

—*London Opinion*

* * * *

Mary had a swarm of bees,
And they, to save their lives,
Must go wherever Mary goes—
'Cause Mary had the hives.

—*Royal Gahoan*

* * *

"I have a fine job now. I'm working in a shirt factory."

"Then how does it happen that you're not working today."

"Oh, we're making night shirts now."

—*Tiger*

"Aren't you loosing flesh lately?"

"Yes, I've bought a safety razor."

—*Puppet*

* * * *

"Waiter! There's a fly in my ice cream."

"Serves him right; let him freeze."

—*Mirror*

* * * *

Rah, Rah, Ray!

Soph.—"Prof. Smith is sick today."

Prosh—"Thasso? What is the complaint?"

Soph.—"No complaint; everybody satisfied."

—*Burr*

* * * *

Raw

"Are you doing anything for that itching?"

"Yes, I'm scratching it."

—*Cracker*



Unusual Toggery for College Men

Domestic and Imported Sports Clothes

MAIL ORDERS SOLICITED

ROYES - - - - Asheville, N. C.

At sixteen: "How dare you, sir!"

At eighteen: "I'm sure I don't know you."

At twenty: "I don't think we've been introduced, but—"

At twenty-five: "I'm sure we have some friends in common, so it really doesn't matter."

At thirty: "Conventions are so foolish, anyway."

At forty: "My dear man, can you lend me a match?"

—Log



DOBBS HATS

THE DOBBS WAPPENHAM IS A VERSATILE MODEL ORIGINATED BY NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTERS. THE DESIGN IS STYLED BY A NEW METHOD THAT PERMITS THE HAT TO BE WORN IN A VARIETY OF BECOMING SLANTS, ACCORDING TO THE WHIM OF THE WEARER ~ ~ ~ ~ EIGHT DOLLARS

In attractive miniature portfolio of Dobbs' girls sent upon request

~ DOBBS & Co ~ 620 and 244 7th Avenue ~ New York ~

RITCHARD-PATTERSON'S IS THE AUTHORIZED DOBBS SHOP FOR CHAPEL HILL.

*A million
men have
turned to
One Eleven
Cigarettes—
a firm verdict
for superior
quality*

"111"
cigarettes



15 for 10c

The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

Get your
Suit Pressing Book
From Us Now

20 Suits pressed for \$5.00

Altering a Specialty
 Suits made to measure

Carolina Dry Cleaners

Strowd Bldg. Basement

When in Durham

EAT AND DRINK

at the

GOODY SHOP

"feeds you better"

Yes, We have no bananas today
 but

We have some banana splits
 and all kinds of

ICE CREAM SUNDAES

HOME MADE CANDIES, CIGARS, CIG-
 ARETTES, PIPES, AND TOBACCO

Carolina Confectionery Store

"The Store with a musical air"

Reserved for
HOTEL ASTOR

Times Square
 New York.

A Quaker who felt that his neighbor had de-
 ceived him addressed him in this fashion:

"Jonathan, I don't want to call thee names nor
 do I want to tell thee plainly what I think of thee,
 but I will say, Jonathan, that if the mayor should
 ask me to send him the greatest liar in the town, I
 will say that in such a case, Jonathan, I would go over
 to thy house and tell thee, Jonathan, that the mayor
 wishes to speak with thee."

—Froth

* * * *

"I was in a dilemma last night."

"That's nothing, my dear. I'm going to be
 out in a Stutz all afternoon."

—Judge

* * * *

Barber to Young Man: "Your hair is very thin,
 sir. You'll soon be losing it."

Y. M.: "Oh, no, father still has some."

Barber: "So you'll be his heir, sir?"

—"Lamoon"

CLOTHES FOR THE COLLEGE MAN

*Now the Sporting Sack*

With knickers, a sport suit—with trousers, a sack suit—all together the season's most popular "all round" suit—inexpensive withal.

4 piece—39.50

Manufactured and Sold Exclusively by

NAT LUXENBERG & BROS.

841 Broadway, N. W. Cor. 13th St., NEW YORK

Tel. Stuyvesant 9898

Clip this ad—When in New York it will save you money

High Grade

SHOES AND HOSIERY

Perry - Horton Co.

DURHAM, N. C.

A. A. KLUTTZ CO.

School Supplies

Athletic Goods. Fruits, Candies
and Smokes

Everything for the Student

Ask For

WAVERLY ICE CREAM

IT'S CAROLINA'S BEST

Purer Because It is

HEATHIZED

Manufactured by

WAVERLY ICE CREAM CO.

[Incorporated]

Durham, N. C.

"I hear these Egyptian women used to play faro."

"Yes—for all he was worth."

—Pelican

* * * *

"Let me go, let me go, let me go!"

"Why should I let you go?"

"I'm a little film and I want to be released."

—Brown Jug

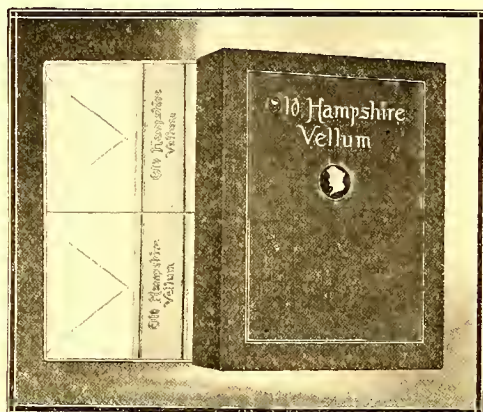
* * * *

These Modern Fashions

Wife (before the function): "Here I am, all dressed and ready to go, and you haven't even begun to dress yet!"

Hubby: "Well, all I need to do is to slip off my coat and trousers."

—Judge



SEE THIS BOX AT STATIONERS

Old Hampshire Stationery is suitable for all social requirements. Its fine texture and beautiful finish give it that air of refinement desired by people of taste.

Offered in three finishes: Bond, Vellum and Lawn.

FOR SALE BY
R. W. FOISTER

Chapel Hill Insurance and Realty Co.

REAL ESTATE
and
FIRE INSURANCE

CHAPEL HILL - - - NORTH CAROLINA

A Taste Will Tell

University Confectionery

C. C. Roth, Proprietor

OUR SPECIALTIES

"Gee Whiz," a pop corn confection, Peanuts, Candy, Sponge Cake, Chewing Gum, Cigarettes, Tobacco, and all kinds of soft drinks.

"We Have The Best"

I. L. Sears Tobacco Company

WHOLESALE

Smoke HAV-A-TAMPA Cigars
10 cents and up

Cigars, Tobacco, Cigarettes
and Pipes

Phone 1323

Durham, N. C.

Old Harry—"How did you puncture that tire?"

Harry, Jr.—"I ran over a milk bottle."

O. H.—"But couldn't you see it?"

H. J.—"No, the kid had it under his coat."

—Ski-U-Mah

* * * *

So Say We

One sign I'd like to see on every mail box

Throughout these vales and hills;

A sign reading something like this:

"Kindly post no bills."

—Gargoyle

* * * *

Prof.—"What does 'A' stand for in this reaction?"

Frosh—"Just a minute, I have it on the end of my tongue."

Prof.—"Well, spit it out, it's arsenic."

—Burr

PUNCH

SHERBETS

Durham Ice Cream Company

West Main Street

DURHAM, N. C.

"BLUE RIBBON BRAND"

Beats Them All

FANCY ICES

ICE CREAM
in all
Flavors and Shapes

GREETING

TO THOSE WHOM FINCHLEY
HAS SERVED IN THE PAST
AND ALSO TO NEW STUDENTS
INTERESTED IN CORRECT AT-
TIRE OF A THOROUGHLY
DEPENDABLE AND COLLEGI-
ATE CHARACTER, FINCHLEY
EXTENDS GREETING AND IN-
VITES ATTENTION TO THE
APPAREL WHICH HAS BEEN
EXPRESSLY DEVELOPED FOR
FALL AND WINTER SERVICE.

FINCHLEY
5 West 46th Street
NEW YORK

Diner—"I would like a couple of dollars' worth of food."

Waiter (sarcastically)—"You said a mouthful."
—Pitt Panther

* * * *

In the School of Childhood

Teacher (in geography class)—"Can anyone tell me where Pittsburgh is?"

Small voice in rear—"Please, ma'm, they're playing in Chicago."

—Panther (Pitt)

* * * *

"What's your name?"

"Isadore Patrick Goldstein."

"What's the Patrick for?"

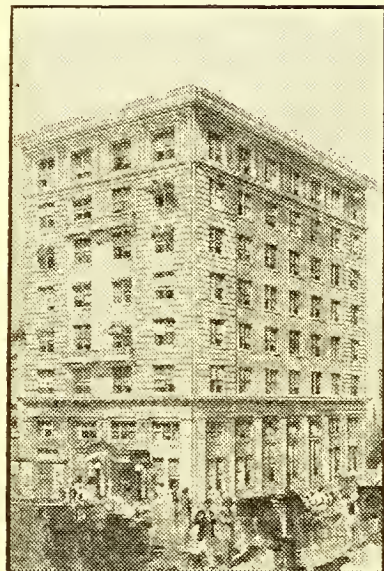
"Protection."

—Orange Peel

Lest We Forget?

The old solgan, "I'll meet you at Archies" is a common phrase used in Chapel Hill. WHY? Because it is only natural for everyone to go to a place where Quality and Service are made a specialty. No matter what you want or what you want to know, you can always find it at

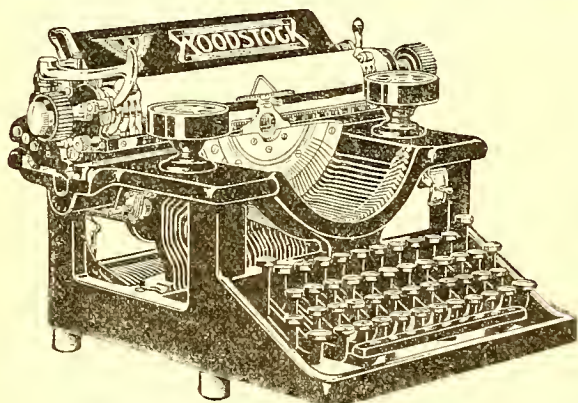
Patterson's



The First National Bank of Durham

With \$6,500,000 and experience obtained during 35 years of conservative banking, is equipped to handle to the best advantage accounts of Banks, Corporations, Individuals and Institutions.

Julian S. Carr, President; W. J. Holloway, C. M. Carr, C. C. Thomas, Southgate Jones, Vice-Presidents; B. G. Proctor, Cashier



The WOODSTOCK

represents the latest achievement in typewriter construction, gives the greatest measure of satisfactory service and a quality of work that is unsurpassed.

Consider these facts: The Woodstock means more for the money, has many superior features and excels in every particular.

Price and terms most attractive. Territory inquiries solicited. Extra value makes easy sales and attractive earnings.

Full particulars on request

Woodstock Typewriter Company

35 N. Dearborn Street

Chicago, U. S. A.

Gunmanship

The new night watchman at the Observatory was watching someone using the big telescope. Just then a star fell.

"Begorra," he said to himself "that fella sure is a crack shot."

—Virginia Reel

* * * *

Let It Sink In

Captain—"Well, how many fathoms?"

Mate—"I can't touch bottom yet, sir."

Captain—"Dammit, man, how near do you come?"

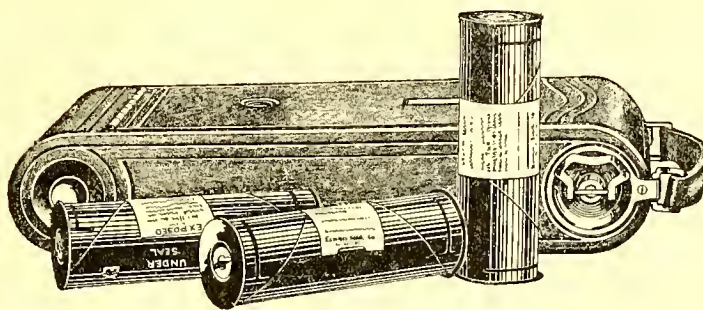
—Lampoon (Harvard)

* * * *

Charlotte—"Saw Joe at the pictures with Mabel on Saturday night. Aren't you keeping company with him now?"

Gladys—"No, I asked him if he liked her better than me, and he said yes—so I threw him over."

—London Opinion



KODAK FINISHING BY MAIL

Our Kodak finishing mail service is unexcelled. Mail your films to us today. We will finish them and mail them back to you within 24 hours. We have a complete staff of skilled Kodak finishing experts who give each order their best attention.

Try Our Service
Mail Some Films To Us Now

FOISTER'S

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

Best Equipped Kodak Finishing Plant In North Carolina

What Do Men Want?

His girl goes to the opera house,
Mine goes to the movie show.
His girl wears silks and satins,
Mine wears calico.
His girl is gay and frivolous,
Mine's demure and good.
Do you think that I would change with him?
You bet your life I would.

—Mercury

* * * *

Love

Love is like a punctured tire,
I'm very sure of that,
For after one big blowout,
She went and left me flat.

—Cracker

The Boll Weevil Eats Cotton

—YOU DON'T

You will find best quality
foods at moderate prices
in our Cafeteria and din-
ing-room.

Hotel Malbourne

DURHAM, N. C.

IF—you are a 1924-model human being—



If you like Golf

Every issue of Vanity Fair has remarks on the queer kinks of the links, articles by celebrated players, and photographs of their methods of play.



And go to the Theatre

In Vanity Fair, brilliant reviews of all the theatrical activities that delight and vivify New York. Drama, musical comedy, movies. With pictures.



And play a little Bridge

Articles for the bridge incurables. Vanity Fair's auction page is a refuge and a retreat for confirmed addicts. Mah Jongg also, for advanced cases.



And admire good Dancing

Dancers—classic, lovely, and frankly eccentric; famous dancers at home and abroad; in brilliant sketches and inspired photographs; in every issue.



And don't shy at Art

The best work of the new artists and the new work of the best ones; gossip of the exhibitions; reproductions of discussed masterpieces of the season.



And are keen on Cars

The last word in luxury, the fastest clip in speed; cars foreign and domestic; aeroplanes and yachts; news of the motor salons.



And appreciate Literature

Vanity Fair shows the work of the younger radicals and enthusiasts,—contrasted with conservatives. Plays, verse, essays, drama, reviews.



And consider your Clothes

Vanity Fair prides itself on editing the only department of sensible, well-bred correct men's fashions published anywhere.



And keep up with Sport

Tennis, polo, racing, winter sports at northern resorts; sportsmen's kits, celebrated players; in articles, sketches and photographs.

Illustrations copyrighted by Vanity Fair

If you like to be in step with the times, not to say
ahead with the band . . . then read

VANITY FAIR



Engineering Levels Mountains

The Pack Train has become a relic of the past, along with the Prairie Schooner. Modern methods of transportation have leveled mountains, brought San Francisco nearer to New York, and widened the markets of all our great industries.

And the engineering brains and energy, that have developed transportation to the prominence it holds in the business of the world today, are no longer employed in improving means of overland travel alone. Street Railways, Elevator Systems, Inter-urban Lines and Improved Shipping Lines—these are some of the accomplishments of engineering in the development of better transportation.

Neither have the builders of such systems been concerned only in the actual hauling of people and materials. A study of the methods of handling passengers and freight at the large terminals has developed the Terminal Engineer, who has greatly improved existing

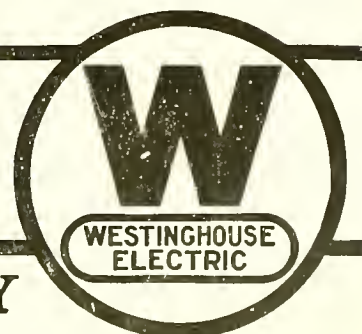
methods, and has developed entirely new ones, as well.

Engineering, as it is applied to transportation, has had to concern itself with many kinds of materials and many ways of handling them under all manner of circumstances. For instance the problems surrounding the handling of iron ore, in bulk, are vastly different from those encountered in moving any one of the finished products manufactured from iron ore, that must also be transported in large quantities. But Engineering constantly meets each situation with improved transportation facilities.

Industry, as a whole, and the nations and the people of the world owe much to the engineers, associated with such large manufacturing industries as Westinghouse. They have not only brought about vast improvements, but they have done so at a constantly decreasing cost to those who derive the greatest benefit from them.

Westinghouse

ACHIEVEMENT & OPPORTUNITY



THIS IS NO JOKE

The Carolina Boll Weevil
will be worth your dollar and
seventy-five cents for the
rest of this college year, for
eight issues.

You may not be wealthy but
you can afford to laugh—
Mail the coupon now—with
the necessary cash.

Carolina Boll Weevil, Inc.,
Chapel Hill, N. C.

Gentlemen:

Please send Boll Weevil to below address for remaining
eight issues. I enclose (\$1.75).

THE CAROLINA Bo11 Weevil

FOOTBALL
NUMBER ~

25¢



A.B.J. MARTIN JR.

Slip into a

Bradley

-and *Out-of-Doors!*

On the Twenty Yard line!

On the side lines—

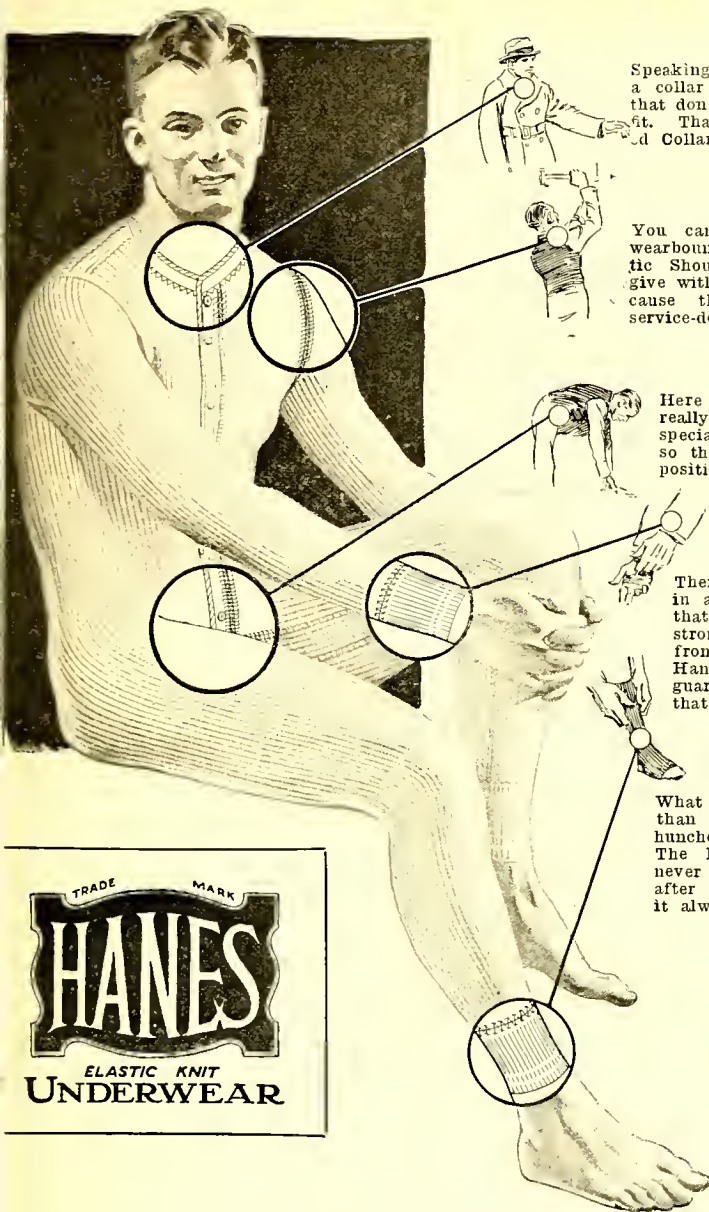
in fact everywhere but on the receiving line, Bradleys are correct wear. And you can write this on your cuff:—from the dainty, delicate sports sweater She wears in the Stands, to the heavy service jersey He tears up the Field in—Bradleys are *built* for their work—whether it be to *allure* or *endure*.

Drop into the College Store when Father comes through with the November Necessary.

BRADLEY KNITTING COMPANY
Delavan, Wisconsin



PRITCHARD-PATTERSON, CHAPEL HILL, N. C.
MARKHAM-ROGERS, DURHAM, N. C.



1

Speaking of comfort, consider a collar that refuses to roll, that don't gap and is made to fit. That's the Hanes Tailored Collarette.

2

You can never be "underwearbound" with Hanes Elastic Shoulders. They fit and give with every movement, because they're made with a service-donhling lap seam.

3

Here is a closed crotch that really stays closed. It is specially stitched and cut so that it always stays in position.

4

There's a lot of comfort in a cuff that fits firmly, that is made better and stronger, that won't rip from the sleeve. The Hanes Elastic Cuff is guaranteed to be just that sort.

5

What looks or feels worse than underwear that hunches at the shoe top? The Hanes Elastic Ankle never loses its shape even after repeated washings—it always clings close.

HANES GUARANTEE

We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely—every thread, stitch and button. We guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks.



*For downright value
HANES can't be touched*

You'll pat yourself on the back when you first pull Hanes on. When you feel that fleecy cotton snuggle up to your skin, that generous warmth and that perfect tailored fit you'll say that there never was an underwear bargain that could compare with Hanes.

And you'll keep on congratulating yourself every time Hanes comes back from the tub. Wash after wash has no effect on Hanes. The flat, non-irritating seams never rip. The buttonholes keep their shape. The buttons are sewed on to stay.

Read the five points above that have made Hanes famous.

Hanes Comfort and Wear For Boys

There are the same hard wearing quality, the same comfort, warmth and perfect fit that go into men's. Two weights—medium and heavy. Sizes 2 to 16 years (sizes 20 to 34). 2 to 4 year sizes with drop seat. Made also in knee-length and short sleeves.

P. H. HANES KNITTING COMPANY

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

Next summer wear Hanes full-cut, athletic Union Suits!

A Place Where---

SERVICE COUNTS

OUR Drug Department is in the care of two registered Pharmacists and we assure you of good accurate service. Visit our Soda Fountain.

"We Sell the Best"

Fountain Pens
Stationery
Magazines

Note Books
Cigarettes
Candies, Etc.

SUTTON and ALDERMAN
Chapel Hill DRUGGISTS North Carolina

STROWD MOTOR CO.

Ford
Fordson
Lincoln

CARS — TRUCKS
TRACTORS

Chapel Hill, N. C.

Prof. (looking at watch)—"As we have a few minutes left I should like to have anyone ask a question if so disposed."

Student—"What time is it, please?"

—Virginia Reel

* * * *

HONEST CONFESSION

"Frances," asked her mother, "was that young man smoking in there last night?"

"No, why?"

"Well, I saw some matches in there on the floor."

"Oh, that's just where he struck some matches to see what time it was."

—Mugwump

Satisfied People
Eat at Gooch's
Regularly. Others
Visit us once and become Satisfied
It will pay you to
Come and
Eat at the House of Satisfaction.

COLLEGE INN
GOOCH'S CAFE

QUALITY

SERVICE

SINCE 1903



WILLIAM KONRAD ROENTGEN
1845-1923

Born in Lennep, Prussia. Educated at Zurich. Awarded the Rumford Medal of the Royal Society in 1896 jointly with Philip Lenard for discovery of X-rays. Won the Nobel Prize in physics in 1901.

“I did not think— I investigated”

One day in 1895, Roentgen noticed that a cardboard coated with fluorescent material glowed while a nearby Pluecker tube was in action. “What did you think?” an English scientist asked him. “I did not think; I investigated,” was the reply.

Roentgen covered the tube with black paper. Still the cardboard glowed. He took photographs through a pine door and discovered on them a white band corresponding to the lead beading on the door. His investigation led to the discovery of X-rays.

Roentgen's rays have proved an inestimable boon to humanity. In the hands of doctor and surgeon they are saving life and reducing suffering. In the hands of the scientist they are yielding new knowledge—even of the arrangement and structure of atoms. The Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company have contributed greatly to these ends by developing more powerful and efficacious X-ray tubes.



The General Electric Company manufactures everything electric—from fans to powerful locomotives, from tiny lamps to mighty power plants. Its products are used around the world.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

THE TAR HEEL MUDVILLE

*Oh, you've heard about the story of Casey at the bat,
And Mudville fans acclaiming loud his praise;
And you've heard a hundred others all quite similar to that*

Sometime earlier or later in your days.

*Oh, you've heard the northern stories of innumerable
glories,*

That are told of teams supposedly supreme;

*But of North and East and West, there is none to
get the best*

Of acclaim that greets the mighty Tar Heel team.

*Oh, you've seen them take the field in the garbs
of blue and white,*

*And you've looked around to catch the knowing nods
Of the ones who know traditions of eternal Tar Heel
fight,*

And the habit of eliminating odds.

*Oh, you've heard the tropic thunder which has split
the sky asunder,*

*With a thousand voices raised in proud proclaim,
To toast the Tar Heel team which has made the
North State gleam*

With the splendor of the halls of sportive fame.

*But unlike in mighty Casey, who surprisingly struck
out—*

*To throw his Mudville lovers in despair,
There is faith in Carolina, and no pessimist could
doubt*

*The sincerity of shouts that fill the air;
For the opposition quivers when the Tar Heel back
delivers,*

*And a thousand voices shout a fervent praise
To the boys in blue and white, who've originated
"fight,"*

And ennobled each of Carolina's days.

*Now we sadly feel the absence of the satisfying bar,
Where a man might quench a thirst or give a toast;
But there's feeling in our hearts, which reverberates
afar*

As a proud and everlasting Tar Heel boast.

*So we toast you, Tar Heel brothers, who are your
valor's lovers,*

*And we toast you with a toast that's all sincere,
May the powers that be combine us, and forevermore
confine us*

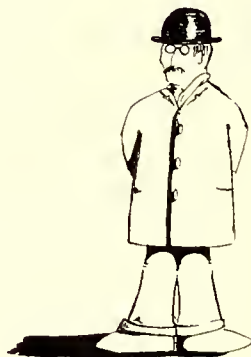
To that fighting, Tar Heel Mudville which is here.



SIDE LINE COACH -



THE COLOR VENDER



THE ALUMNUS



THE OLD RELIABLE



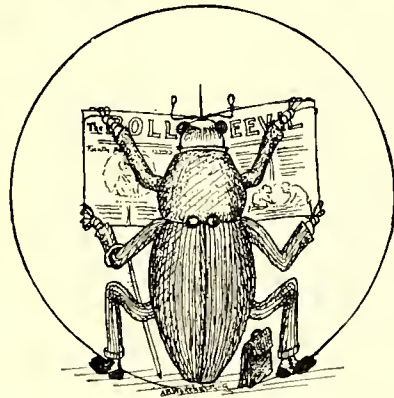
THE CHEER LEADER

CHUCKER

FAMILIAR SIGHTS AT THE GAME

CAROLINA

BOLL



WEEVIL

VOL. II., NO. 2

FOOTBALL NUMBER

Soph: "I've been trying all day to get something for my girl."

Fresh: "Had any offers?"

* * * *

ANOTHER DON'T

Its a bit discouraging to hear people ask at a football game such questions as:

Can he catch the ball on the first bounce?

And—

What are the white marks for?

And—

What is the difference between first and second down?

And—

Why don't they ever tackle the man with the whistle?

And—

Can't the quarterback count the men until they get on their knees?

And—

What do they wear those funny kind of hats for?

So if you think your girl has lots of sense, and if you love her because you think this, don't carry her to a football game.

* * * *

Fresh—"What's a cure for gritting your teeth in your sleep?"

2nd year Med—"Buy a set of false teeth and take 'em out at night."

FAMOUS BACKS

Come ———.

——— back.

All ———!

——— again?

Full ———.

——— teria.

Book———s.

———bone.

Take me ———.

——— slider.

Scratch my ———.

——— chus.

Bare———.

"Bo" McMillan.

* * * *

Jones: "My son, Henry, is not doing a thing in college. Why, there are only two things that keep him from being at the foot of his class."

Smith: "That's too bad. What are they, Math. and football?"

Jones: "No, the Smith twins."

* * * *

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

W. N. Hicks, Grice McMullen, B. L. Davenport, John Daye, Ed. Scheidt, J. W. Kyser, J. P. Sawyer, S. C. Darden, A. Weil, Frank H. C. Rust, H. B. Gray.



G. PUTCHFELD

1st Lunatic: "Napoleon, where are all our keepers today?"

2nd Ditto: "What! Haven't you heard about the big game at Carolina? Why, man, you must be crazy."

* * * *

A GAME

Of men twenty-two,
Of subs—just a few,
A referee, too,
A ball, brown and new,
A cry, and a yell
A running pell-mell,
A signal, a pass,
A much confused mass—
Here a leg, here an arm,
No cause for alarm;
Two teams untangled,
Nobody mangled,
Third down, four to go

Lining up, whispers low;
A rumble, a mumble,
A fall, and a tumble,
A clean pass, or fumble,
A mixture, a jumble,
A run, or a stumble,
A man proud, or humble
On field—mud or sand,
A noisy band;
That's what it is to the stand.

The best sort of fare,
The best kind of care,
A talk to the men

In the gym's dressing den,
A flow of advice,
A "fight at all price,"
A wrapping of ankles,
A whisper that rankles,
A walk to the field,
Faces congealed,
A last final word
Instinctively heard,
Hopes that a play
Will go good this day,
Hopes that the player
Will be a good "stayer,"
A watch, and a wait
A resigning to fate,
A prayer, and a curse
At good luck or worse,
Old memory encroaches
As each play approaches;
That's what it is to the coaches.

A longing to play
In just the same way
They played yesterday
In a varsity fray;
A feeling of fight,
A desire to show might,
A sympathetic feeling
In which envy's stealing,
A wish to be kneeling
As the players go reeling
Across the white marks;
Not a man of them talks,
But looks at each run,
Knowing it's fun,
And wishing that he
Might take part in the glee;
Some signals, some cheers
Come to their ears,
But are lost to their brain
As they go thro' the strain,—
If they could be subs
And take part in the rubs!—
That's what it is to the scrubs.

A fight, red and gory,
For school's honor and glory,
A remembrance of all heard
In the coach's last word,
A cheer faint, but grand,
From the well-filled stand,
An ear open wide

*For signals,—each side;—
A calm, steady nerve,
A side step, a swerve,
Attention, perception,
Interference, and team work,
A desire not to shirk,
A bustle, a tussle
Of brain, brawn, and muscle,
A timing of plays,
A runner that sways,
A tackle for all,
A "follow the ball";
It surely must seem
That they play in a dream,
But that's what it is to the team.*

The Freshman doesn't give a damn for the "Great Tradition," but he worries a heluva lot over the "X" tradition.

* * *

Boll Weevil Brown says—De aint no use talkin' now. Ole Master is sho gittin' in his second chil'hood. Jus' look at 'im, walkin' round heh wid dem clo's on what looks like pajama night shirts. Reckon dats why de call 'im sucker suits.

* * *

Editor: Whenever I see your drawings, I always wonder.

Art Ditto: How I do it?

Editor: No. Why?

* * * * *

VERDANT

(Apologies to Keats.)

A freshman is a joy forever,
His greenness increases and his mind

Ever dwells in nothingness; but still the

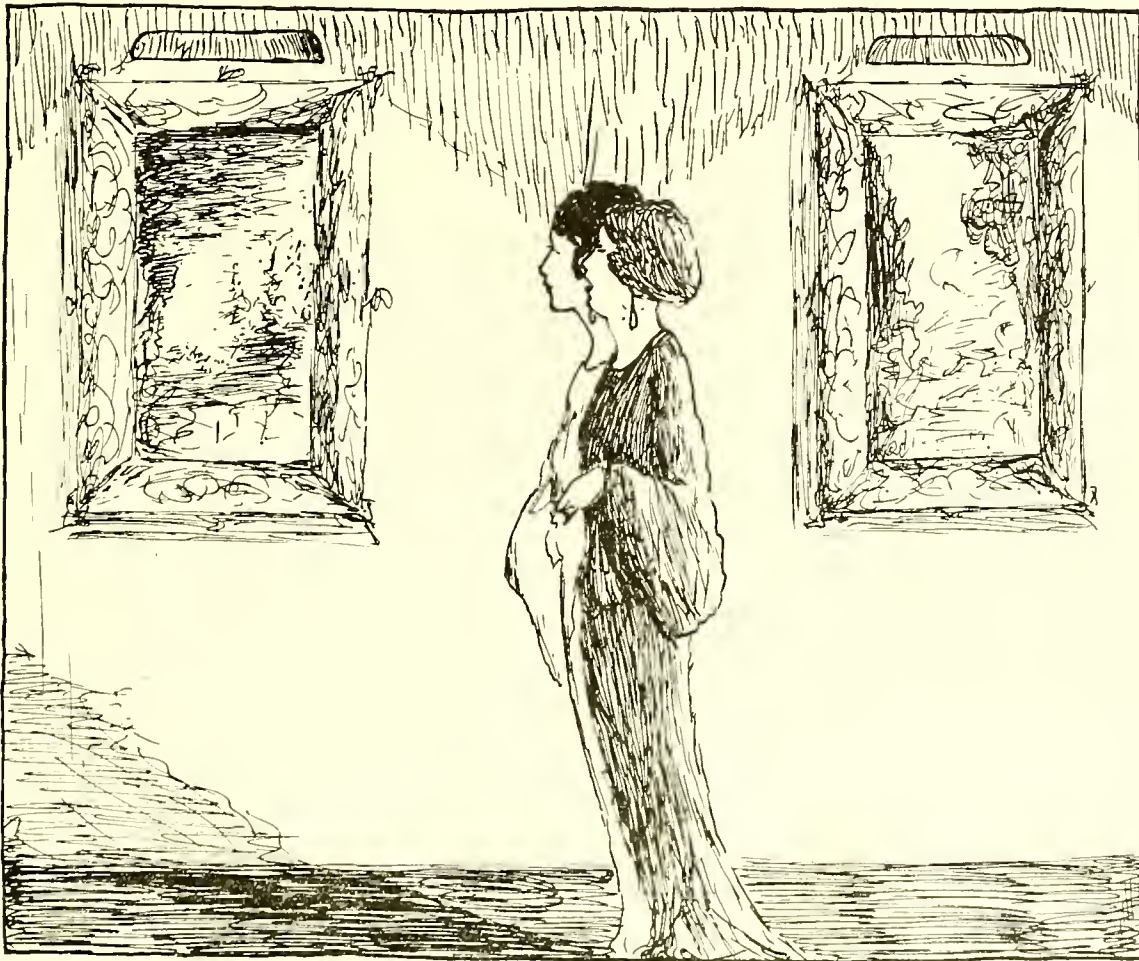
Fond parents send Willie off to school,

For sleep, and food, and hilarious carousing.

* * *

Bim: Is this glass all right to drink from?

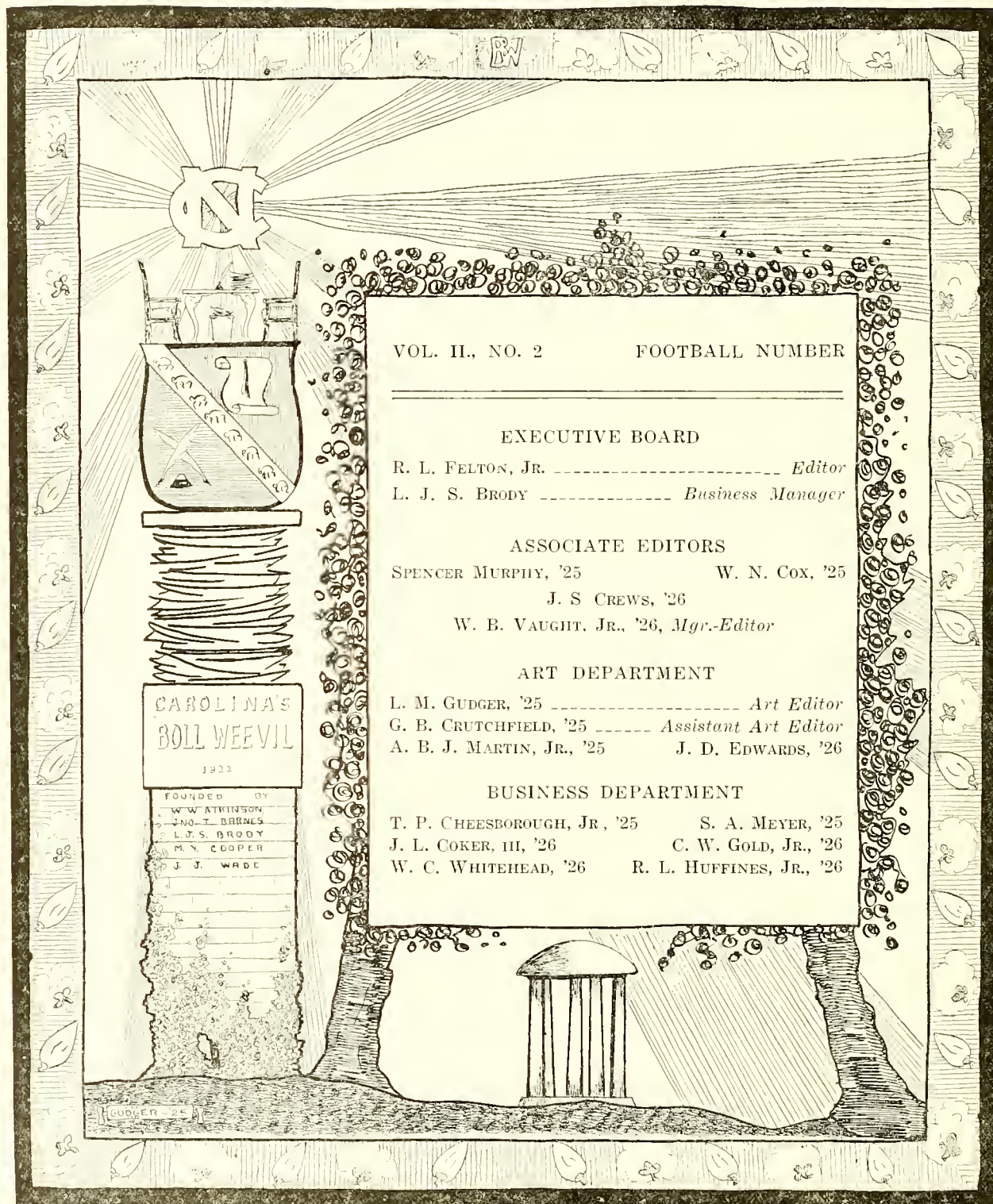
Bam: Perfectly all right, I use it myself for a shaving mug.



Anna: "Mabel calls Billy Prince Albert now."

Belle: "Why is that?"

Anna: "She says he doesn't bite the tongue."



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THE HABIT

JUST as there is the moving picture habit and the cigarette habit, there is the football number habit. "Boll Weevil" has fallen victim to this along with nearly all other college comics. We thought of putting out the football number sometime next spring, but decided that it would be untimely; and that it would be much better to be conventional, kill in season, and follow the ball.

The words "Carolina-Virginia" are used because on a certain day the two colleges standing for the two names have quite a tussle on an open tract surrounded by a track. The tract is known as a gridiron; the track is roughly spoken of as the cinder path; and the day is called Thanksgiving Day by all except those with Armenian inclinations. However it is really this only to one party or other, never to both, a tie making our Puritan Father's Holiday just an ordinary loafing day. "Boll Weevil" either represents or misrepresents the former (and we hope the foremost is scoring) of the two above named colleges; hence is it not permissible, nay, even proper that we have the "Carolina-Virginia Football Number?"

* * * *

DEDICATION

THERE must be a dedication, but we've seen so many of these that it's hard to find some one person or some group that has not had something dedicated to he or it.

There are the coaches who always work "faithfully throughout the entire season to whip the team into shape," never thinking of salaries, or at least such thoughts are not mentioned. Then there is the team, who notwithstanding a certain number of defeats and only a few hard earned victories, "fought for the glory of its Alma Mater" to the very last second of the last minute of the last quarter of the last game. The scrubs are not forgotten either. Something or other is dedicated to them, who "graveled in the mud and mire, who are unnoticed by the grandstand, but who are the basis" of the much megaphoned Varsity.

But how about the referee? Does he not work hard? Does he, too, not get muddy? Yea, sometimes he works hard for his Alma Mater, or his friends' Alma Mater, and poor old referee who only gets quite a few dollars to get bumped about on a strange football field is never honored. And so because nothing is dedicated to them, because they do strive to put out a winning team, (and sometimes a winning player), because they do get dirty, and because most of

them (this is serious) do endeavor to uphold fairness and good sportmanship on the gridiron, we dedicate this number to all unhonored referees.

* * * *

THE SCRUBS OF LIFE'S GRIDIRON

WE'VE been told enough that scrubs are necessary to a football team. It's no lie! Well, how about the scrubs out in the world, in life itself? If there were no ditch diggers, this earth would be in a sad state of sanitation. And if everyone were highly educated, who would dig the ditches? But maybe when that time comes when everyone is in this ill condition the weather will be educated also, and rain will fall only at the proper time, and the water will know how to flow in imaginary channels. We find, however, that the subject is too large for us, also for the space allowed. Maybe when some of us get to be a Carlyle or a Byron, we'll enlarge upon the idea. (The name Wordsworth was not used, because we hope to be understood after one or two readings.)

Anyway, the thought is that there are scrubs on life's field; these are necessary even as the scrub on the athletic field is. Then the proper thing to do is to give some credit (used in two senses) to the man who drives the steam roller as well as the man who owns it.

* * * *

LISTEN WOMEN, AND YOU SHALL HEAR

THE above seems such a useless request, but here is what we wish to say. There is going to be a number of the "Boll Weevil" made up of contributions from girls attending girls' colleges and prep schools. This issue is to be known as the "Feminine Fantasy Number."

Short sketches, poems, very short stories, jokes and fillers are needed and wanted, please. These do not necessarily have to be typewritten, but kindly write in the most legible handwriting you have at your command.

Drawings and cartoons of all kinds and shapes and sizes are wanted too, but these must be done in india ink on standard drawing paper, please. Cover is to be done in black and white.

Prizes? Yes! Gold Boll Weevil charms will be given to the one contributing the best literary work, and the one contributing the best art work. A silver loving cup will be given to the school from which comes the most contributions printed in the "Feminine Fantasy Number." Material must be in by February the tenth. If you need further information you know our address.



IF YOU TOLD A PROF THE TRUTH

"Honestly, old fellow, you make this course one of the dryest and most uninteresting ones on the Hill."

"Of course. I haven't studied it any; I'm counting on bulling my way thru this quarter."

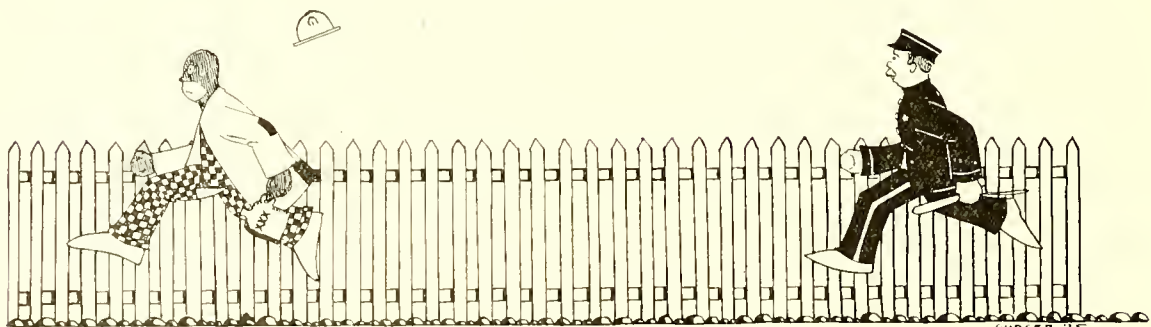
"I don't think you know very much about this subject yourself, old boy."

"Wake me up when the hour is over, Doctor."

"No, I wasn't here yesterday. Somebody answered for me though. That's all you want, ain't it?"

"Gosh, You're dumb ——"

* * * *



A TRAVELING SALESMAN

ANOTHER ENGLISH JOKE

An American told his English friend of a miraculous escape. An aviator had falled half a mile from an airplane and escaped unhurt. "How do you account for that?" he was asked. "Oh, he lit on a pile of soft coal," he replied.

The Englishman thought that was a good one and waited for the opportunity to pull it in his native land. One day the opportunity came.

"Aw, I say but a lucky bounder had a narrow escape the other day. Fell a mile from an airplane and didn't get a scratch!"

"You don't say. How could that be?"

Well, old choppie, he landed on a pile of bituminous coal."

* * * *

Midnight. The soft red moon flickers through the tops of the evergreens. The June bugs sing to June brides. The scent of spring permeates the soft warm breezes. The time and place for love. The boy sighs for love and the girl hunts for it. They meet in the dark, their identities unknown to one another. Action.

No, not a love story. Just the average setting for a college comic joke.

* * * *

SALUTATIONS TO A ——

Student: What do you know?

Woman: What do you say?

Swindler: How do you do?

Traveller: How goes it?

Farmer: What, ho!

Gambler: How's tricks?

Theologian: Hello.

Fat Lady: Comment vous portez-vous?

Co-ed: Good night!

Math. Prof's Widow: Good mourning!

THE OLD PLAYER

(By Longfelton)

Here I'm settin' in the grand stand with my eye on
ev'ry play,

Just a-thinkin' of the days that long have passed,
And a-longin' for the old times when I heard the
quarter say:

"Listen to this signal, an' for God's sake run it fast."

"Damn! Look at that man
As he sweeps around the end;
He's doing all that one man can,
Why don't that interference mend?"

How I'd like to feel the pigskin in my fingers, an'
my arm,

With a muscle torn loose about my hip,
When the other men are bittin', and a-doin' all the
harm

And a-tacklin' like the devil ev'ry trip.

"Wonder if you saw
That play that just was run,
Right through center, not a flaw,
But that guard would weigh a ton."

Then I wouldn't ask no question of the biggest on the
team,

And I wouldn't think of slowin' up my drive;
For I was full o' strength an' nerve; had the muscles,
guts and steam,

Knew the signals, an' could always step alive.

"What's gone wrong out there?
A little wind knocked out
Turn him over, give him air,
Wet his face, he'll come about."

Now if I could hear the cheers that used to come
across the field

See and hear the students rise and sing a song,
With their blue an' white a-floatin', and a moan when
some man keeled

All a-doin' what they could to help the team along!

"Where is all the pep?
Cheerleader, what is wrong?
We are loosing all our rep,
Give a yell, or sing a song!"

But I'm gettin' older day by day, gray hairs are
comin' too,

An' my legs ain't quite so nimble as they were,
An' my muscle's gettin' flabby; since the time I had
the flu

I ain't felt so spry and sprightly when I stir.

"Fourth down, one to go,
They ought to make that yard;
That half-back is kind o' slow,
But he's plenty big and hard."

And I've got a wife and children, one who's settin'
by my side;

Since I have to think about them all the time
I couldn't leave them for the pigskin; an' the neigh-
bors—they would chide,

They'd be right, indeed, for such would be a crime.

"Gosh, but that was fine!
You see that runner, Jane?
Seven yards right through the line,
—Opened up just like a lane."

Then I've got my mills to super'intend, an' farms to
oversee,

So my business keeps takin' so much time
That I shouldn't come to see a football game—so
much to me,

People say I should be working in my prime.

"Touchdown? Yes! Hooray!
My, My, that's the stuff!
Beg pardon, sir, for doing that way,
Slapping your back and treating you rough."

Just' the same, to play I'm longin' an' my heart
leaps with the ball,

For I used to play that game when I was young,
But the world jus' kept a-callin' for our players one
and all,—

Off came headgears, and away the pads were flung.

"What? The game is over?
Let's get out of this rush
Jane, we never will recover
If we get in all this push."



A NEW YORK STORY TELLER

A Spaniard entered a drug store and called for
wintergreen tablets.

"Wintergreen tablets?" questionly repeated the
drug clerk.

"Si, si Senor!" was the reply.

And the clerk brought him a box of compound
cathartics.

* * * *

THE BEST MAN IN THE WORLD

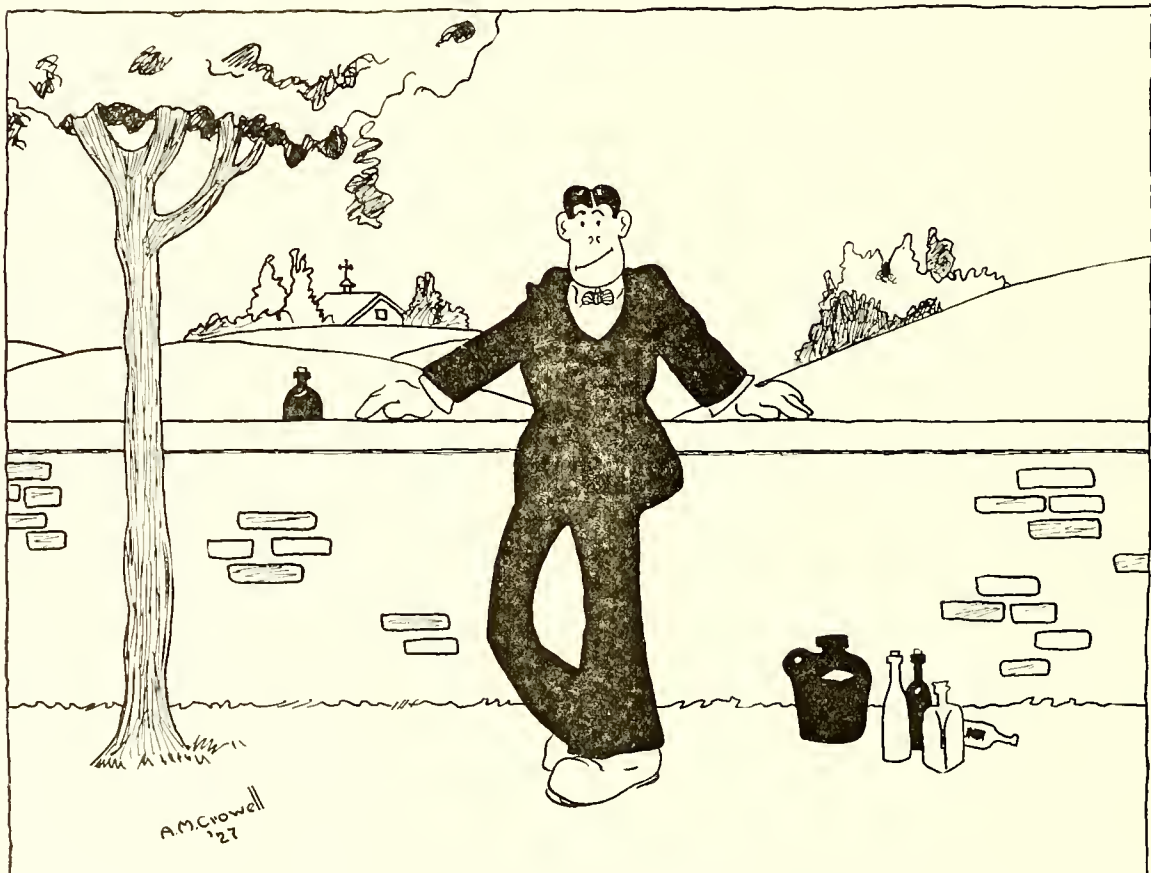
The college professor who gives us a Four when
we were sure of a Six.

Dad when he sends a check for \$50 instead of \$25.

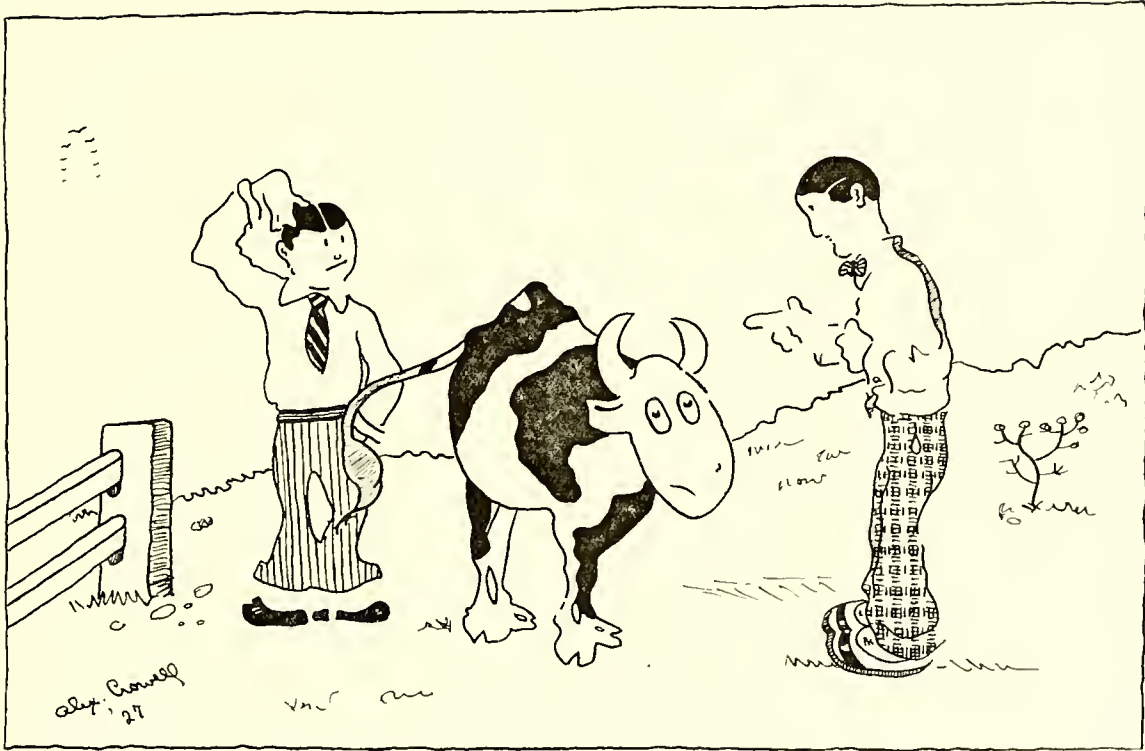
The man who says "have a drink" before HE
drains the bottle.

The judge who says, "case dismissed."

* * * *



TO BE SHOT AT SUNRISE



"Now, Bill, the question is: If we feed her soap, will she give shaving cream?"

* * * *

AND SHE'LL WONDER WHY HE'LL WANT HIS PIN BACK

"—— of course I love you, dear. Oh, don't you think Reggie VanDyke is the darlinest thing? He's gorgeous! Such hair and eyes. I could love him to death. Of course not as much as you, hon-ey. Have you seen Bruce today? Now there's a man all the girls are wild about—isn't he just the sweetest thing, just gorgeous! And he wears the nicest clothes and smokes so nice. You know Johnny Browne had five dates with me last week—uh-huh, the week I wasn't able to give you any. I think he's one of the best boys I ever met, and he ki—— makes love so grand. He gave me his pin to wear, it matches your so nice. I don't know where yours is tonight, I must have forgotten to put it on. Henry Smithe has the best-looking dimples——"

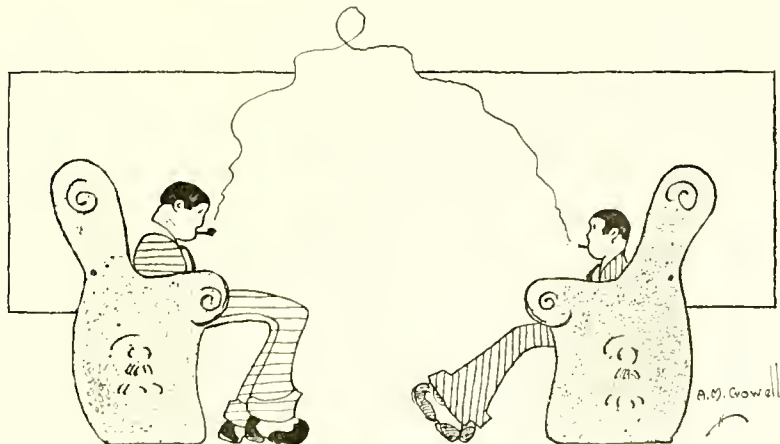
And so on, until 11:30.

Phisics Prof. to Fat Co-Ed—
—"Miss Jones, what makes the
Pisa Tower lean?"

Co-Ed—"I don't know, but I'd
like to find out."

Isy's father had just told him
that he had a new born brother and
he was in a hurry to go tell his
mother about it.

* * * *



Upper: "Set the alarm for two, please."

Lower: "You and who else?"



GO-BO
LOVE



TAKEN FROM LIFE
IN
POETIC FORM
BY
ALECK CROWELL

·ONE·
OH, THE DICKENS - THE DEUCE /
THE DEVIL BROKE LOOSE!



·TWO·
DOCCOME YOU - I HATE YOU
I WISH YOU HAD DIED
YOU TOLD ME YOU LOVED ME
DAMN YOU, YOU LIED



·THREE·
TEARS FOR EVERY BIT OF JOY.
YOU MADE A PLAYTHING OF MY HEART
YOU BROKE IT AS A LITTLE
CHILD WOULD BREAK A TOY ~



·FOUR·
THE KIND OF LOVE THAT LIVED A DAY
FORGIVE YOU, DEAR, I WILL
LORD KNOWS I LOVE YOU STILL
THO YOU BROKE MY HEART TO PASS THE TIME AWAY.

AT THE BIG GAME

"Say, Henry, where you going?"

"Down here, Bill, Come on."

"Say, Henry, don't go so fast."

"Aw-right, Bill, let me help you—now it's all right."

(On the side lines)

"Oh, Henry, What's that rope for?"

"Nothing, nothing a'tall, come on, Bill, let's crawl under."

"I won't, I ain't never crawled under a good old rope. Shay, Henry, watch me jump over, nice rope—"

"Look at that man watching you, Bill, look at 'im watching you, Bill, better crawl under."

"Nope, Whoop Pee—"

"Are you dead, ole man, lemme help."

"It's aw right, Henry, jus' a little slip, shay Henry, ish all them people looking now."

"No."

"Well, Henry, let's take a little drink."

"Fine, ain't no body watching now?"

"Shay, Henry, what kind of a game is we at anyway?"

"Foot Ball game—good old football. Holdem team!"

"Zat's a holden 'um team. Best team in the world."

"Shay, Henry, Who's got the ball?"

"Damifino."

"Henry, What's zhat they all hollering about now?"

"Damifino. Look zhat man with baseball britches on, must be gona play baseball for little while."

"Shay, Who's ahead?"

"Damifino."

"Ish, a 'ell of a football game ain't it, Henry, Lesh us give 'um a yell."

"One two, one two,"

"Rah, Rah,

Rah, Rah

Team, Team."

"Coach."

"Shay, Henry, ish you aw right?"

"Ugh, who's got ball now?"

"What Ball?"

"Ole foot ball."

"Damifino."

"Lesh go up town."

"Aw right."

"Where's my hat?"

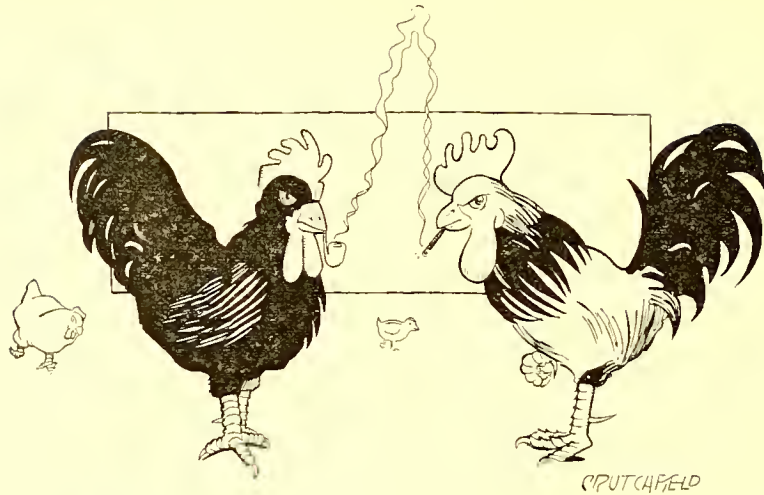
"Damifino."

"That's aw right, Henry, got plenty more hats at home, let's go."

* * * *



NOW WATCH VIRGINIA REEL!



—“Who do you think will win the game?”

—“I don't know. My six wives have everything laid on Carolina?”

* * * * *

ALL I WANT

*They tell you of Hawaii, and its women softly brown,
Who will dance for you, and love you the whole entire
year 'round;*

*On a shore that's madly haunting, 'neath a glowing,
mellow moon,*

*They'll play their tunes so dreamy as they slowly,
gently croon*

*'Mid the palms that lightly sway in a sleepy, balmy
air;*

*But give to me old Georgia and the girl that I love
there.*

*They tell you of a mad Patee with women ever gay,
Who'll be your own and love you in nearly any way,
Who'll sway their slender bodies, 'mid the lights that
ever glow,*

*To some music that is jazzy, in a place that's never
slow,*

*Who'll captivate your heart and mind with faeas
debonair;*

*But give to me old Georgia and the girl that I love
there.*

*They tell you, too, of Egypt, and its women dark and
slim,*

*Who'll do their best to please you with your most
peculiar whim,*

*Who'll glide like serpents 'round you in the shadow
of the Sphinx,*

*To music ancient, ghostlike, as a person sits and
thinks*

*How they hold his soul to their soul with their Ori-
ental stare;*

*But give to me old Georgia and the girl that I love
there.*

*They talk with words that melt you of a Spain and
women rare,*

*Who have beauty that by nature the very heart
strings tear,*

*Who are passionate and tempting as slow guitars
they play,*

*While they sing and smile before you in their care-
free, dauntless way,*

*As if they would entice you with a silent, wordless
dare;*

*But all I want is Georgia and the girl that I love
there.*

*What better moon should I want than the moon o'
her bright eyes,*

*Around which all the beauty of these other places
lies?*

*What better music I ask than the music as she speaks
With lips that are a honeycomb from which all sweet-
ness leaks?*

*So now I pray one blessing, and this my single
prayer,—*

*Oh, God, give to me Georgia and the girl that I love
there!*

WE PROPOSE FOR THE BOOLOO CLUB

The fellow who borrows your tuxedo and thinks you've given it to him.

All saxophone players.

The one who hits you with a peanut at the "Pick" and the one who you miss.

All debaters who wear stiff collars.

The fellow who thinks he'll make a fraternity if he gets on the Tar Heel board.

The fellow who doesn't laugh at your joke.

The freshman class.

The guy who doesn't subscribe to the Boll Weevil.

Co-Ed—"Is Miss Sassifras fast?"
Soph—"Is she fast? She so fast she can drink water out of a sifter."

* * *

"QUITE A FRESHMEN"

Soph: I borrowed one of your shirts yesterday and tore off the buttons. Im sorry.

Frosh: That's all right, the laundry will sew them on.

* * *

Tick: You know, I've lost my appetite.

Tock: Maybe you'd find it if you'd advertise at the "Y."

* * * * *

PEOPLE WE WANT TO MEET

The one who passed Zimmerman's geology.

The fellow that wants the co-eds here.

The guy that bet on Trinity.

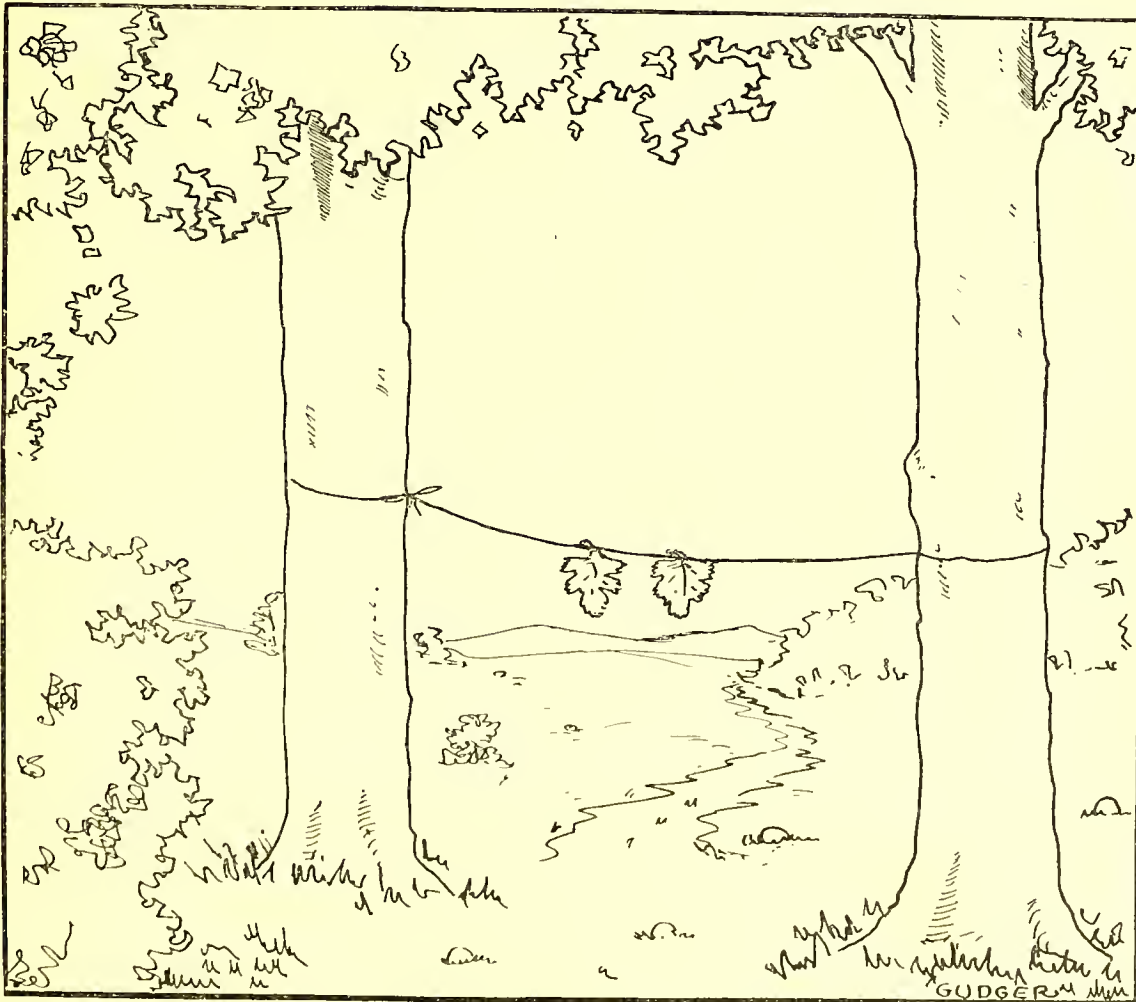
The fellow who stays here on week-ends.

The gink who wrote "Yes, we have no, etc."

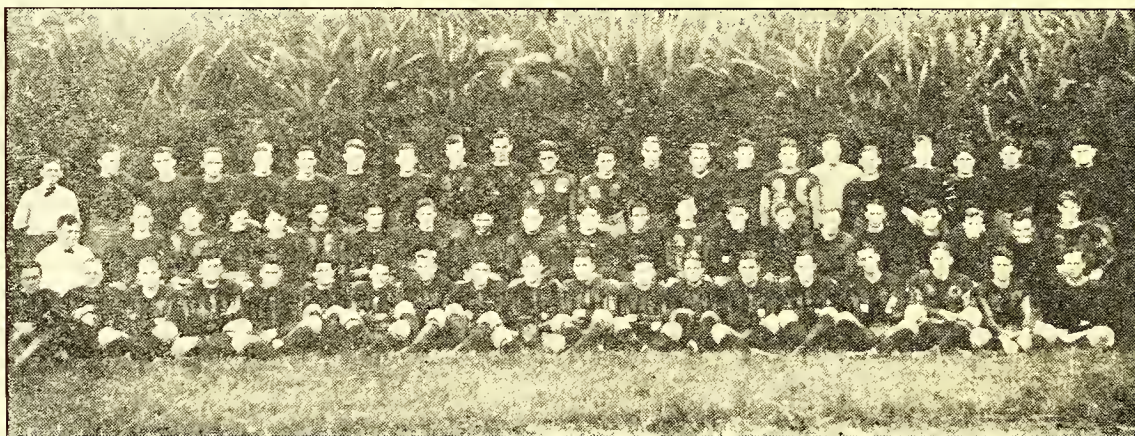
This boy "Horace" everybody hollers "Attaboy" at.

The sophomore that goes to chapel on Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday.

The guy who reads this.



The Team which will face
VIRGINIA
on
Thanksgiving Day



CAROLINA FOOTBALL SQUAD

Carolina Coaches

W. FETZER
R. FETZER

Manager

CHARLES E. NORFLEET

Trainer

Dr. LAWSON



The store that sells the Sampler

is a *sales agency* for all the Whitman's chocolates and confections—*Quality Group*.

Every Whitman package sold in this store is received *direct* from Whitman's—not through a middleman.

This is one reason why entire satisfaction can be guaranteed with every package bearing the name Whitman's—doubly guaranteed, by the merchant and by Whitman's.

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San Francisco Branch
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Whitman's famous candies are sold by

PATTERSON BROTHERS

"Papa, buy me a pair of pumps, I'm going to the Fireman's Ball!"

* * * *

"You probably don't remember me, professor," began the meek little middle-aged man, "but fifteen years ago you sent me over to the Library to get a book for you—"

"Yes, yes," returned the professor, "and have you got it?"

—*Jester*

* * * *

THAT FRATERNITY INFLUENCE

Fraternities have a wonderful influence on some people. A certain prominent professor of philosophy, recently elected to Phi Beta Kappa at the College, has just taken a haircut.

—*Mercury*

* * * *

Senior—"Wop, that razor sure does pull."

Wop—"That's all right I'll get the whiskers off if the handle doesn't break."

—*Yellow Jacket*

* * * *

GASOLINE CONSERVATION

Rastus—"Will you go riding in mah Ford, Liza?"

Liza—"I won't do nothin' else."

Rastus—"Then you can't ride in mah Ford."

—*Awgwan*

Judge: "How did you happen to get drunk?"

Defendant: "It wasn't my fault, Judge."

Judge: "Why not?"

Defendant: "I was under the influence of liquor when I started."

—*Mercury*

* * * *

"Do you think Doris is really bad?"

"Not bad, just broad-minded."

—*Punch Bowl*

* * * *

"What is your occupation?"

"I used to be an organist."

"And why did you give it up?"

"The monkey died."

—*Dodo*

* * * *

She—"That dance made me dizzy; let's sit down."

He—"All right. I know a nice dark corner out on the porch."

She—"Thanks just the same—but I'm not quite as dizzy as all that."

—*Royal Gaboon*

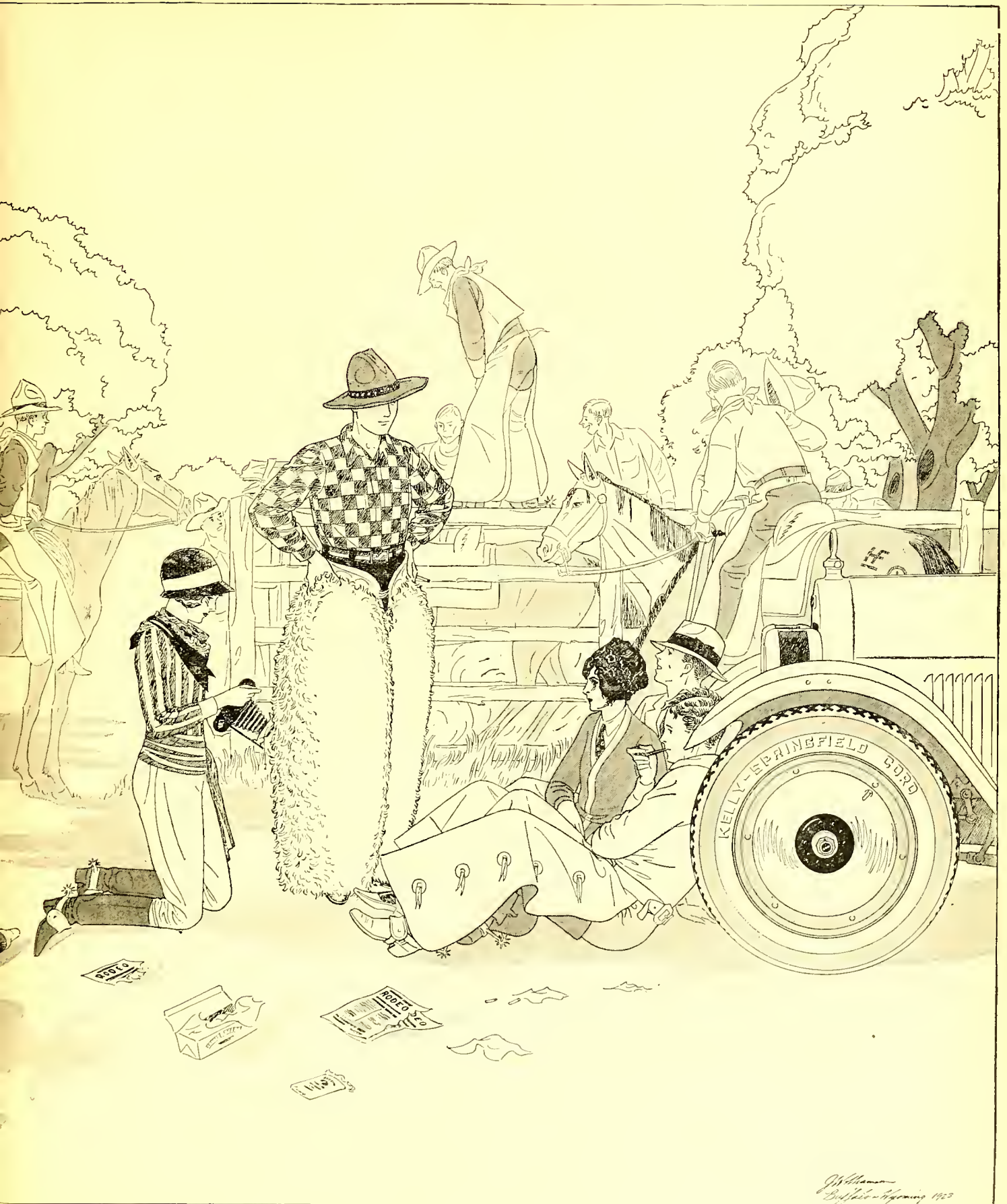
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RUSHING BUSINESS

"Well, Bloom," a physician asked a young colleague who was just starting in, "how's your practice?"

"In the mornings, practically no one comes," was the reply, "and in the afternoons the rush falls off a bit."

—*Froth*



"Find the roads pretty bad after last night's storm?"

"We sure did. I was mighty glad we had Kellys on the car."

Aviator—"I fooled seventy-five per cent of those people down there then. They thought we were going to fall."

Passenger—"Yes, and you fooled fifty per cent of us up here."

—*Voo Doo*

* * * *

He (Pumping little brother)—"Your sister's spoiled."

L. B.—"Naw, she ain't! It's that perfume you sent her."

* * * *

GIVE HIM CREDIT

Sea Captain (to one of his passengers leaning over the ship's rail): "S'matter, m'lad? Weak stomach?"

Passenger (nervously): "Hell, ain't I puttin' it as far as the rest of 'em?"

—*Jester*

* * * *

"What d'you get for your birthday?"

"Well, have you seen those new, long, racy Cadillacs?"

"Yeah."

"Well, I got a roller-skate."

—*Lampoon*

* * * *

"Quit chewing the rag," said the bandit to his gagged victim.

* * * *

Room—"Hi there! Don't spit on the floor!"

Mate—" 'Smatter? Floor leak?"

—*Chaparral*

"Maw!"

"Yes, Filbert."

"Why were Washington and Lincoln born on holidays?"

—*Brown Jug*

* * * *

"I was very embarrassed in church last Sunday."

"Do tell."

"I went with Tom. The pastor read four chapters from the Acts of the Apostles and Tom got up and went out between each Act."

—*Gargoyle*

* * * *

"Kate, the hash was very much like sawdust this morning."

"I know it, sir. The missus said to use all that was left of the planked steak."

—*Judge*

* * * *

Bell Hop (after guest has rung for ten minutes)—"Did you ring, sir?"

Guest—"No, I was tolling. I thought you were dead."

—*Wasp*

* * * *

Artillery Rookie (about to take his first lesson in horsemanship): "Sergeant, please pick me out a nice gentle horse."

Stable Sergeant: "D'ja ever ride a horse before?"

Rookie: "No."

Sergeant: "Ah! Here's just the animal for you. He's never been ridden before. You can start out together."

—*Black and Blue Jay*

* * * *

Doctor—"Why don't you set a limit for yourself?"

Drunk—"I do; but I get drunk before I reach it."

—*Puppet.*



“What a difference
just a few cents make!”

FATIMA

IF WINTER COMES-- KEEP THE OLD BLUE JAR HANDY

Of course you know that winter will soon be here and with it will come it's snows, wind and rain. Prepare yourself against the

colds caused by winter; and the best way to do that is to drop in at the drug store and ask for a jar of

OVER 17 MILLION JARS
SOLD YEARLY.

VICKS
VAPORUB

Sergeant to colored sentry—"If anything moves, you shoot."

Sentry—"Yas, suh, an' if anything shoots, ah moves."

—Log

* * * *

THE TWENTIETH HOLE

Sanders, who had been drinking too much, decided to play a round of golf. The first hole was a short one and his shot was nicely on the green. Upon coming up he could find it nowhere, but the caddy finally located it in the hole. Sanders, hesitated not a minute. "Gimme my niblick," he said.

—Exchange

"Say, pop, do the heathen Africans wear pants?"

"Shh-h, no!"

"Then why'd you put that pants button in the collection they took up for 'em today?"

—Judge

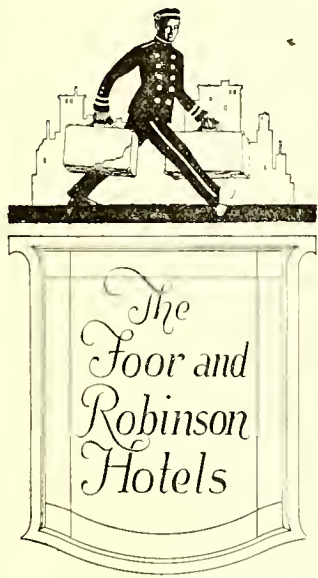
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He kissed the parlor maid and the girl screamed. The wife came in and looked around suspiciously.

"Fifi, why did you scream?"

"Through joy, madam. The master has just doubled my wages."

—Judge



"Good Hotels
in Good Towns"

Enjoy The Sheraton and See High Point

"SEE North Carolina First" should be the aim of every N. C. student and a part of his education. Be sure to see High Point, the wonder city of Southern industry, the second largest furniture manufacturing town in the world, with as many textile mills as furniture factories. High Point is proud of the SHERATON HOTEL, refined, quietly elegant with a "homy" atmosphere.

THE SHERATON HOTEL

HIGH POINT, N. C.

A Foor & Robinson Hotel

Also Operating: THE O. HENRY, Greensboro, N. C.; THE CLEVELAND, Spartanburg, S. C.; THE ARAGON, Jacksonville, Fla.

To Be Opened Soon: THE GEORGE VANDERBILT, Asheville, N. C.; HOTEL CHARLOTTE, Charlotte, N. C.

Parlor Break

The lights were dim, the curtain down, and two on the settee:

DeGroot: "Does your mother object to kissing?"

Florence: "Do you want to ring the whole family in on this party?"

—*The Western*

* * * *

She: "Could you go over that dam without hurting yourself?"

He: "I d'no; why?"

She: "Fish do."

—*Sun Dial*

Daughter (on bathing beach)—"I simply loved those sandy coves at Lyme Regis."

Mother (sharply)—"'Melia! I won't 'ave you speaking of people in that vulgar way!"

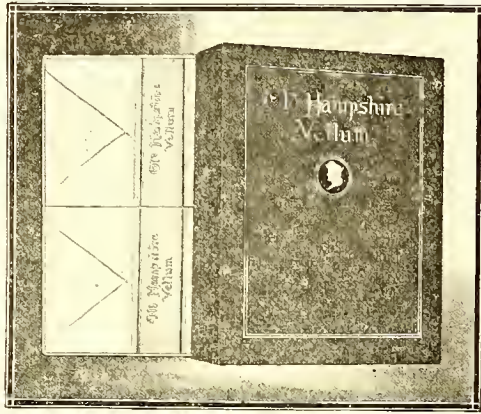
—*London Opinion*

* * * *

S. D. J.: "What character do you have in the next act?"

Girl: "I'm not supposed to have any character. I'm in the chorus."

—*Voo Doo*



SEE THIS BOX AT STATIONERS

Old Hampshire Stationery is suitable for all social requirements. Its fine texture and beautiful finish give it that air of refinement desired by people of taste.

Offered in three finishes: Bond, Vellum and Lawn.

FOR SALE BY
R. W. FOISTER

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"What sort of a town would your town be if SIX OUT OF EVERY SEVEN FAMILIES bought their groceries, dry goods, shoes, hardware, drugs, etc., by mail order from the outside?"

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The slogan of English business today, is "England for England."

It finds its echo in "America for America."

What is the matter with "The South for the South?"

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The farmer who buys from his neighbor only what he cannot raise himself is not selfish; he has just got horse sense.

THE PILOT COMPANY
can fill your every need of Insurance Protection

A Southern Company for Southern People.



Southern Life and Trust Co.

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Municipal Bonds and Notes.

Industrial Bonds and Notes.
First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds.

North Carolina State Bonds.
High Grade Preferred Stocks.

BOUGHT, SOLD AND QUOTED

Inquiries Invited

BOND DEPARTMENT

FIRST NATIONAL TRUST COMPANY

DURHAM, N. C.

A Dog's a Dog for a' That

"Oh, do look at those puppies! Aren't they lambs!"

"Yes, they **are** rather ducks."

—Punch

* * * *

Expectations Realized

"Look'ee, Garge, didn't I tell 'ee my boy would make the folks sit up an' open their mouths when 'e got to Lunnon?"

"So you did, and has 'e done it?"

"Aye. 'E've started business as a dentist."

—Jester

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,

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Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
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Clothing Ready Made or to Measure for Autumn

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English and Domestic Hats & Furnishings
Boots and Shoes for Dress, Street and Outdoor Sport
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will be on November 21 and 22

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TREMONT COR. BOYLSTON

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BROOKS BROTHERS'

Building, convenient to
Grand Central, Subway, and
to many of the leading Hotels
and Clubs

Mrs. Banks—Horrors! While sister was sleep-
ing the baby licked all the paint—

Banks—What, off the chair?

Mrs. Banks—No, off sister.

—Jester

* * * *

"I'm nobody's fool," she declared.

"Be mine," he offered generously.

—Tiger

DURABLE DURHAM HOSIERY

"Made strongest where the wear is
hardest"

A full line of cotton, silk, art silk and
heathers for men, women and chil-
dren.

Production 25,000 dozen pair daily.

Durham Hosiery Mills
DURHAM, N. C.

Don't Forget

As soon as the game is over, go to the

Carolina Cafeteria

for your meal. The Carolina football team plays the game square; the Carolina Cafeteria will feed you square.

ORPHEUM

Home of
Musical Comedy
and
Vaudeville
Students Welcome

He: "They say that kisses are the language of love."

She: "Well, why don't you say something?"

—*Moonshine*

* * * *

Nip: "Shay—where've you been?"

Tuck: "To a wedding"

Nip: "S'any good?"

Tuck: "Rotten."

Nip: "Who got married?"

Tuck: "I did."

—*Virginia Reel*

Electric Shoe Shop

W. O. LACOCK, Prop.

Shoes Repaired Neatly and Promptly

Bring Your Shoes in Now and Let Us
Repair Then



Unusual Toggery for College Men

Domestic and Imported Sports Clothes

MAIL ORDERS SOLICITED

ROYES - - - - - Asheville, N. C.

"If a woman goes into a convent what is her status in the social world?"

"Nun."

—Jester

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STUDIO

Photographers

Executive Office: 1546 Broadway,

New York City



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THE DOBBS CORDEN IS MADE BY HAND IN HOT WATER AND IS A FINE EXAMPLE OF THE ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE OF DOBBS HATS PERMANENTLY STYLED BY THE CAVANAGH EDGE PROCESS. IT IS WORN WITH EQUAL SUCCESS BY THE DIGNIFIED BUSINESS MAN AND THE YOUNGER MAN ABOUT TOWN. \$8.00 UPWARD

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PRITCHARD-PATTERSON'S IS THE AUTHORIZED DOBBS SHOP FOR CHAPEL HILL

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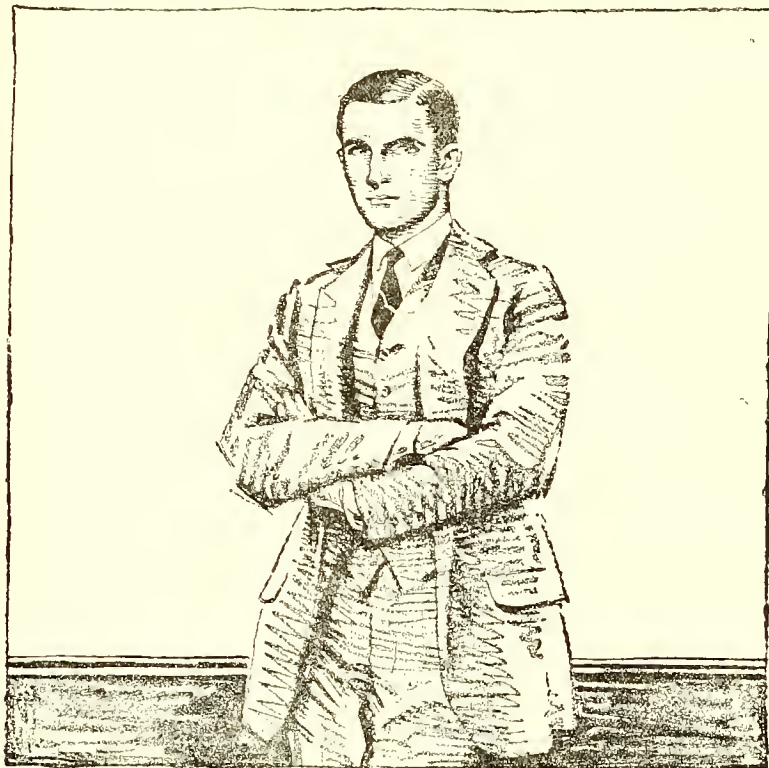
Make a place on your daily schedule for the "Pick."

It just fills that hour between supper and the night's mail.

Pickwick Theatre

"Almost a Part of Carolina"

TAILORED AT FASHION PARK



So often changes in styling are only perceptible to the designers who create them—the layman fails to see them at all.

That's what makes the Royal Park developments of Fashion Park designing rooms so interesting—there's a decided departure—and the departure is interesting.

Royal Park is a model that most men look well in—we're rather sure it will look well on you.

MARKHAM-ROGERS COMPANY

DURHAM, - - NORTH CAROLINA
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For Moving Picture
Entertainment
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Drop In To See Jack

Light Lunches, Candies, Cigarettes,

Cigars and Papers

JACK SPARROW'S

A Short Black Jacket With Striped Trousers

The fashion for wearing a short black jacket and waistcoat instead of a tail coat with the striped trousers usually associated with morning coats has taken on so strongly, especially with the younger men, that it continues to be, if anything, more popular than it was last season. The reason for its popularity is that the average business man's day is too full to allow of his giving the time to changing his clothes in the afternoon for some formal or semi-formal function, and since it is impossible to wear a tail coat to the office, the short black coat illustrated above has been found to do double service—that of office suit and the proper garb for a late afternoon function such as a reception or wedding. It is a smart combination which should naturally always be worn with a white collar, either turn down or wing, and either a gray felt or a bowler hat.

If you are interested in any question of dress or etiquette, write "The Well Dressed Man," care the "Boll Weevil" and your letter will receive prompt and careful attention. Do not fail to give accurate address.

(Copyright, 1923. Vanity Fair, New York)

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WAVERLY ICE CREAM

IT'S CAROLINA'S BEST

Purer Because It is
HEATHIZED

Manufactured by

WAVERLY ICE CREAM CO.

[Incorporated]

Durham, N. C.

"Waiter," said a customer after waiting fifteen minutes for his soup, "have you ever been to the zoo?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you ought to go. You would enjoy seeing the turtles whizz past."

—Juggler

* * * *

Famous Last Words

"I don't think anyone would be mean enough to put wood alcohol in it."

"We can beat that train to the crossing."

"I don't think this is the right stuff—I can't see in the dark."

"I didn't know she was any kin to you."

"Aw! I know it ain't loaded!"

"Shucks, Nellie—I can drive with one hand."

"It won't go any faster!"

—Yellow Jacket

CLOTHES FOR THE COLLEGE MAN



Now the Sporting Sack

With knickers, a sport suit—with trousers, a sack suit—all together the season's most popular "all round" suit—inexpensive withal.

4 piece—39.50

Manufactured and Sold Exclusively by

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High Grade

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DURHAM, N. C.

A. A. KLUTTZ CO.

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and Smokes

Everything for the Student

Get your
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EAT AND DRINK

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GOODY SHOP

"feeds you better"

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 Company**

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216 Parrish St. Durham N. C.

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WHERE you are in the very
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 liant pulsating life and breathe
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 taurants, lounges, promenades
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Room rates and restaurant prices
 to fit the purse of college men.

DINNER DANCES . .
 . . SUPPER DANCES

FRED'K A. MUSCHENHEIM

TO HAVE STAYED AT THE ASTOR
 IS TO HAVE LIVED IN NEW YORK

TROT, GALLOP

Clerk: "This book will do half your work."

Student: "Gimme two—quick."

—Jester

* * * *

He: "I'm half inclined to kiss you."

She: "How stupid of me; I thought you were
 merely round-shouldered."

—Frigol

Chapel Hill Insurance and Realty Co.

REAL ESTATE
and
FIRE INSURANCE

CHAPEL HILL - - - NORTH CAROLINA

A Taste Will Tell

University Confectionery

C. C. Roth, Proprietor

OUR SPECIALTIES

"Gee Whiz," a pop corn confection, Peanuts, Candy, Sponge Cake, Chewing Gum, Cigarettes, Tobacco, and all kinds of soft drinks.

"We Have The Best"

CLOSE ON THE MID-NIGHT HOUR

*I experienced a funny thing last night,
I came in from a ball,
Went to my room, turned on a light,
Then heard a sound in the hall.*

*Twas a ghost-like noise reached my ear,
As it passed right by my door;
My hair stood up, I filled with fear,
I expected something more..*

*And all at once the lights went out
Which added to my fright
'Til I found the land lady, without a doubt
Had cut off all the light.*

*A million
men have
turned to
One Eleven
Cigarettes—
a firm verdict
for superior
quality*

"111"
cigarettes



15 for 10c

The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

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"BLUE RIBBON BRAND"

Beats Them All

FANCY ICES

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in all
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FULL TROUSERED ENGLISH IDEA AND
DEVELOPED IT INTO A BRILLIANT SUIT
GREATLY FAVORED BY COLLEGE MEN.*

FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS
AND MORE

READY-TO-PUT-ON

TAILORED TO MEASURE

FINCHLEY

5 West 46th Street
NEW YORK

"Why the limp, Cornelia, were you at the Cornell dance?"

—Sun Dodger

* * * *

SHORT STORY

Algy met a bear.

The bear was bulgy.

The bulgy was Algy.

—Jack O'lantern

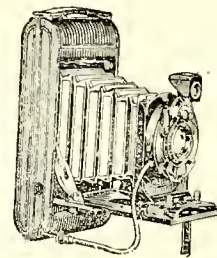
Lest We Forget?

The old solgan, "I'll meet you at Archies" is a common phrase used in Chapel Hill. WHY? Because it is only natural for everyone to go to a place where Quality and Service are made a specialty. No matter what you want or what you want to know, you can always find it at

Patterson's



Pritchard-Bright Company
FASHIONABLE CLOTHIERS
 DURHAM, N. C.

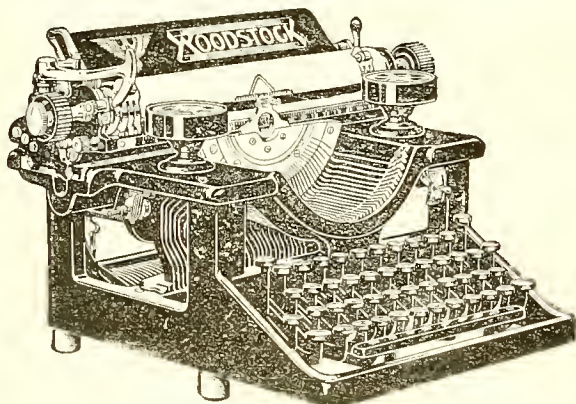


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The WOODSTOCK

represents the latest achievement in type-
 writer construction, gives the greatest meas-
 ure of satisfactory service and a quality of
 work that is unsurpassed.

Consider these facts: The Woodstock means more for the
 money, has many superior features and excels in every
 particular.

Price and terms most attractive. Territory inquiries so-
 licited. Extra value makes easy sales and attractive earn-
 ings.

Full particulars on request

Woodstock Typewriter Company
 35 N. Dearborn Street Chicago, U. S. A.

Negotiating It

"I don't like these Jagganese jupplers."

"I mean—Jugganese Japplers."

"I mean—Juggtnese Japplers."

"No—Jappalese jugganers."

"I mean I don't like those men there."

"Yeah, those. Neither do I."

—Life

Rum Business

Proud Pater—"My son is now raising cane in
 Cuba."

Pater No. 2, (not so proud)—"So is mine!"

—Widow

In Ye Goode Olde Days



Servant: There's a Knight without, sir.

King: Without what?

Servant: Clothing and food, sir.

King: Feed him, and send him down to

Pritchard & Patterson
The University Outfitters

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Equipped for handling College Annuals and All Classes of Publications.

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ENGRAVED
STATIONERY

PRINTERS CAROLINA BOLL WEEVIL

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OXFORD, N. C.

Safe Clean Sanitary

The University

Laundry Dept.

U. N. C.

Insure Your Health by Patronizing

This Department

"Where Cleanliness Reigns Supreme"

A WOMAN WEIGHS

*Oh Harold J. I want you back,
I just want you around;
And not because there is a lack
Of men in this small town.*

*I want your arms to hold me close,
Your hands to pull my hair,
And you to tell—"I love you most,"
When you say—"I don't care."*

*For I was wrong, I know it, dear,
To think I tired of you,
To say I did not want you near,
But wanted some one new.*

*All through my life the men have passed
Like shadows in a stream,
And still, my dear, you are the last
Who filled in part my dream.*

*But it is best not to return,
Although I miss you so;
For my hearts altar then would burn
For John or James or Joe.*

*For woman's love is like the wind,
It's fickle, hot, and cold,
It sins; eternally has sinned
By scorning love that's old.*

*And so forget, 'tis best for you,
Dethrone me from your heart;
Forever I will cherish you
Though we be far apart.*



Milano
Fifth Avenue's Favorite Pipe

"There is something
fine about it"

\$3.50 and up
at the better
smoke shops

W.M. DEMUTH & Co.
NEW YORK

THE LAST LOVING TOUCH—A STRONG ★GOLD GIRDLE—WAS \$1 EXTRA—NOW NO CHARGE

Rivals the beauty
of the Scarlet
Tanager

You Can Tell Who's Who by the Pen he carries

Yes, a Glimpse of Parker Duofold Locates the Leaders—the Over-size Classic with the 25-Year Point—the Christmas Gift that Takes But 5 Minutes to Get

PEOPLE get a man's measure pretty quickly nowadays from the pen in his pocket. Out in the world or on the college campus, just a glimpse of the black-tipped, lacquer-red Duofold tells Who's Who, in any crowd. It tells who can afford a \$7 pen, but more than that—who the good pickers are.

How about it— isn't Duofold the smartest thing you can give for Christmas? And isn't this the quickest way to get your Christmas shopping done—to step right up to the nearest pen counter and pick out Duofolds and Lady Duofolds for those most favored on your Christmas list.

Yes, go and try this super-pen and 4 or 5 others, *without looking!* You'll be surprised how your hand will know Duofold. You can't get away from its balanced swing and super-smooth, 25-year point.

For this is a point of extra thick gold with a Native Tasmanian Iridium Tip that costs us over \$2,000 a pound. This is three times more than ordinary. A point that needs no "breaking-in." A point no style of writing can distort—hence a pen one can lend *without fear*.

A hard pen to lose on account of the color. A large ink capacity on account of the Over-size barrel.

Strong ★Gold Girdle now included—was \$1 extra before. Neat Gold Pocket-clip or Ring-end also free.

Lacquer-red, black-tipped; or flashing black all over. Look carefully for this stamp: "Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD—Lucky Curve"—and avoid pens made to deceive. Then you'll know that your gift will meet with eager welcome Christmas.

WRITTEN WITH THE PARKER BY COLLEGE LEADERS

W. G. Pintel and.

Football Star, University N. C.

Harry G. Keph

Michigan's All-American Star, '22
—Capt. '23

Walter F. Stoppich

Columbia's Star Athlete and
Football Capt.

John Brody

Business Manager Carolina Boll Weevil

Glenn W. Miller

Half-Back, Iowa's Crack Team, '22—Capt. '23

Ken Smith

Princeton's Star Kicker

Red and Black
Color Combination
Reg. Trade Mark
U.S. Pat. Office

Parker

LUCKY CURVE

Duofold

With The 25 Year Point

Duofold Jr. \$5
Same except for size

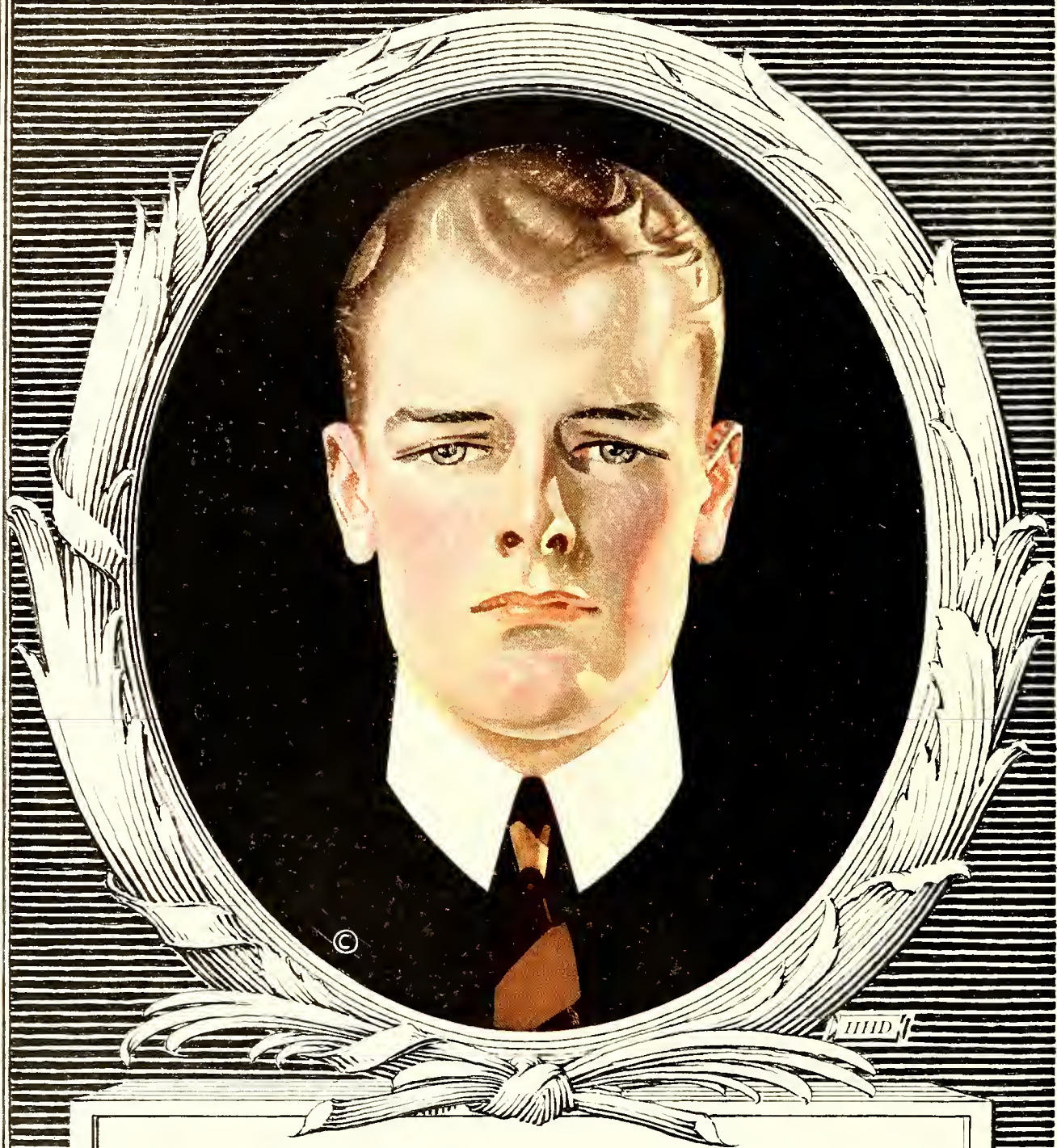
Lady Duofold \$5
With ring for chatelaine

OVER-SIZE
\$7

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY • JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
NEW YORK • CHICAGO

Manufacturers also of Parker "Lucky Lock" Pencils
The Parker Pen Co., Limited, Toronto, Canada

SAN FRANCISCO • SPOKANE



ARROW COLLARS

ARROW ON A STARCHED OR SOFT COLLAR IS A
DEPENDABLE INDICATOR OF SMARTNESS AND SERVICE

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., *Makers*, TROY, N. Y.

Boll Weevil

HOLLY-DAY NO. 25¢



GIFT SHOP



Alex. Crumwell



Milano

Fifth Avenue's Favorite Pipe

"There is something
fine about it"

\$3.50 and up
at the better
smoke shops

WM. DEMUTH & Co.
NEW YORK

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Run Right To

Sutton and Alderman

The SanTox Store
Agent for Hollingsworth and Norris
Candies

and

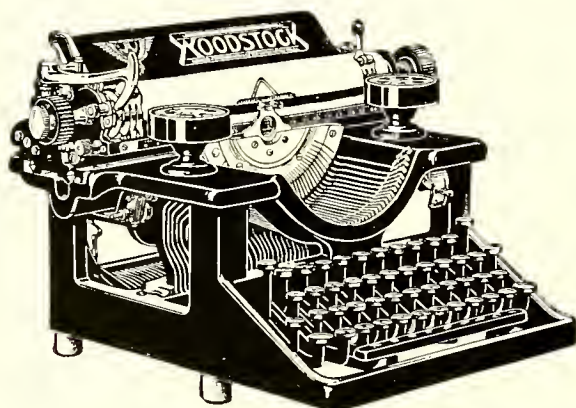
When in Durham
Run Right To

Sutton's Main Street Pharmacy

Cor. Main and Church Sts.
The Rexall Store

Agent for Whitman's Candies

DRUGGISTS



The WOODSTOCK

represents the latest achievement in type-
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ure of satisfactory service and a quality of
work that is unsurpassed.

Consider these facts: The Woodstock means more for the
money, has many superior features and excels in every
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Price and terms most attractive. Territory inquiries so-
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35 N. Dearborn Street

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WHERE you are in the very
centre of the city's bril-
liant pulsating life and breathe
its sparkling atmosphere.

Numerous and distinctive res-
taurants, lounges, promenades
and writing rooms to gratify
your every mood.

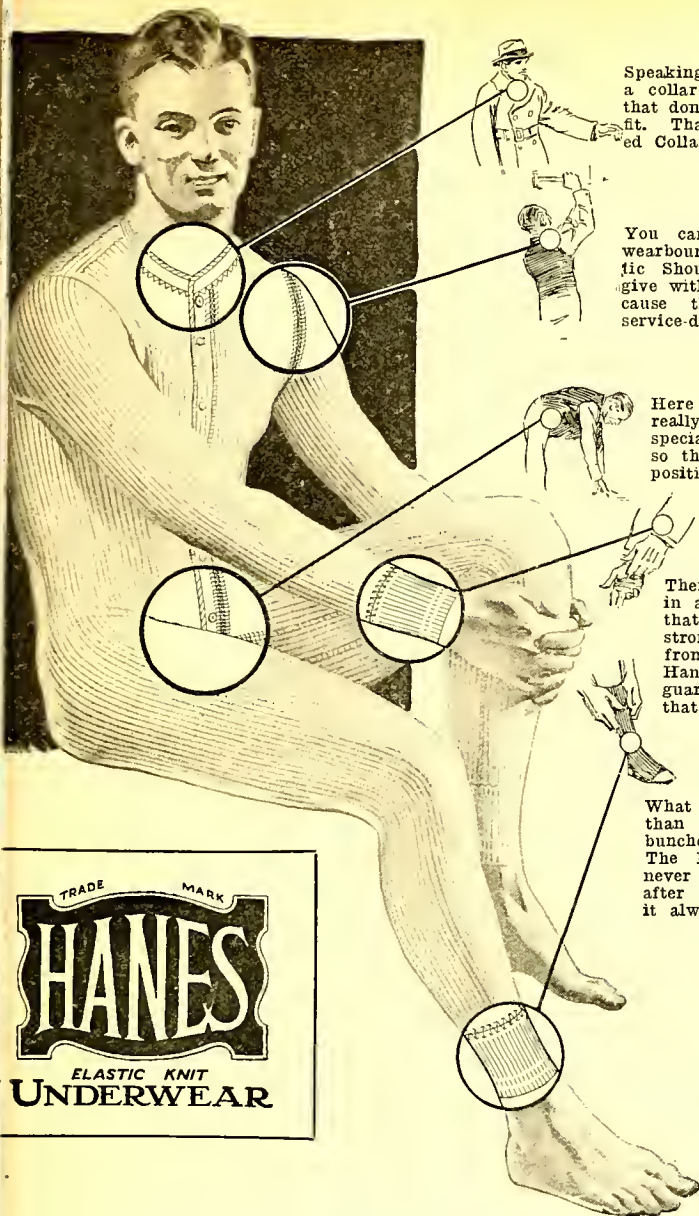
Room rates and restaurant prices
to fit the purse of college men.

DINNER DANCES . . .

. . . SUPPER DANCES

FRED'K A. MUSCHENHEIM

TO HAVE STAYED AT THE ASTOR,
IS TO HAVE LIVED IN NEW YORK



1

Speaking of comfort, consider a collar that refuses to roll, that don't gap and is made to fit. That's the Hanes Tailored Collarette.

2

You can never be "underwearbound" with Hanes Elastic Shoulders. They fit and give with every movement, because they're made with a service-doubling lap seam.

3

Here is a closed crotch that really stays closed. It is specially stitched and cut so that it always stays in position.

4

There's a lot of comfort in a cuff that fits firmly, that is made better and stronger, that won't rip from the sleeve. The Hanes Elastic Cuff is guaranteed to be just that sort.

5

What looks or feels worse than underwear that bunches at the shoe top? The Hanes Elastic Ankle never loses its shape even after repeated washings—it always clings close.

HANES GUARANTEE

We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely—every thread, stitch and button. We guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks.

For downright value
HANES can't be touched

You'll pat yourself on the back when you first pull Hanes on. When you feel that fleecy cotton snuggle up to your skin, that generous warmth and that perfect tailored fit you'll say that there never was an underwear bargain that could compare with Hanes.

And you'll keep on congratulating yourself every time Hanes comes back from the tub. Wash after wash has no effect on Hanes. The flat, non-irritating seams never rip. The buttonholes keep their shape. The buttons are sewed on to stay.

Read the five points above that have made Hanes famous.

Hanes Comfort and Wear For Boys

There are the same hard wearing quality, the same comfort, warmth and perfect fit that go into men's. Two weights—medium and heavy. Sizes 2 to 16 years (sizes 20 to 34). 2 to 4 year sizes with drop seat. Made also in knee-length and short sleeves.

P. H. HANES KNITTING COMPANY
WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

Next summer wear Hanes full-cut athletic Union Suits!

*Vol. II., No. 3**Holly Day Number*

The Carolina Boll Weevil

Chapel Hill, N. C.

Published monthly throughout the college year. Yearly subscription \$2.00 for nine issues. Single copies on all newsstands twenty-five cents. Advertising rates furnished upon request. Offices: Chapel Hill, N. C. All communications, contributions and suggestions should be addressed to the Carolina Boll Weevil, Inc., L. J. S. Brody, Business Manager.

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at Chapel Hill Postoffice. Act of Oct. 3, 1917.*

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beautiful and most
convenient hotels in
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Equipped for handling College An-
nuals and All Classes of Publications.

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ENGRAVED
STATIONERY

PRINTERS CAROLINA BOLL WEEVIL

Printing Department

Oxford Orphanage
OXFORD, N. C.

Ithacan: "Help me pick up this student. He's drunk."

Cornellian: "No, he isn't. I just saw his arm move."

—Widow

* * * *

Stude: "I shall live by my wits."

Prof: "Why die so young?"

—Puppett

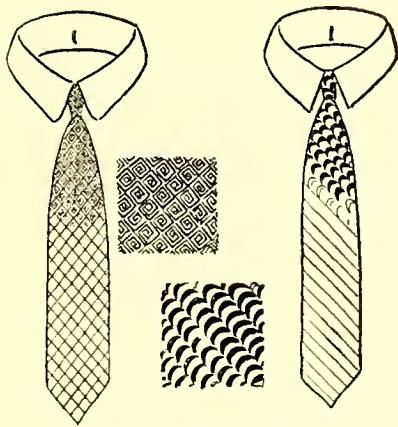
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The Court "Hail, Hail, the king approaches his throne."

The King: "Stop hailing while I reign."

—Flamingo

What Will the Smart Neck- tie Be?

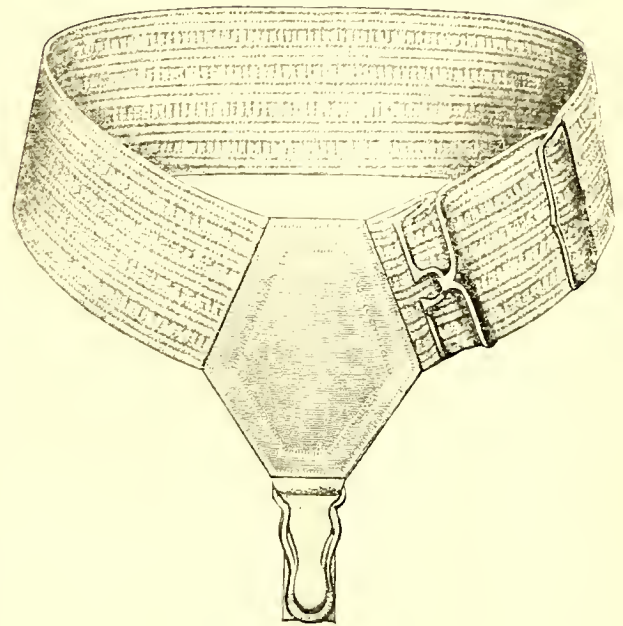


© VANITY FAIR

At every season of the year there are plenty of neckties in the shops. For each season there are only a few very smart ones. During the past summer season, the bandana type of necktie was the smart thing. For this winter, the heavy silk tie with a bold geometrical design is the very last word. Two ties of this type are illustrated above with small samples showing the distinct and clear cut quality of the design of such ties. These two patterns are only one of many that are equally smart but in every case such ties will be very definite and bold in their design in addition to the fact that they are characterized by a white ground. Designs in brown, dark blue, wine color, plum, leaf green—in fact any good strong color on a white ground makes a very effective tie, and also a very good transition between the white stiff collar (which is again much worn) and the shirt and suit of a matching or harmonious color. Since white collars and white handkerchiefs will be a strong point in this year's fashions for men, it is a good rule to pick out ties and shirts that have some suggestion of a white line or white design combined with whatever color the ground of the shirt or the pattern of the tie may be. Remember when buying ties that the bold geometrical design is smarter than stripes or the all-over flowered design.

If you are interested in any question of dress or etiquette, write "The Well Dressed Man," care the "Boll Weevil" and your letter will receive prompt and careful attention. Do not fail to give accurate address.

How did *your*
Garters
Look this morning?



When in need, try
the new Wideweb

Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

GEORGE FROST CO., Makers, BOSTON



ANTOINE LAURENT LAVOISIER
1743-1794

Born in Paris, son of a wealthy tradesman. As a student won a prize for an essay on lighting the streets of Paris. Held various Government posts. A martyr of the Reign of Terror. Founder of modern chemistry.

They couldn't destroy the work he did

"The Republic has no need for savants," sneered a tool of Robespierre as he sent Lavoisier, founder of modern chemistry, to the guillotine. A century later the French Government collected all the scientific studies of this great citizen of Paris and published them, that the record of his researches might be preserved for all time.

Lavoisier showed the errors of the theory of phlogiston—that hypothetical, material substance which was believed to be an element of all combustible compounds and to produce fire when liberated. He proved fire to be the union of other elements with a gas which he named oxygen.

Lavoisier's work goes on. In the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company the determination of the effects of atmospheric air on lamp filaments, on metals and on delicate instruments is possible because of the discoveries of Lavoisier and his contemporaries.

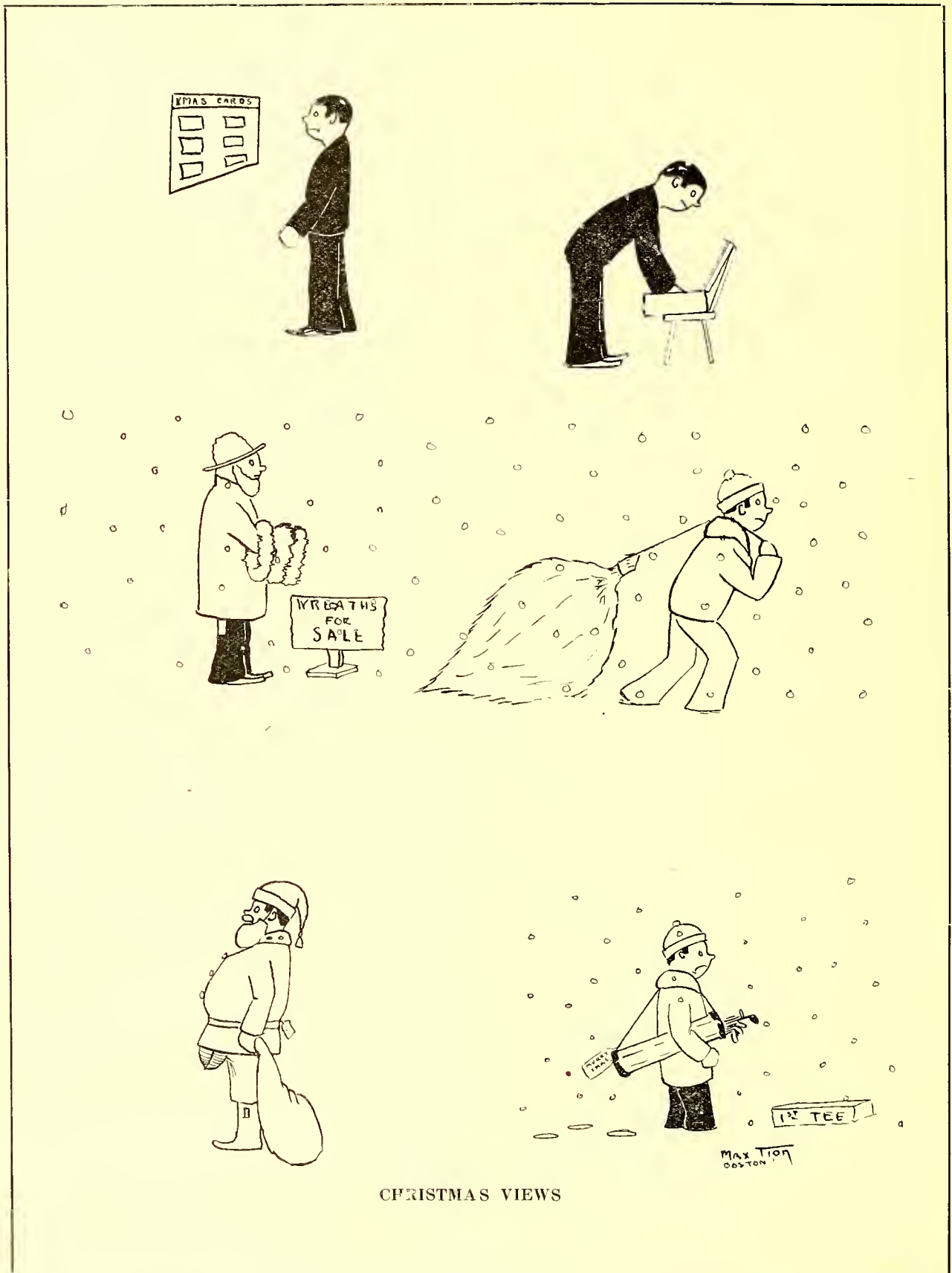


This is the mark of the General Electric Company, an organization of 100,000 men and women engaged in producing the tools by which electricity—man's great servant—is making the world a better place to live in.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

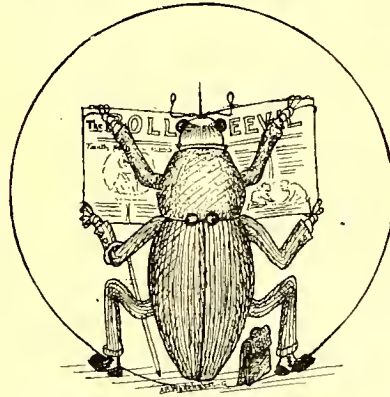
It makes us feel good but, nevertheless a great deal of this "wish you a merry Christmas" stuff is either bull, habit, or hypocrisy. In other words some say it as part of their regular line, so that they can sell you your next pair of shoes or pound of sugar. Others say it because thirty or forty years have taught them to do so—just like the after dinner cigar, except it's once a year rather than once a day. And some people wish you a merry Christmas because, being a hypocrite in every other way, they think they must continue their practice regardless of their feelings.

However, Boll Weevil, honestly, truly, and seriously wishes everyone a happy holiday. Subscribers, readers, knockers, boosters, critics, advertisers, contributors, faculty, student body,—all,—everybody, we wish you a most merry, merry Christmas!



CAROLINA

BOLL



WEEVIL

VOL. II., NO. 3

5,000 Copies Printed This Issue

HOLLY DAY NUMBER

Prof—"What is the purpose of letter writing?"
Bright Stude—"To carry on correspondence."

* * * *

JUST CHRISTMAS

(This is poetry.)

December
Exams
Home
A new girl
A mad whirl
Christmas
Celebration
Bills
New Year
Celebration
School
Work
Hell!

* * * *

The flapper wants but little here below—the knee.

* * * *

Pall—"What did Adam and Eve do when they
were expelled from Eden?"

Mall—"They raised Cain."

IF WE ONLY COULD

Chapel Hill, N. C., Dec. 15, 1923.

Dear Santa Claus:

I have been a very good little boy, have passed
nearly all my courses, have not been very naughty
with women, have not been drunk, and have not
sassed the professors.

Please bring me:

Two cartons of cigarettes,
(those that satisfy),
An automobile,
A bank account,
And some socks,
And neckties.

Yours truly,

Percival O'Hara.

P. S. You need not bring the automobile down
the chimney as it may bend the fender. Just leave
it outside in the drive-way and put the key in my
sock.

P. O'H.

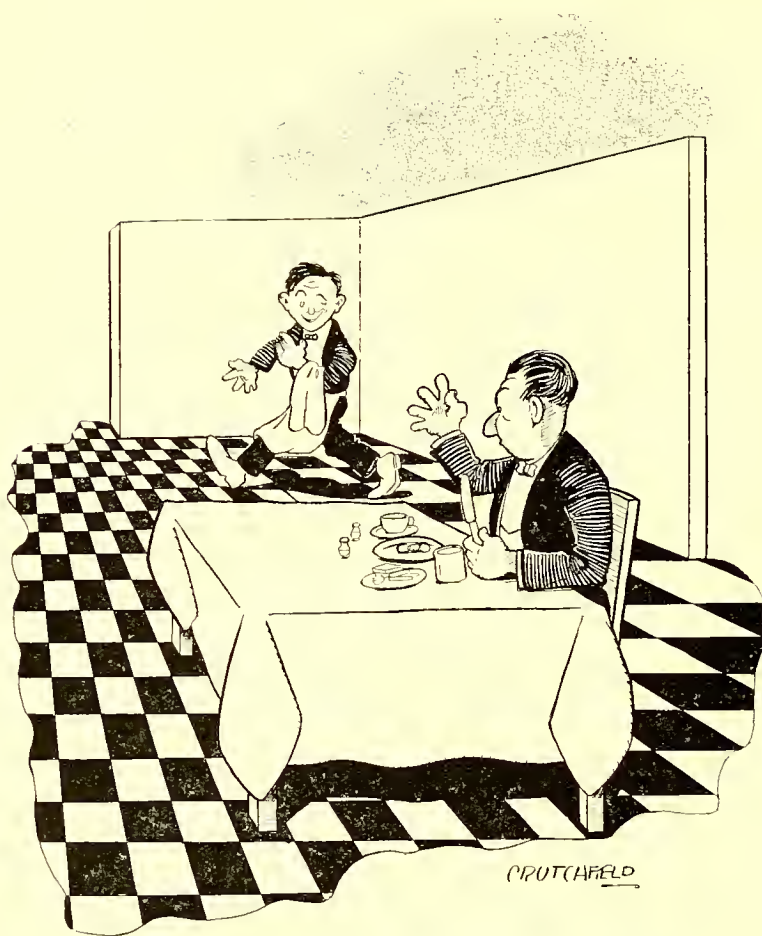
* * * *

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," said
the Judge as he gave him with ebony complexion
thirty days on the road.

* * * *

A STRING AROUND THE FINGER

"Boll Weevil" hereby attempts to remind its fe-
male followers of the number entitled "Femine Fan-
tasy Number" announced in last issue, the material
for which must be in by February tenth.



Diner—"Hey, Waiter! This egg has a chicken in it!"

Waiter—"That's all right. I'll bring you a carving knife."

* * *

Her first dance! Radiant and fresh, all aglow with expectation and eager anticipation, she trod the first few dances on lightest air, floating as contentedly in the arms of her partners as any swallow across a June sky.

An then of a sudden she began to notice a difference. Her partners deserted her and finally she was left all alone, shamed and humiliated wondering. Former partners glanced hurriedly away from her and would not meet her eye. A wall flower—and at her first dance! a wall flower.

Not even her friends dared tell her. No one had the courage to

broach the delicate subject.

Not even her mother could tell her!

No, it was not Halitosis!

But ye gods! Who wants to dance with a cross-eyed, fat girl, now I ask you?

* * *

OBSERVATION MADE UPON BEING FLUNK- ED BY A PROFESSOR OF PSYCHOLOGY

The psychologist Woodworth admits (page 314) that in the 17th heat of the recent grand rat-psychologist maze solving contest the rats and psychologists tied.

Jim—"Jack, is your girl still in New York?"

Jack—"Naw, that girl ain't still nowhere."

* * *

*You, who looked with your eyes
into mine
And made for me sweet nature's
sun to shine
You with your eternal pleading
way
Impressing and consuming day by
day
You, with eyes from which love
shone divine
Made me believe, by looking into
mine.*

*You, the very gods sent from
above
Sent for solace, and for dream-
land, and for love
Sweet to roam in Eden's gardens
and to dine
Upon my willing heart which flew
to thine
And clung content beneath your
feigning eyes
Which looked deep into mine with
lovely lies.*

*You, who looked with your eyes
into mine
Made me all of my straying loves
combine
A gift to you, with utter unre-
straint,
To look upon thru camouflages
and paint
That hid dishonest eyes which
looked in mine
And spoke to me—a silent, potent
line.*

* * *

No, Hildegare, Oliver Twist is not chewing tobacco.

PATS MARY CHRISTMAS

Merrily danced the blanched snow flakes as they winged their flight against the brightly illumined aperture of the third-rate boarding house. Behind the aperture was the neat, if cramped, den of one Damon and one Pythias, baptized Patrick O'Leary and William Flynn.

Bill was a handsome, almost effeminate, well-groomed young swain who was dancing instructor of Joe Murphy's "Dolly Dimpled Girls." He surveyed amusedly the husky, awkward figure of his red-topped mechanic buddy, lounging in a setting of foggy smoke and pennant strewn walls.

"Who was the baby you was with the other night, Pat?"

"The one that checks hats at the Castoria? I'm going to take her to the Policemen's Masquerade, Christmas Eve. She's going as one of them ballay women that blows a pipe and yells 'Spring is here,' I saw her buy the outfit at Mickey's with me own eyes."

"Huh!" said Bill contemptuously, "you think you rate, don't you? I'll bet you ten bucks you don't kiss her under the mistletoe, you big ham!"

"Shure and it's a bet!" flared back the irate Pat.

During the course of the next afternoon, in the malestrom of fur-coated Broadway Xmas shoppers, both visited Mickey's for their costumes.

The eventful eve was ushered in. A crash of cymbals and wail of saxophones bemoaned the loss of "Long Lost Mama" as fairys, sailors, pierrots, pierrettes, clowns and various other youthfuls blantly danced in a confettied whirl of gayety.

Pat left the side of pretty vivacious bob-haired little Mary Ann to get them both some punch. When he returned she was lost, engulfed in the jazz sway-ing mass of colors.

Frantically he searched the settees in the palm encircled "love nooks." At last, there she was demurely seated, a lovely form enveloped in a white clinging silk gown out of which two dainty nude feet protuded. There was a festoon of flowers adorning her fluffy nut-brown locks and in five pearly fingers she clasped a tin horn. But the conventional black mask hid two saucy, blue, mischief dealing orbits.

Pat wanted to kiss her, she was so lovely. He glanced above, recalling his wages, and observed a twig of white berries suspended.

"Darling of me heart," he billed, "'Tis indade true that I love you!"

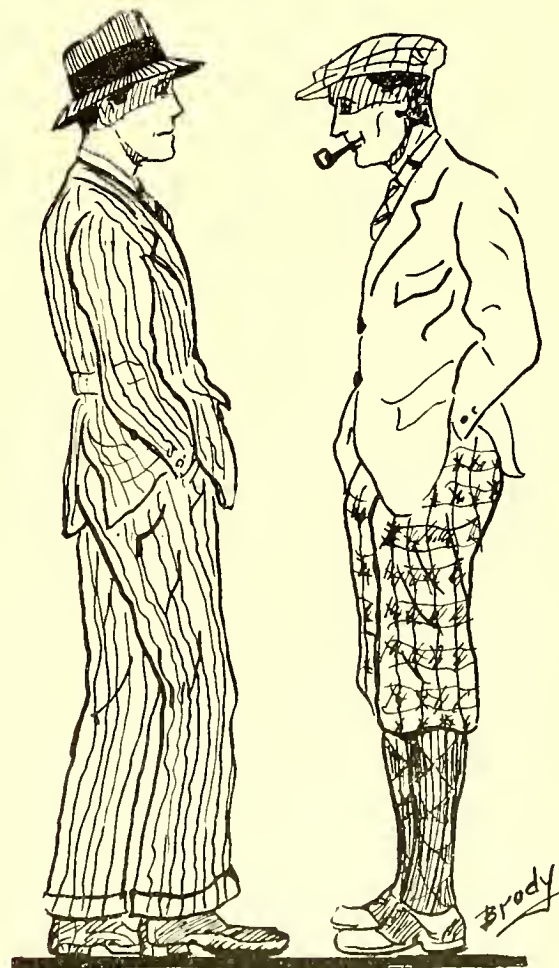
"I love oo too, my big powerful mans!" she cooed.

The jazz fiends blazed out "Home Sweet Home" while a nearby cathedral tolled dolefully twelve strokes as Pat clung to the rubied mouth of Mary Ann in rhapsodious enchantment.

The girl coyly withdrew from his embrace and removed her mask.

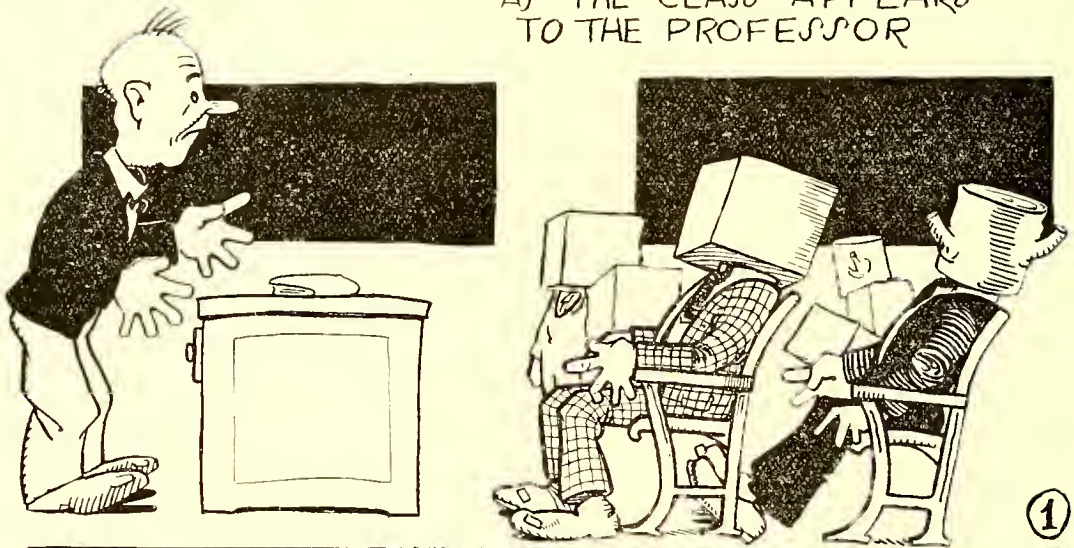
"Bill!" shouted Pat his face reddening with anger and shame.

* * * *

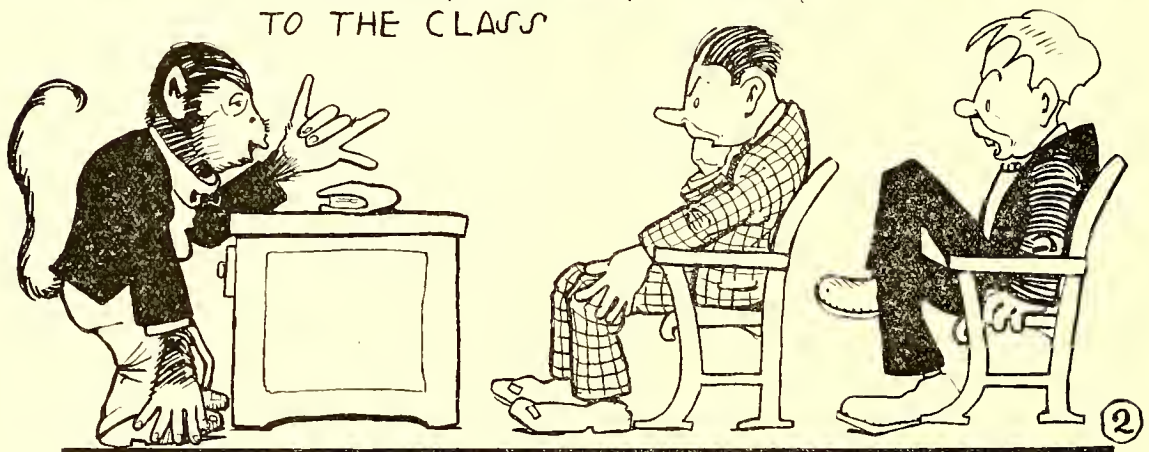


"Have you seen Mary without her cosmetics on?"
"Of course not. She's not that kind of girl."

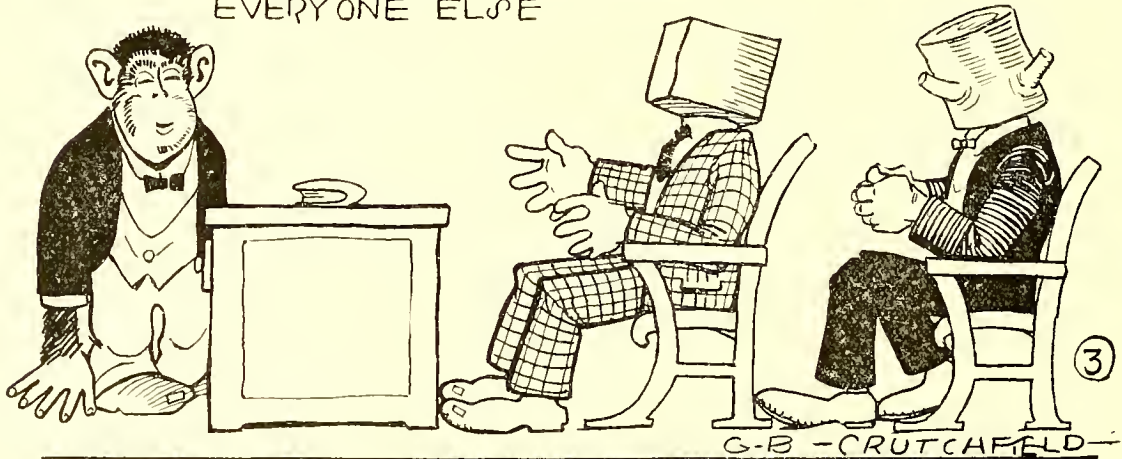
AS THE CLASS APPEARS
TO THE PROFESSOR



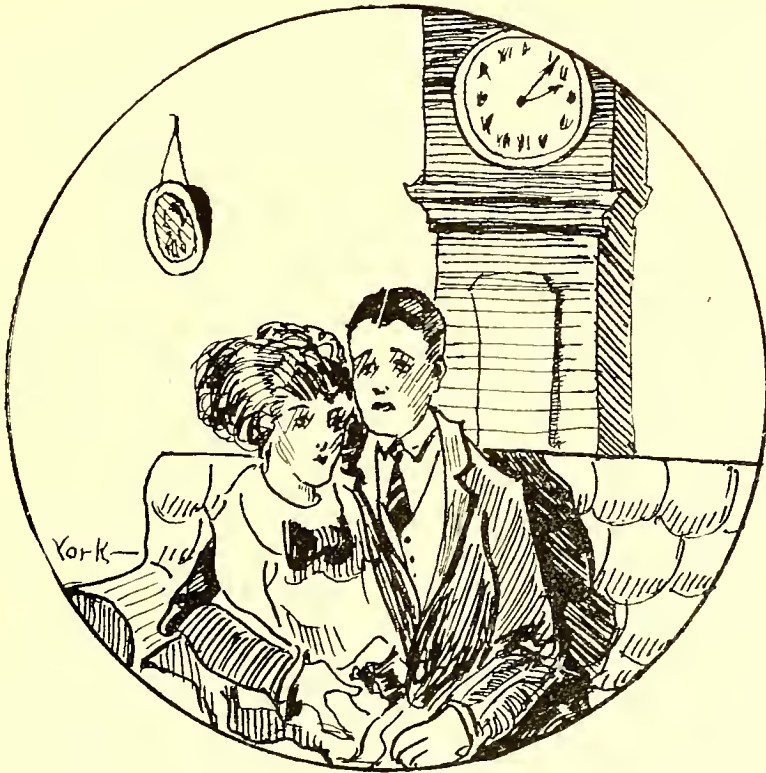
AS THE PROFESSOR APPEARS
TO THE CLASS



AS BOTH APPEAR TO
EVERYONE ELSE



G-B - CRUTCHFIELD -



Still strong on the second lap.

* * * *

PIGSKIN LOVE

Old Caliph Football reigned supreme in autumnal glory surrounded by his courtiers and ladies arrayed in the bright colors of their dear Alma Mater. Ned and Jim stood on the side lines beside a pretty girl. Both wore gridiron regalia. Both were captains of the rival teams. Both loved Helen. And why not? For such is the way of a man with a maid and Helen was fair to gaze upon.

"Helen," said Jim, "you must choose between us! We cannot go on with this bitter rivalry."

Ned remained morbidly silent.

"I'll give you my answer after the game," she replied.

The referee's whistle cut short the vital argument and each man took his position.

"So that's her game," each one

thought to himself, "she's going to choose the best player. Watch my smoke, Walter!"

The battle see-sawed back and forth in a nip and tuck affair, neither side scoring for three quarters.

In the last quarter Jim received the precious oval on a fake pass. He cradled it lovingly in his arm and raced around the end. The stands went loco. Trim, bobbed-haired flappers, collegiate youths, haughty matrons and silver-haired, red nosed grads with padded hips yelled in a way that would bring joy to the hearts of the Smith Brothers. Bankers and peanut venders nudged each other in glee.

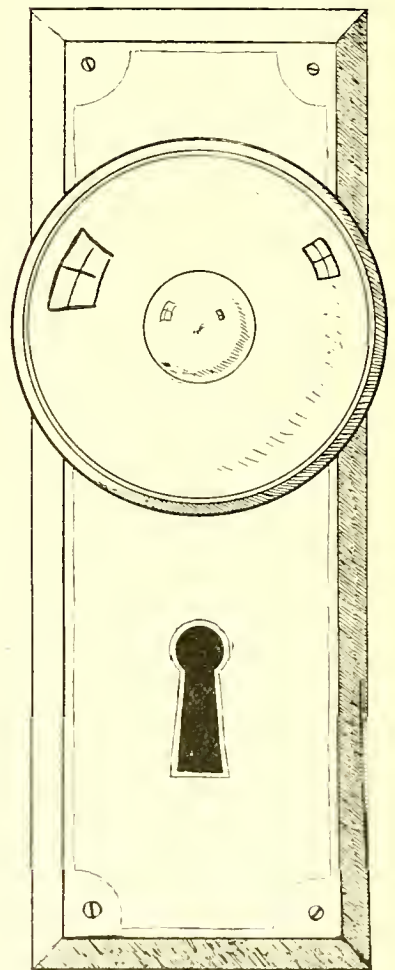
On and on he morviched passing white lines like fence rails. Suddenly a grim gladiator loomed in

his path and with a tiger-like spring lunged at him. Ned and Jim sprawled on the turf in mad embrace. The referee's siren jarred on their ears to end the fray.

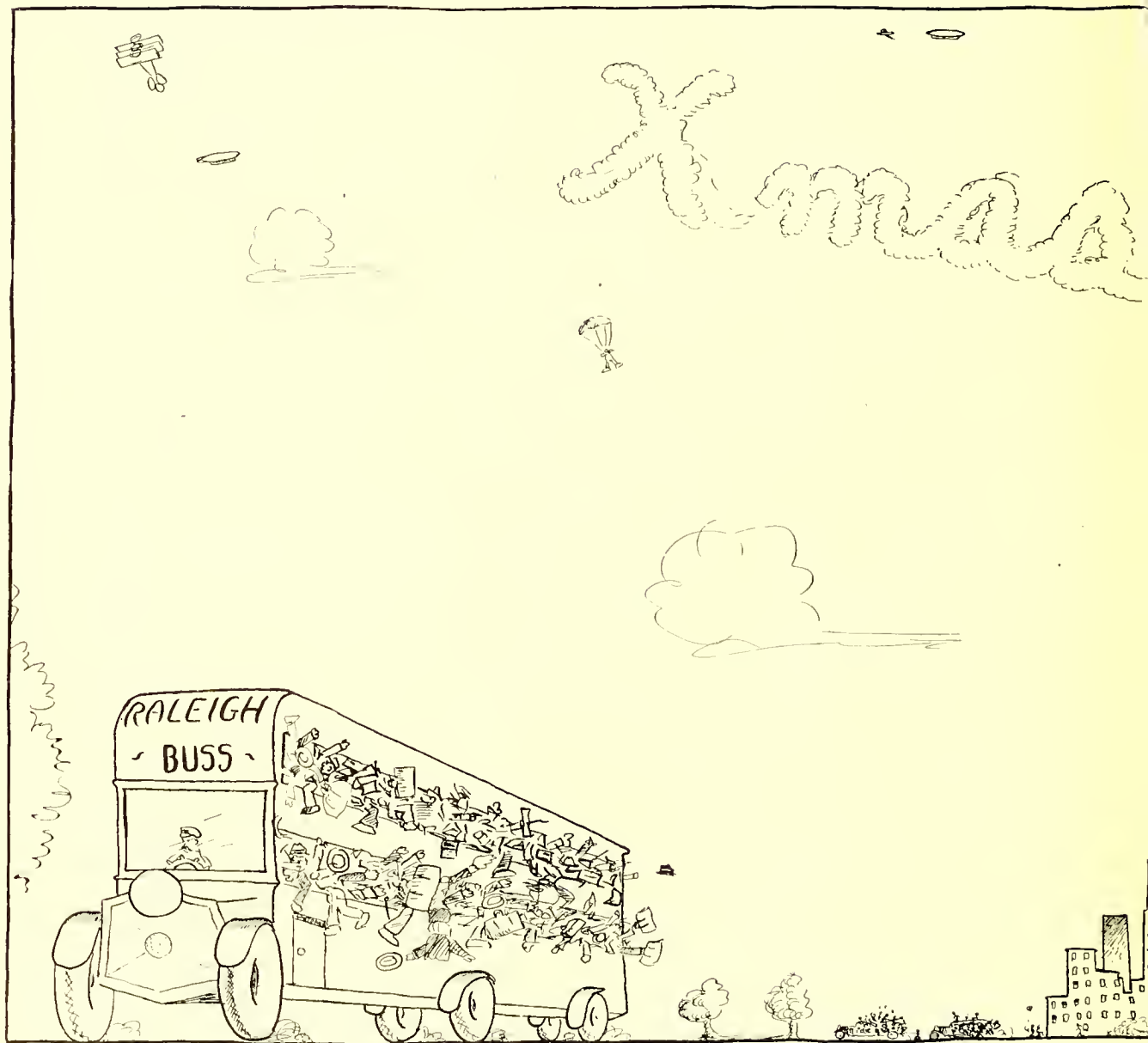
Arm and arm they rushed off the field midst cheers in anxious search for a bunch of loveliness with blue eyes and brown hair. She was standing beside a stalwart young man in knickers and a blue jersey who had his back towards them.

"Jim and Ned," she said with a wistful look in her azure eyes, "I couldn't tell you before the game for fear of spoiling your play, but ————, oh, well, meet Mr. Referee," she smiled, "my fiance."

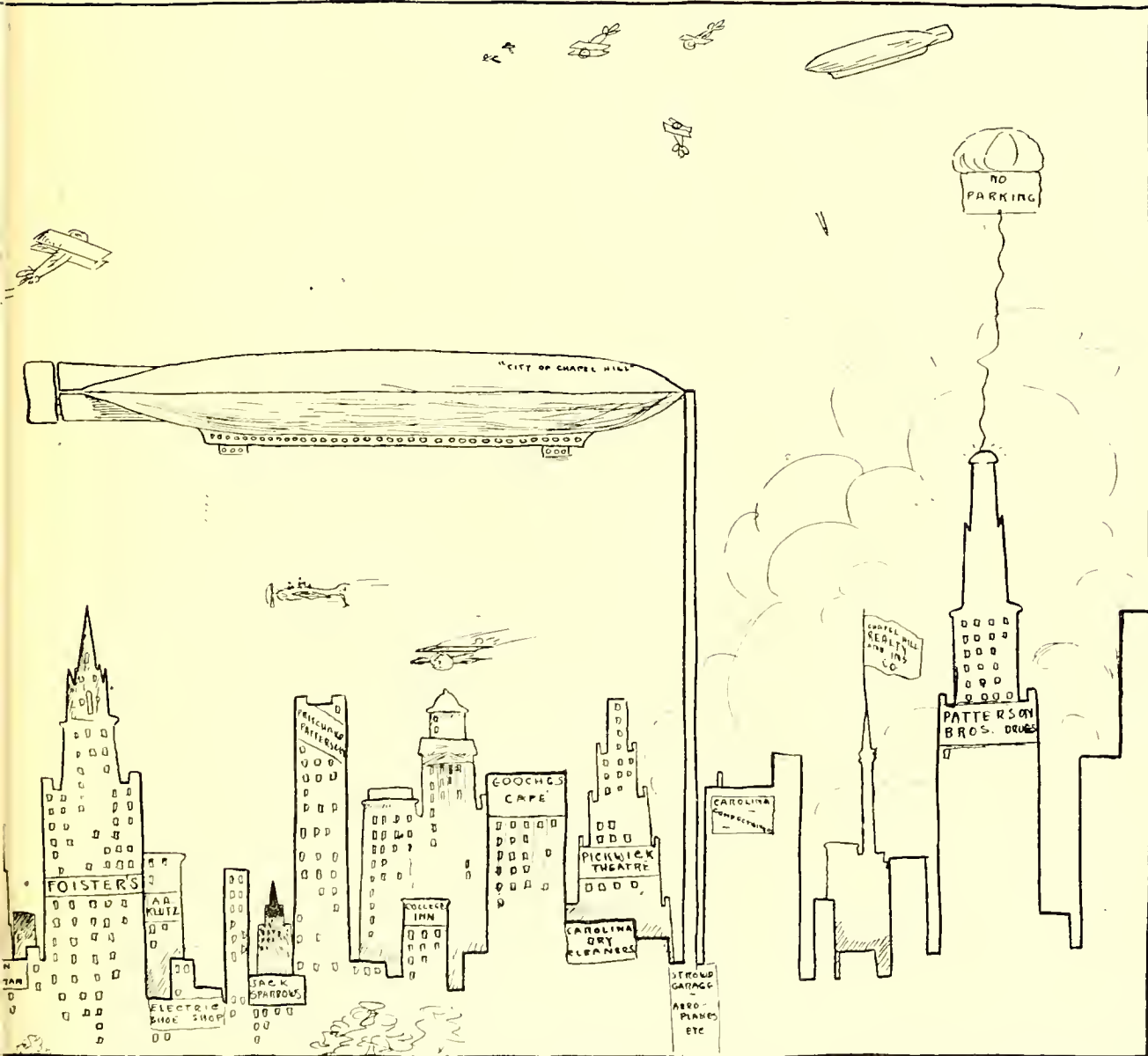
* * *



The Point of View



THE CLASSES OF 1954, 1955, 1956 AND 1957 LEA



THE HILL FOR THEIR CHRISTMAS VACATION



A Boiled Chicken

* * * *

SPIKED LOVE

As the correct and trim brogues of Kane Silver-ton blazed their trail in Fifth Avenue snow, a close observer would have wondered at the pensive melancholy of his youthful, strikingly handsome face. This stygian forlornness was not dispelled by the sight of little ragged urchins who pressed their not over clean faces against the polished glass of shop windows in eager contemplation of the varied toys which old Santa Claus perhaps would deign to leave them.

Biting Jack Frost, Christmas Spirit, happy throngs of this gala season could not drive away the bitter realization of his engagement to Sylvia. Sylvia of the family tree on who's branches the sun never did set. Sylvia the doll, with fairy hair and a cherub's eyes free from the piquant, saucy, subtle something that marked a thoroughbred. Ay, there's the rub. She was a prude.

Doting pater and mater had wished that he marry her. And somehow he could not stoop to abhor her for she lingered like some oriental essence in the world of his dreams. She was lovely.

Well, here at last was the post office. At the writing table he prepared to address two gifts. One, he fondled meditating. Good old Jack," he pondered affectionately "he will appreciate this as a fond remi-

niscence of our undergraduate days at old Eli!"

A scurrying, bustling mob of "Don't open until Christmas" advocates jotted Kane from his musings and likewise knocked the two parcels off the table. Very much ruffled and annoyed the youth hurriedly and a little carelessly penned two addresses and ventured out into the bracing air for nature's solace.

On the Day of good cheer, redolent with the aroma of fruit cake, the picturesque cedar trees and lighted candles, the gay dances, and good will of men, Kane basked before a roaring fire placidly smoking. He was nonchalantly unaffected by the mound of neatly wrapped gifts that surrounded him.

The austere stateliness of Malcom, the butler, loomed in the doorway with a letter for him. This he tore open with bated brath for it was from Sylvia. it read:

Dearest Kane:

You can't imagine how I appreciate your exquisite gift. I'm thrilled silly. How did you guess that it was my favorite brand.

We are staging a wild party tonight, and I do wish you could be here. It's not going to be "sans wine" either, thanks to you!

Be good old man,

Sylvia.

Give Whitman's Candies for Christmas



Christmas—The day for Quality Sweets!

THE SAMPLER—Chocolates and confections—favorites from ten other Whitman packages.

SALMAGUNDI—Whitman's famous chocolates in a gift box of art metal.

FUSSY PACKAGE—Nuts and nut combinations enriched with chocolate.

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NUTS CHOCOLATE COVERED—“Just right” for those who revel in whole nut meats in delicious chocolate coating.

STANDARD CHOCOLATES—famous ever since 1842.

Write us for booklet illustrating the beautiful Whitman packages. See them at the Whitman agency near you. Hand-painted round boxes and fancy bags, boxes and cases in great variety. Special gift boxes for the kiddies.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.
PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.

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PATTERSON BROTHERS



Figuratively Speaking

* * * *

Have you heard of little Nell? She is so dumb she thought Pensacola was a drink.

Don't think passing nine courses keeps you from being a freshman. We have known people to pass thirty-six, and still remain in that category.

Professor—"Spivins, spell professor."

Freshman—"P-r-o-f-f-e-s-s-o-r."

Professor—"Leave out one of the 'P's.'"

Freshman—"Which one?"

* * *

FROM THE FLUTEVILLE MONTHLY NEWS

Elzory Squibbs took her lesser third down to Holly Brown's Clo. Estab. yesterday and they purchased a new checkered suit with extra pants. Waste not, want not!

Cy Slokum just bought a new Ford Coupey. Watch out girls!

LOST: One spotted female heifer, by Charlie Witherspoon, answers to name of Bossy, reward offered of a dollar, with bobbed tail. adv. tf.

Eph Struthers and wife entertained at quilting Wednesday. Refreshments of ambrosia and ginger snaps. An enjoyable time was had by all. Attaboy, Eph!

OUR MOTTO: "What's the matter with Fluteville?"

Fluteville Chamber of Commerce.

Notice: I will not pay any further debts made by my wife, Martha, who deserted me because she would not work enough. Also one good milch cow for sale. Deac. Simeon Clinker. adv. tf.

* * *

Mr. Smith was seeing a friend to Chicago.

"Be sure," he said, "to look up my friend, Mr. Lummac, while in the city."

"Mr. Lummac," his friend repeated absent mindedly.

"Yes, Mr. Lummac, you can remember his name because it rhymes with stomach."

A few days later the friend returned and encountered Smith on the street: "Do you know," he said, "I tried and tried, but I never could find that Mr. Kelly."



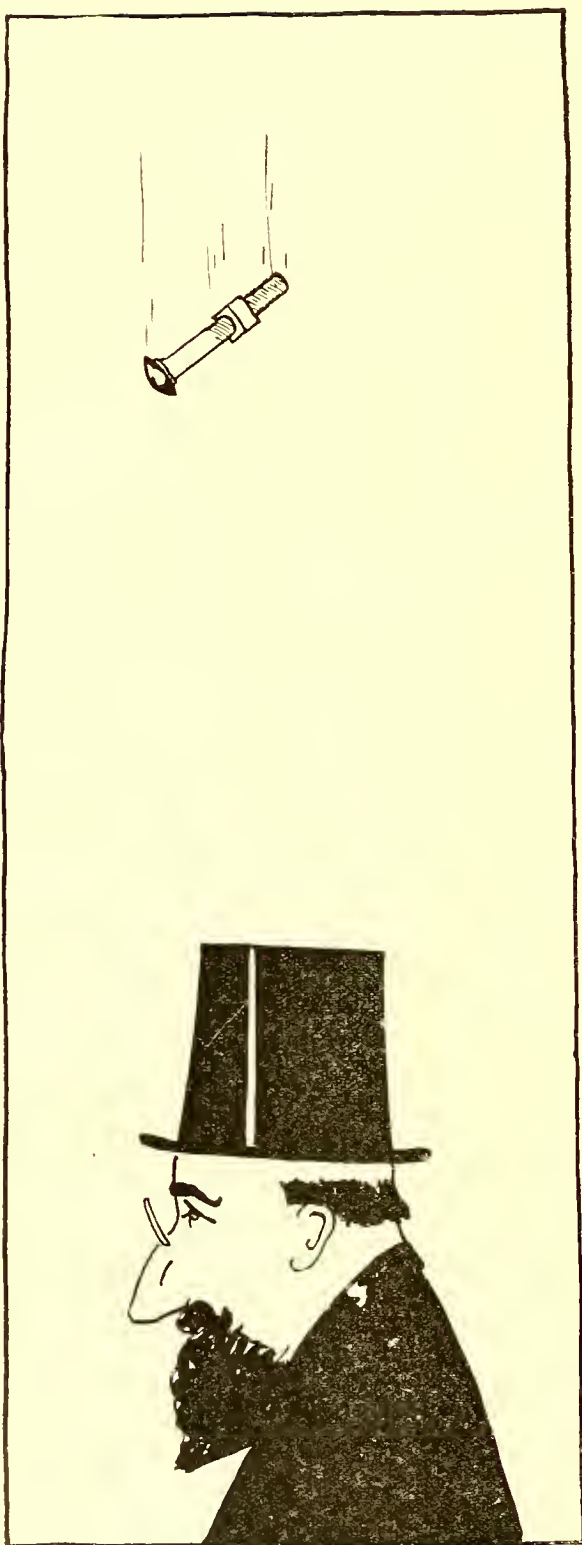
"Got an aviator's license, Jimmy?"

"No—why?"

"'Cause if you ever have a blowout, that little car of yours is going to make an altitude record."

"Don't worry; I've got Kellys on all around."

NOTHING TO GIVE



A Bolt From Above.

*It's Christmas time, a time to give;
But what is that to me,
Who only has enough to live,
No ways or means that I may prove
My love for her without a fee;
For I have nothing to give but love?*

*A woman wants some things to touch,
Some things that they can see,
Some things to taste, some things to clutch;
Intangibles no longer move
A woman's heart; what chance for me
When I have nothing to give but love?*

*They want some thing that has a shine,
That glitters in the light,
A trinket, gold or silver fine,
An article that's sewed or wove;
So have I very little might,
Since I have nothing to give but love?*

*Or else they crave those bits that please
The tongue, and gratify
The taste, if I cannot give these
How can I have a hope to move
A single head, or even eye;
For I have nothing to give but love?*

*Then, too, they may have some desire
For perfume—lily, rose,
Or things of which each year they tire,
As manicure sets; By Jove!
A man is out of luck, he knows.
If he has nothing to give but love.*

*It's hard to meditate and think
That she is just this way,
I'll give my soul, and sing my songs,
Do any thing I can to prove
That all I have to her belongs,
But I have nothing to give but love.*

*In truth, love is a priceless thing,
Because it has no worth;
And here's how love will accuse a sting,—
When to a woman's side you rove,
That woman's face is filled with mirth,
If you have nothing to give but love.*



“What a difference
just a few cents make!”

FATIMA

OVER 17 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

The enormous use alone of
VICKS VAPORUB proves
that you, too, should have a jar
in case of need.

A good rub down when you are
tired and chilled will do the
trick. Don't take a chance.
Keep a jar on hand.

—KEEP IT HANDY—

Take this precaution! Make room
for a jar of **VICKS** in your Medi-
cine cabinet today.

VICKS

VAPORUB

Soph: "What has feathers, stands in water on
one leg and barks like a dog?"

Fresh: "I'll give up."

Soph: "A stork."

Fresh: "Why, you tequila hound, a stork doesn't
bark like a dog."

Soph: "Well, I just put that in to make it harder."

—Drexer

* * * *

Little Janie—"Mother, if baby was to swallow
the goldfish would he be able to swim like one?"

Mother—"Oh, my heavens, no, child. They'd kill
him."

Little Janie—"But they didn't."

—Phoenix

* * * *

Isaac—"Oi,oi. Der vedding invitation says R.
S. V. P. Vot does dot mean?"

—"Ach, such ignorance, dot means to bring
Real Silver Vedding Presents!"

—Yellow Jacket

Father, at top of stairs: "What are you two
doing down there?"

Daughter: "We're going to play 'Sweet Kisses'
on the Victrola."

Father: "Would you just as soon play it on the
davenport? I am afraid two would be pretty heavy
for the Victrola."

—Who Doo

* * * *

Tom—"How are you getting along at home since
your wife is away?"

Jim—"Fine, I've reached the highest point of
efficiency. I can put on my socks from either end."

—Mink

* * * *

"Oh, what a cute little dolly! Does she say
'mama' when you squeeze her?"

"Naw. My dolly's a modern doll. She says 'Oh,
boy!'" when you squeeze her."

—Flamingo

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Cigarette Cases, Umbrellas and Walking Sticks, Mufflers
House Gowns and Jackets, English Pipes and Pouches

Useful Christmas Gifts for Men and Boys are listed alphabetically and priced in our Booklet "Christmas Suggestions" which we shall be pleased to send on request

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BROOKS BROTHERS'

Building, convenient to
Grand Central, Subway, and
to many of the leading Hotels
and Clubs

These are the little things that count, said the
salesman as he demonstrated the adding machine.

—Lampoon.

* * * *

Judge: "Did you strike that man in an excess of
irascibility?"

Darky: "No, sah, Judge, Ah done hit him in de
stummick."

—Jack o' Lantern

* * * *

"Well, dad, I just ran up to say hello."

"Too late, son. Your mother ran up to say good-
bye, and got all the change."

—Jack o' Lantern

Lest We Forget?

The old solgan, "I'll meet you at
Archies" is a common phrase used in
Chapel Hill. WHY? Because it is
only natural for everyone to go to a
place where Quality and Service are
made a specialty. No matter what
you want or what you want to know,
you can always find it at

Patterson's

Get your
Suit Pressing Book
From Us Now

20 Suits pressed for \$5.00

Altering a Specialty
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DEBONAIR, comfortable, tailored with the care that insures both smartness and wear, from materials approved by exclusive use. The comfort extends to the price.

(Shawl collar or notch)

\$39.50

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University Confectionery

C. C. Roth, Proprietor

OUR SPECIALTIES

"Gee Whiz," a pop corn confection, Peanuts, Candy, Sponge Cake, Chewing Gum, Cigarettes, Tobacco, and all kinds of soft drinks.

"We Have The Best"

Murphy's Hotel

The Largest and Best Known Hostelry in
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is located in the heart of the Theatrical and shopping district.

Headquarters for College Men

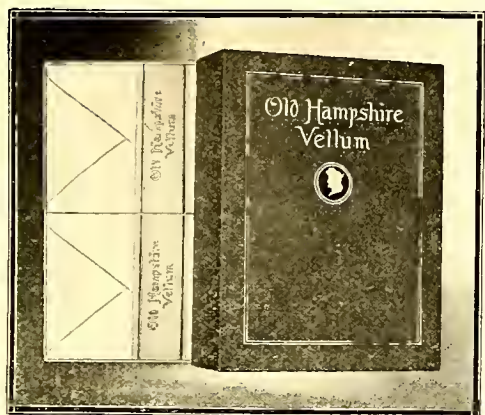
Rates Reasonable

It was at one of the poorest shows in town that the manager noticed a suspicious-looking man attending every performance, always bringing with him a small, heavily-packed handbag. After the first week he began to get frightened, and one evening, before the curtain went up, he called the man under suspicion aside.

"You'll pardon my curiosity, stranger," began the manager apologetically, "but could you tell men why you bring that handbag with you every night to see this show?"

The man looked around cautiously, and then, seeing that they were alone, he whispered dramatically in to the ear of the manager; "Well, I'll tell you a secret," he said quietly. "I just made a lot of home-brew, and I'm bringing three or four bottles here every night to let 'em age four years between the secon' and third acts."

—Punch Bowl



SEE THIS BOX AT STATIONERS

Hampshire Stationery is suitable for all social requirements. Its fine texture and beautiful finish give it that of refinement desired by people of taste.

Offered in three finishes: Bond, Vellum and Lawn.

FOR SALE BY

R. W. FOISTER

"At our house we eat according to the Marquis of Queensbury rules."

"Yeh We do the same thing, only we have no seconds."

—Chaparral

* * * *

He, pathetically: I suppose when you go home you'll forget me."

She, willing to oblige: "I can try."

—Royal Gaboon

* * * *

'24: "I didn't go out with a single girl this summer."

'25: "Sort of a home wrecker, huh?"

—Royal Gaboon

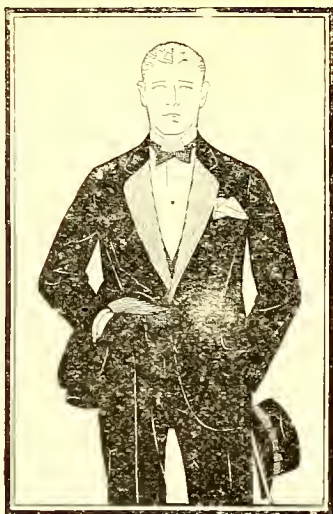
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men have
turned to
One Eleven
Cigarettes—
a firm verdict
for superior
quality*

"111"
cigarettes



15 for 10c

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COLLEGIATE MODELS
IN DINNER JACKETS.

SIXTY FIVE DOLLARS

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TAILORED TO MEASURE

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IT'S CAROLINA'S BEST

Purer Because It is

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DURHAM, N. C.

We have remodeled our place completely and invite you to come in to see us.

We are now equipped to cater to banquets, and can give unqualified service at reasonable prices.

See us about your next banquet.

First Hen: 'That big rooster has been making love to me.'

Second Hen: "Did you give him any encouragement?"

First Hen: "Just egged him on a bit."

—Scalper

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Commercial Printers

See Us for your Personal Stationery and Christmas Cards

216 Parish Street

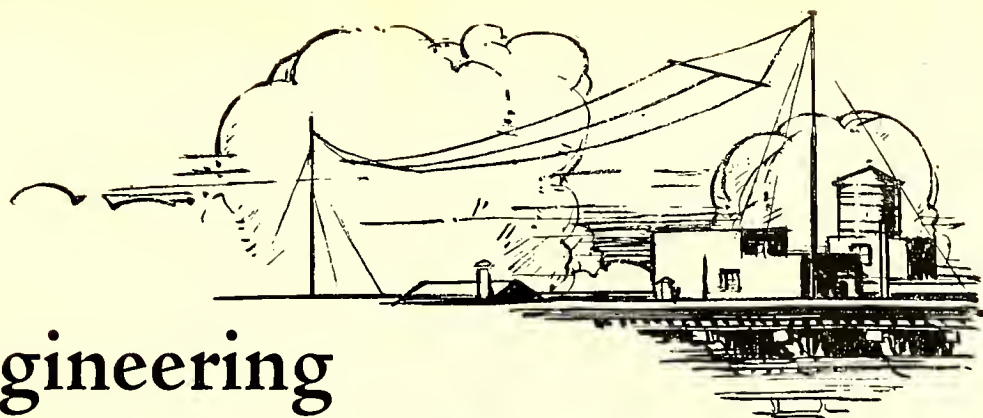
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Executive Office: 1546 Broadway

NEW YORK CITY



What Engineering Owes to the Imagination

From An Argument Over
Watches Came KDKA



BACK in the days when wireless was just beginning to spread, Frank Conrad (now Assistant Chief Engineer of the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company) and another official, happened to compare watches, to see if it was time to go back to work. Their watches differed.

Unable to convince his friend that his watch was right, Mr. Conrad suddenly remembered that the naval station at Arlington,

Va., had just inaugurated a system for sending out daily time signals by radio. Just the thing to prove his point!

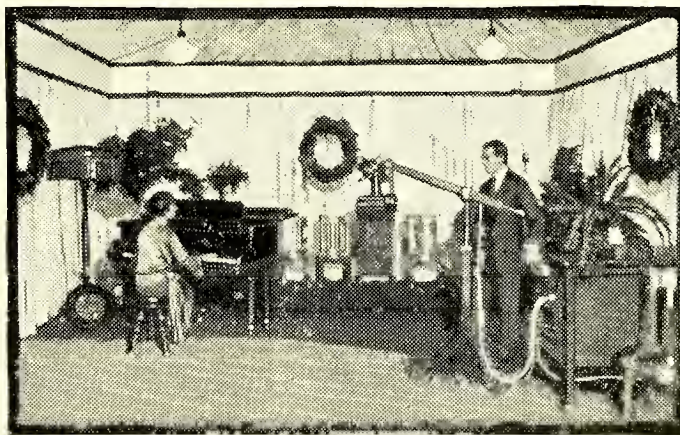
So he built a simple set of receiving apparatus, erected an aerial, and—you can imagine what happened! He was badly bitten by the radio bug. After proving to his satisfaction the accuracy of his watch, he started experimenting with the transmission of music by radio, with good success.

He began sending out phonograph music from his home, and attracted the attention of some of the big department stores, that had installed radio departments. They in turn, started advertising Mr. Conrad's "musical evenings."

Then, one day, upon arriving at his desk, he was summoned to the office of Harry Phillips Davis, Vice President of the company.

"Frank," said Mr. Davis, "I'm going to close your radio station." His attention had been attracted the night before to a simple note in a full-page advertisement, which read, "Mr. Conrad will send out phonograph music this evening."

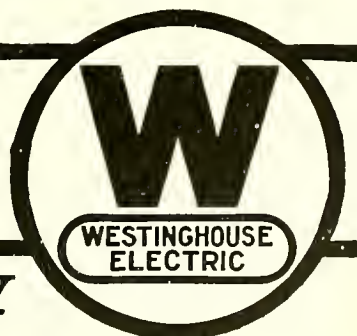
You know the rest. In November, 1920, "KDKA" was formally opened to send out election returns. It had received the first license issued by Uncle Sam. Today over 500 broadcasting stations entertain and educate millions of people each night, a wonderful result from so insignificant an argument as one over watches.



Broadcasting Studio at Station KDKA, Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., East Pittsburgh, Pa.

Westinghouse

ACHIEVEMENT & OPPORTUNITY



DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW

DEAR DAD: I NEED A REST
and some cash. . .



I'm taking a few of my thirty cuts now, and am spending the week-end at Palm Beach. College is strenuous, you know, especially this business of getting *firsts*. Speaking of *firsts*, I'm sure to get one in Modern Art 305, as I'm doing outside work with Vanity Fair. Write soon, but wire the cash.

Yours for a "phi bete",

JUST TRY 10 ISSUES

In each issue you find:

THE STAGE: Photographs of the beautiful and the unique; reviews and storm warnings; symposiums on theatrical astronomy.

MOVIES: Stills and stories of the meritorious and the unusual. Press agents banned.

HUMOR: Works of poets and other tragedians; *res notes* with a futuristic flavoring; achievements of intellectual notables and notable intellectuals; the modernistic philosophies.

GRAVAMEN: Cream of humour and crème de menthe; the whimsical; the satirical; and all other forms of variegated grotesquerie.

WORLD OF IDEAS: Every new movement, every revolutionary viewpoint, every unique slant on this amusing world, is mirrored in *Vanity Fair*.

THE SPORTS: All of them—masculine, feminine and neuter—photographs, news items, and methods of play.

THE ARTS, AS SUCH: The best works of the new artists and the new works of the best ones; exhibition gossip and reproductions of the most discussed masterpieces of the season.

BRIDGE, ETC.: All the tricks and turns; how to get the most out of your college education.

AND IN ADDITION: All the latest notes in MUSIC, MEN'S FASHIONS, MOTORS, and DANCING; all you need to know, recklessly illustrated.

THIS COUPON WILL SAVE
YOU \$1: And keep you
in touch with the
latest twists in art,
literature and
philosophy.

Joe Gish

[illegible]

DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW FILL IT IN FILL IT IN FILL IT IN FILL IT IN FILL IT

BOLL WEEVIL

LEAP YEAR NUMBER - - 25c



"LEAP HERE"

How I Improved My Line in One Evening!



Dear Editor:

I am sending you the two photographs above. They tell the remarkable story of what you have done for me. The first one was taken just after I had recklessly supposed that the Ponte Rialto had something to do with Auction Bridge. The two women are engaged in looking for the Torricellian vacuum. . . . Now just look at the second picture, and see the difference! My social success is at last assured, for I am now a regular reader of VANITY FAIR.

Indebtedly yours,

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THE STAGE: Photographs of the beautiful and the unique; reviews and storm warnings; symposiums on theatrical astronomy.

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THE COUPON WILL SAVE
YOU \$1: Fill it in
now—and—just
watch your
line.

Joe Gish

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and neuter—
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CH: The best
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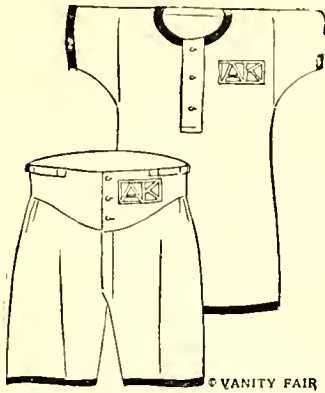
VANITY FAIR, 19 West 44th Street, New York City

Yes, my line is good for an amateur; but I'm no ama-
teur; so put me down for ten issues, beginning
with the current one. . . Here's the \$2.
Name, etc.
.
.
.

TWO BUCKS TEN TWO BUCKS FIVE TWO BUCKS

TEAR IT OUT TEAR IT OUT TEAR IT OUT TEAR IT OUT TEAR IT OUT

Luxuries of Dress



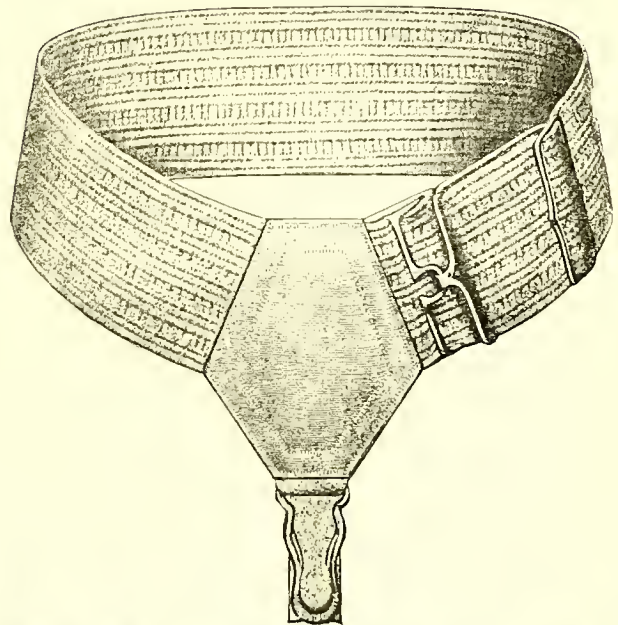
On first thought luxuries seem to have little to do with the subject of men's clothes, for while we all know that the well turned out man represents a goodly expenditure of money, we do not think of him as being the possessor of the same type of luxury that is evident with women. However, this is more often the case than the casual observer realizes. Such items as brocade dressing gowns, which cost \$175 to \$250, and beautifully made pajamas of the finest silk, are by no means uncommon luxuries for the man who patronizes the exclusive haberdashers. Fitted bags and suitcases are luxuries that go almost unnoticed but which are none the less costly. The least suspected luxury in a man's wardrobe may often times be his underwear. The smart shops in London, Paris and New York have the most beautiful and extravagant things of this kind. For example, the set of underwear illustrated above which is made in heavy wash white silk is one of the specialties of a London shop and an excellent example of the luxuries available for men. The undervest and shorts are bound in a bright color and each elaborately initialed in the same or a contrasting color. The undervest is made to slip on over the head as are many of the newest and smartest of pajamas which are made by these same shops. The very well turned out man gives as much time and attention to his underwear, gloves socks, muffers, etc., as he does to his suits, shirts, overcoats and hats. The latter group is always, in the case of the well dressed man, quiet and conservative, yet of the right shape and cut, while the former group includes the brightest pajamas and dressing gowns, and other things of the most luxurious quality and texture.

If you are interested in any question of dress or etiquette, write "The Well Dressed Man" care the "Boll Weevil" and your letter will receive prompt and careful attention. Do not fail to give accurate address.

(Copyright 1923, by Vanity Fair, New York)

How Did Your Garters Look This Morning?

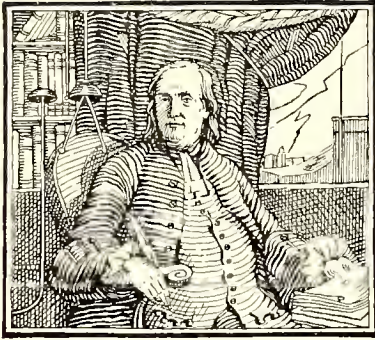
It will repay you to keep them fresh and lively.



Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

George Frost Company, Makers, Boston



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
1706-1790

Printer, journalist, diplomat, inventor, statesman, philosopher, wit. One of the authors of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, author of Poor Richard's Almanack; and one of the most eminent natural philosophers of his time.

But nobody had thought to do it

By bringing electricity down from the clouds over a kite string, it was a simple thing to prove that lightning was nothing more than a tremendous electrical flash.

For centuries before Franklin flew his kite in 1751 philosophers had been speculating about the nature of lightning. With electrified globes and charged bottles, others had evolved the theory that the puny sparks of the laboratory and the stupendous phenomenon of the heavens were related; but Franklin substituted fact for theory — by scientific experiment.



Electrical machines bearing the mark of the General Electric Company, in use throughout the world, are raising standards of living by doing the work of millions of men.

Roaring electrical discharges, man-made lightning as deadly as that from the clouds, are now produced by scientists in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company. They are part of experiments which are making it possible to use the power of mountain torrents farther and farther from the great industrial centers.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

FOR YOUR OWN SAKE

You slouehy shouldered, gum-chewing, olive-oiled cigarette smoker with your well-ordered cravat, your much massaged cheeks, your pressed trousers, and mirror-like shoes, you mental refrigerator with a hot line, do you think that there is any girl who thinks YOU are the ONLY MAN, who is wild about you, who kisses you and no one else?

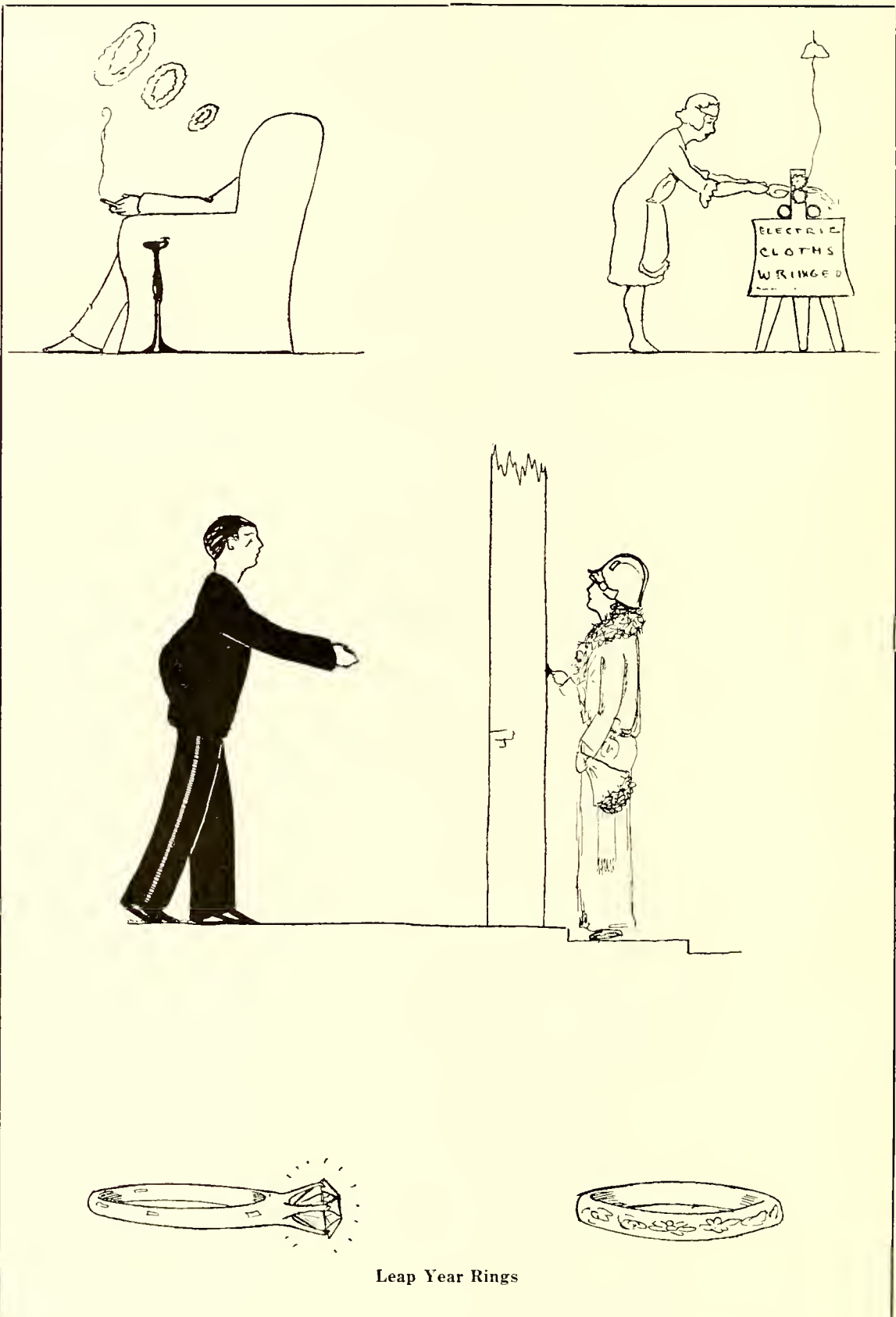
You gawky, ungainly, unkempt, ill-shapen mass of manhood, with your wind-blown hair, your shoes still smelling of the cow pen, your hilly trousers, your whiskered chin,—you physical block-heap, do you think that anyone of the female sex is devoting HER time entirely to YOU, because she is so completely buried in thoughts of YOU?

You cake-eater, you hayseed, you combinations, what man among you all imagines, even in his most wild moments, that there is a woman who simply cannot do without you, who exerts her feminine charms on YOU only?

Who thinks this?

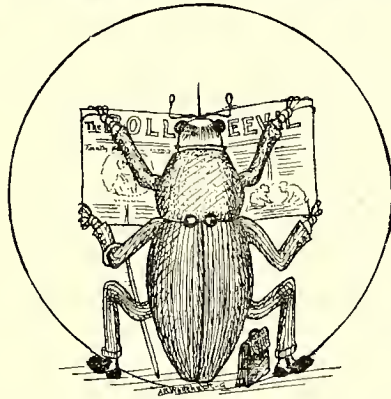
o o o o o o

Poor conceited ass!



CAROLINA

BOLL



WEEVIL

VOL. II., No. 4

Entered as Second Class Matter Oct. 9, 1922 at Chapel Hill
Postoffice, Act of Oct. 3, 1916

LEAP YEAR NUMBER

THE THREE BEST SELLERS

Bootleg liquor.

Bootleg liquor.

Bootleg liquor.

* * * *

TO THE GOLD-DIGGER

*Curses on thee, lithesome dame,
Sensual girl with neeking fame;
With thy rolled and arrowed hose,
And thy long seductive clothes;
With two lips pucked up to mine
Fresh from cigarettes and wine;
With the made-up winking eye,
Black bobbed-hair and easy lie;
Though you live a life of joy
You are but a worthless toy.*

* * * *

Narcissus—"Looky here, Black Man, whut's you all gwine gimme for my birthday present?"

Black Man—"Close yo eyes, honey," (She did as he said) "Now, whut yo see?"

Narcissus—"Nothing!"

Black Man—"Well, dat's whut you all gwine git."

* * * *

Our idea of a scientific Freshman is one who writes his girl on graph paper,

She: "Do you go out for athletics?"

He: "No, but I play the piano."

* * * *

FOUR QUESTIONS WE WANT ANSWERED

Why is Christmas on the 25th?

Why is corn so high?

Why do the folks want you to spend the holidays at home?

Why do we hate to come back?

* * * *

THAT DAY IN DURHAM

The ride over in a crowded bus.

A sour milk shake.

The walk out to the girl's house.

The guy who has a date with her already.

The two hours in a cold movie house.

The picture you saw at the "Pick" last night.

The rotten supper at a Greek restaurant.

The serial before the tab show.

The skinny legs in it.

The lost overcoat.

Your frozen nose coming back.

The drunk in your bed.

The cornet player that keeps you awake.

AND THEY CALL THIS A FAST LIFE!

* * * *

Of course, Leander, the Rhodes Scholarship is given by the Highway Commission.



A Dark Deed

* * * *

HOMER, THE HAYMAKER

On a rustic bench beneath a ponderous oak, Ann scornfully regarded Homer, who was not a poet but who was blind in the art of courtship. Necking, to him, was so much sanskirt, and a wallflower meant nothing more than a morning glory.

As gentle breezes bearing the aroma of clover and honeysuckles fanned her corn-colored hair and rose tinted cheeks they likewise wafted a bit of checked calico to display shapely silken ankles. She cuddled her soft, yielding loviness against Homer's blue denim, but his powerful arms, steeled by the pitchfork, did not crush her to him.

The saccharined elixir of her full red mouth remained untasted.

Some few minutes elapsed.

"Will you marry me, Ann? Homer asked glancing shamfacedly into blue eyes that laughed at him.

"No!" she snapped, "Homer, you are impossible, dumb, clumsy and you don't know anything. You are not of the elite."

And with that tirade she stalked away with the arrogance of the Duchess of Marlborough.

A few months later a gawky yet husky youth with sandy hair and a colony of freckles, vested in a salt and pepper suit with trousers that ended above the tops of a mud

splotched pair of clod-hoppers and displayed red socks, could be seen carrying a relic of the carpet-bagger's regime and walking slowly between the ivy-bedecked buildings of the state university. He had his freshman bible and was apparently searching for the Y. M. C. A. building.

Homer, for that was the lad, was a grotesque spectacle and suffered inhumanly at the hands of sophomoric despots.

In the course of Father Time's flight, a wondrous change came over Homer. With the aid of four button sack coats, twenty inch trouser bottoms, stripped ties, dancing lessons, bandoline, Lord Byron's passionate verse, bull sessions, bridge games, and the etc., the erstwhile haymaker was transformed into a blase collegiate youth.

Still smarting from the serpentine rebuff of Ann he neglected to pen her any letters. But the "girl back home" read an account of the scintillating sixty yard run of Homer printed in the town chronicle under the picture of a sleek-haired adonis in moleskin and blue jersey.

Vacation arrived, and an anxious Ann awaited the local dinky's arrival as the Sapp's Crossing Silver Cornet Band blared out, "See the Conquering Hero." From the train steps Homer pranced in ducky tweeds emblazoned with frat pins and gold football. Ann opened her arms to receive him but he nonchalantly yet cordially shook her hand.

"Ann, I've a surprise for you," and with that he rushed in the car and led out a doll like maiden of piquant beauty.

"Meet my wife!" said Homer, the Haymaker.

MY LOVES

What sweet memories the name Jocelyn will ever stir in my heart! She was a merry, rounded little gamin, as irresistible as the flowers of Spring, as delicate and soft as the sigh of a forlorn lover, warm and desperately sweet. She had a little dimple in her elbow and I loved her dearly and sincerely. But I never proposed to her.

Then there was Fleurette. What a girl there was. Her yellow, creamy hair and little parted, anxious lips, the froth of her petticoat as she tripped over the meadows I can never forget. She had a wonderful little dimple in her elbow and I loved her tenderly. But I never asked her to marry me.

Katherine, whose intellect I admired, had an almost perfect dimple in her left elbow, but none in her right. I never proposed.

And Josephine, the smallest of them all, with languidly beautiful brown eyes and rumpled bobbed hair. She was very demure, but rather hoped you wouldn't be dull. She had the dearest dimple of all, and I loved her with all my heart. But we could never marry.

And now, Sarah. She has a double chin, weighs a hundred and ninety, plays abominable rag and eats fudge continually. But she has the most wonderful dimple in her elbow and we were engaged several weeks ago. You may have heard of her father. He is well known in New York financial circles and has dimples in his fingers from clipping coupons.

* * *

CHEER UP

"Gosh, I feel like a million marks."

"How's that?"

"A two cent piece with a hole in it."

ENVY

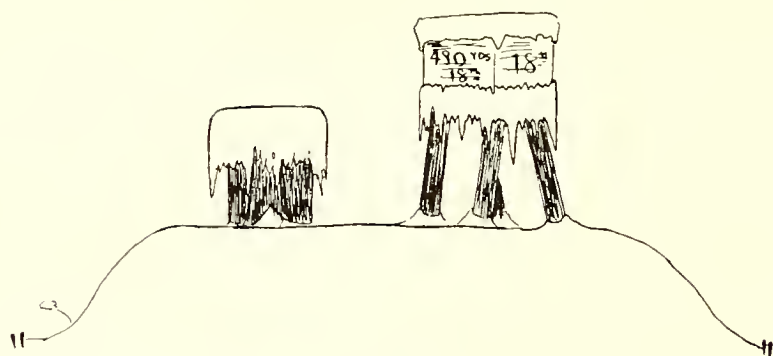
It's much harder for a boy to be popular in college nowadays than it is for a girl, for most all boys inhale.

* * *



The Fall of Paris

Puzzle Picture:
Find Anything?



Iced Tee

* * * *

A MRS.-UNDERSTANDING

Like the Joneses, they had been married just a week and seven days, and so it was not altogether out of place when he let two cars go by while he assured her that the "great big old mousey-mouse was gone way down in his hole and wouldn't dare come out and frighten his Doris any more." And after kissing her good-bye again and again, etc., he didn't mind having to run for his car at all.

He boarded it at the corner and stepped on a fat lady's toe leaning out the window to wave at Doris, but—Doris was not even looking. Her eyes were on a snappy little grey sport car rolling past her door, and her dimpled hand waved a greeting to the smiling occupant therein.

Black gloom settled on the head of the house of David. All day it seemed to communicate itself to everything he touched until at five o'clock he grabbed his hat and stalked out of the office. He had to see Doris,—to know if his old rival still held part of her affections. He admitted his rival was the richer in worldly possessions, but as for manly virtues—well Doris had chosen him anyway.

But as the street car bumped past his door the smile left his face, for parked snugly in front of his own front door stood a snappy little sport car. Walking up from the corner, he tried to reason things out, but reached only one decision—not to be a worm, not even for Doris.

As he stepped quietly into the little hall, the raucous howl of a saxophone record mingled with the sound of laughter jarred on his nerves. He opened the table drawer and took out his revolver, not that he expected to use it, but wronged husbands always did that in the movies. Doubtless influenced again by the actions on the "silver screen," he slipped quietly behind some heavy curtains as the sound of voices approached the door. A moment of tense silence ensued, his nerves seemed turned to steel, he could hear the sound of his own breathing. The door swung slowly open and Doris appeared, her arm around—the waist of a charming young girl.

"Do come back soon, dear. I'm so glad you've moved here. Give your mother my love. And, please, don't forget the pattern to——"

He—"I'd like to see you apart for a few minutes."

She—"Say, what do you think I am—a puzzle for the little ones."

* * *

I'm offa' women for life—It's a tale that gives me pain,

I'm offa' women for life—The reason for which is plain.

The line she flung was far too deep—And the jokes I slung just made her weep.

But the worst she did was to fall asleep—

So I'm offa' women for life.

* * *



A Ham Actor



New Version of Economic Term: "Stock Below Pa."

* * * * *

A babel of fresh, young voices wagged in ardent discussion on the merits of Gloria Swanson, the intricacies of auction bridge, the prospects of Carolina's football eleven and various timely collegiate topics.

It was a freshman "bull session" redolent with the finesse of matadoric eloquence. Suddenly a would be sophomoric scion of '27 piped up:

"What do you think of Einstein's theory of relativity?"

If Greensboro went riding would Scotland Neck?

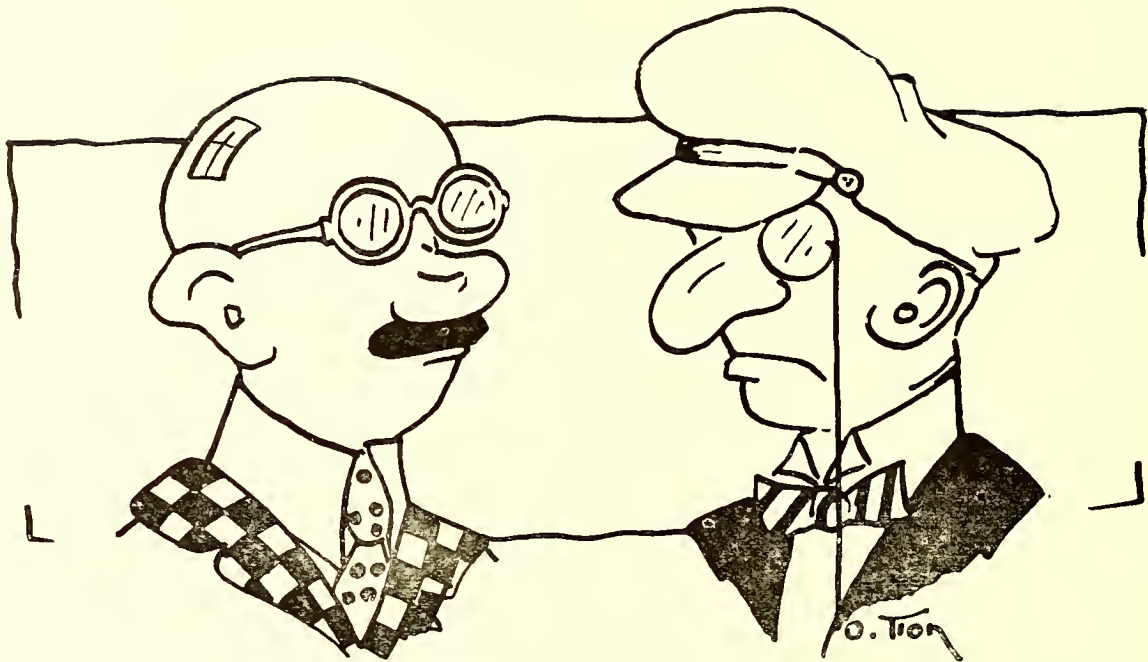
* * * * *

A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION

I'll never touch another drop of that "stuff"—
unless.

* * * * *

*Have a smile for the fellow who's down today,
Give him a cheer for his sorrow,
'Cause this old world has a funny way,
And his may be your luck tomorrow,*



"Do you drink liquor?"

"Sure, what do you think I do with it?"

* * * * *

A PLEA AND A WARNING

I wonder if you have ever been affected by this stuff called love. I would like to do all I can to prevent your having trouble with this above mentioned bunk, but can do little with it because of knowing too little about it. However, I give what information has come to my ears.

Love is a disease caused by the largest germ known, Womanoccus, much resembling the octopus in actions if not in appearance. The difference is the octopus has more appendages and less resourcefulness. Do you see these dumb expressions, these weary eyes, these haggard shoulders about the campus? Their owners have the disease. Did you see that student staring vacantly at the prof this morning? The professor did not know he was thinking, but he was,—thinking of the time when he was first afflicted. And besides, nine offsprings prove that the professor himself, was once ill-used by the germ.

The germ thrives in any climate, however, it shows greater power on balmy June nights. It's chief food is chocolate candy, men's hearts, and ice cream sundaes. Dates are also pleasing to it's taste.

It's eyes are its chief means of defense—and offense, being able to throw out darts of either hatred, or streams of that impure liquid, love, which causes the widespread disease of the same name. The germs are sometimes good to look upon, but when this is not the case, camouflage is unwittingly sold to them in drug stores by the victims, themselves.

The plural of Womanoccus is WOMEN KNOCK US.

No cure has been found as yet. Some say that if the diseased one will completely submerge himself in some enticing lake for five minutes, or else take a couple of lead pills rapidly, he will be cured. Like other diseases though, it will never be done away with until the germ itself is utterly destroyed in all parts of the earth. Having never been diseased by the pest, and hoping that such will never be, I take this means of asking you Boll Weevil, and you readers, to take the front rank among the many who wish to exterminate the Womanoccus. I warn you also, that this is necessary for your own sake, especially in the present year.

ME AND THE WOMEN

I was settin' in the train, bound for home and thinking about the folks when I saw her. I must'a been thinkin' pretty hard cause the first thing I remember was her taken off her hat and settin' herself, for all the world like an old settin' hen.

Her little curly head just came to the top of the seat, 'n every now and then she'd reach up and ruffle it just like the cat does when she sees Tige. Somehow that girl just set me thinkin'. I'd been up here to the University and learned pretty much all there was to know. Them professors knowed that when they told me it wasn't no use to keep up English and Chem-

istry, I'd just better drop 'em. But even if I do know most everything I ain't got no girl to be proud of me. Course there's some girls up there, Co-Heads they call 'em but they can't appreciate me. Just to open up the conversation like, I asked one of 'em where the Aluminium Building was one day, and she started laughin,' she laughed and laughed and then she just pointed to it and walked off laughin,' and I was so mad by that time I wouldn't say any thing more to her.

Now this girl in front, she looked understanding like, but if I got her for my girl, I'd have to give her a Xmas present and I'd have

to buy it out of that \$2.00 I'd saved to spend on the home folks. I reckoned she'd be worth it though, especially if we decided to get hitched up for good.

I thought we might as well get acquainted and talk it over, so I stepped out in the aisle and said, "Lady, can I set with you?" And about that time she looked up.

And I stood there dumbfounded. Her head was pretty, but her face! She looked like my old horse, Mag. I put my hand in my pocket, and caught hold of my two dollars, and walked right off. That girl wasn't goin' to get none of my \$2.00 for a Xmas present. No-siree, I was too slick for that.

* * * *



A Rising Young Man.



Tracing His Ancestor's Back

* * * *

"FUZZY-WUZZY"

(Begging Mr. Kipling's pardon)

*I've played with many women in my time,
And some of them were smooth and some were not;
The little blonde from Texas was sublime,
And the Meredith girl—she was hot.
And some had straight black hair as dark as night,
—And some were knock-out blondes, the marcelle
kind;
Some fluffed it around the ears, some pulled it tight,
But, Fuzzy, you're the sort I like to find.*

*So here's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your Eve-decend-
ed art,
You could knock a Mammoth Cavern in a French
Professor's heart,
You could drive the "Y" to drinking and a Carolina
lad to prayer,
With your laughing fuzzy-wuzzy mass of fuzzy-
wuzzy hair.*

*When I was very young and green,
I thought that "Golidlocks" was the ideal.
Then a raven-headed vampire on the screen,
Made me her's before the second reel.
Next a self-possessed young ash-blonde came along
And once again my battered heart was robbed;
But now I've learned and so I sing this song—
That the only hair is eurely, brown and bobbed.*

*So here's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your Bolshevik
hair;
If you want to start a soviet, here's one man who'll
be there,
You could start me wearing whiskers and the dirty
batik blouse,
If you'll bring your fuzzy-wuzzy head and settle
in my house.*

WRITER UNKNOWN

Thursday, P. M.

Dearest Jonnie:

As a jail bird craves for freedom so I crave for you. You are my soul preserve. I think of you as a rich man thinketh of a beggar, and without you I feel as lonesome as an empty beer bottle in a vacant house.

My love for you is stronger than onions, the odor of limburger cheese, and the smell of a tramp's feet, combined. Every time you gaze in my eyes my little heart goes pit-a-pat like rain drops on a window pane, for you are sweeter to me than dill pickles; tho' we are far apart, you are nearer to me than a miser to his gold.

Your face is as smooth as a wash board. You are the image of a heathen god. When you talk your voice quivers like a jelly-fish on a rocking chair. I yearn to fold you in my embrace, like an octopus wraps its victim in its long arms.

Dear, remember the night we quarrelled? Vinegar or quinine could not describe the utmost bitterness of my grief. Then by chance we met agin. You told me that you still loved me and that I was your heroine! It was then my ear drums beat like a blacksmith hammering on an anvil, my chest swelled like a sponge in water or like the sting of a hornet on a pig's ear. My sorrow fled like a prisoner escaping from jail. I simply bawl for you like a rose bud bawls for Pedro.

That, darling, is why I pen to you these few lines telling you that I still love you as I do corned beef and cabbage.

Well, I must close as it is time for lunch. Hope you will come soon—for, "as a bed needs a pillow, like a detective needs a clue and like a hobo needs a shower, that is how I need you."

With all the love of a hen for the mill pond, I am,
Questionably.

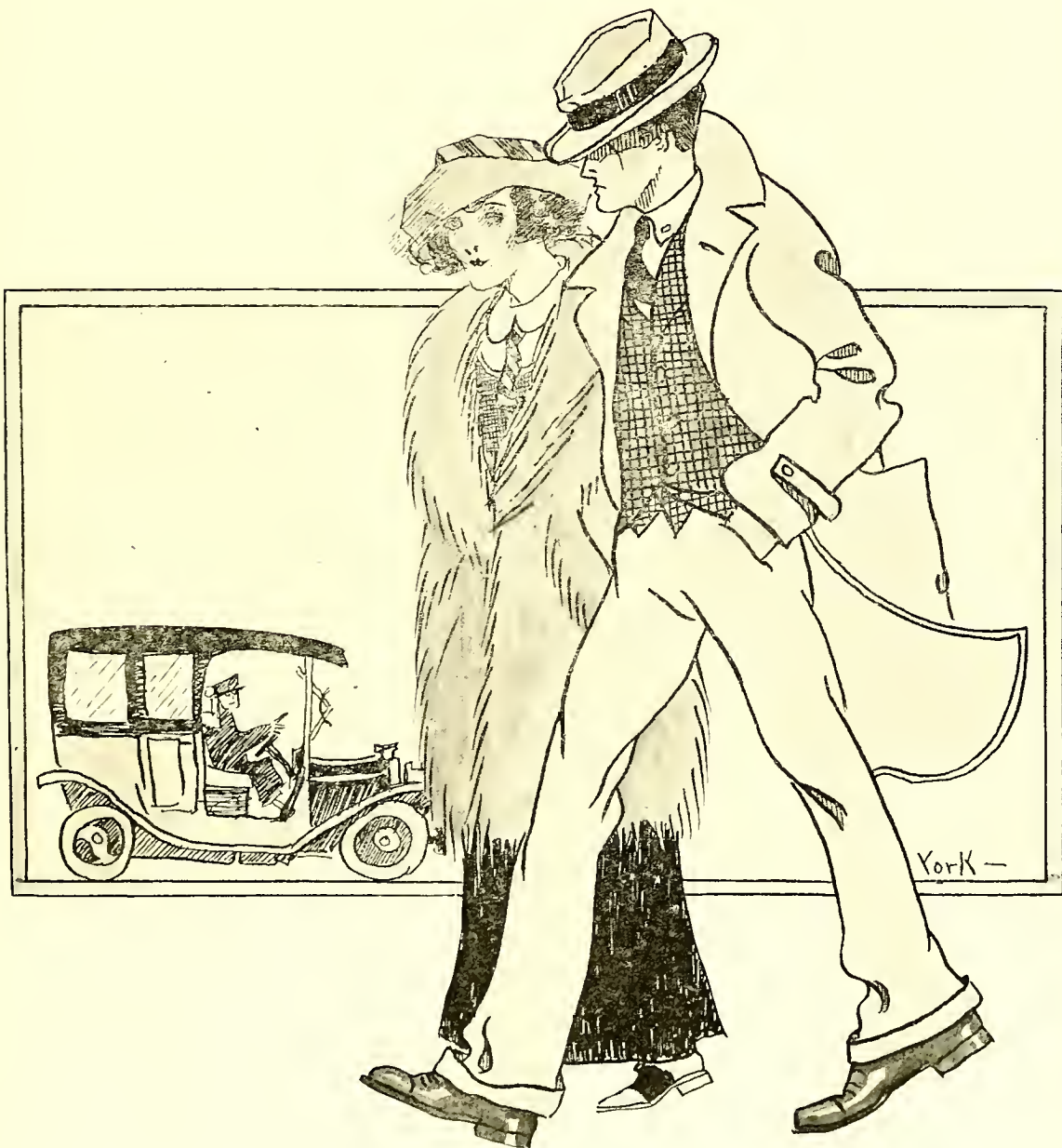
Your own,

Rosie.

* * * *

SWEET MAMA

*I had a date with a flapper,
Who turned the lights down so,
I can't say much about her looks,
But, oh gosh, what I do know.*



He—"Don't you know a horse cannot be fooling around with a jackass?"
She—"Don't you call me a horse."



Rolling Her Own

AMBITIOUS

Kriss—"How long did Bill remain in college?"

Kross—"Long enough to convince everyone that he was a freshman."

* * * *

* * * *

SUGGESTIONS FOR HIS BIRTHDAY PRESENT

A seasons ticket to the Pickwick.

A boot on any of his professors.

A private entrance to the Post Office.

A translation of all French writings.

A set of answers to all problems in Math., Physics, and Chemistry.

A machine guaranteed to keep bull artists and agents out of his room.

A pair of loaded dice and a pack of easily stacked cards.

A pint, a quart, or a gallon.

Anything.

And some handkerchiefs.

* * * *

* * * *

Prof. (on class)—"Name two things about the campus that we would be much better off without?"

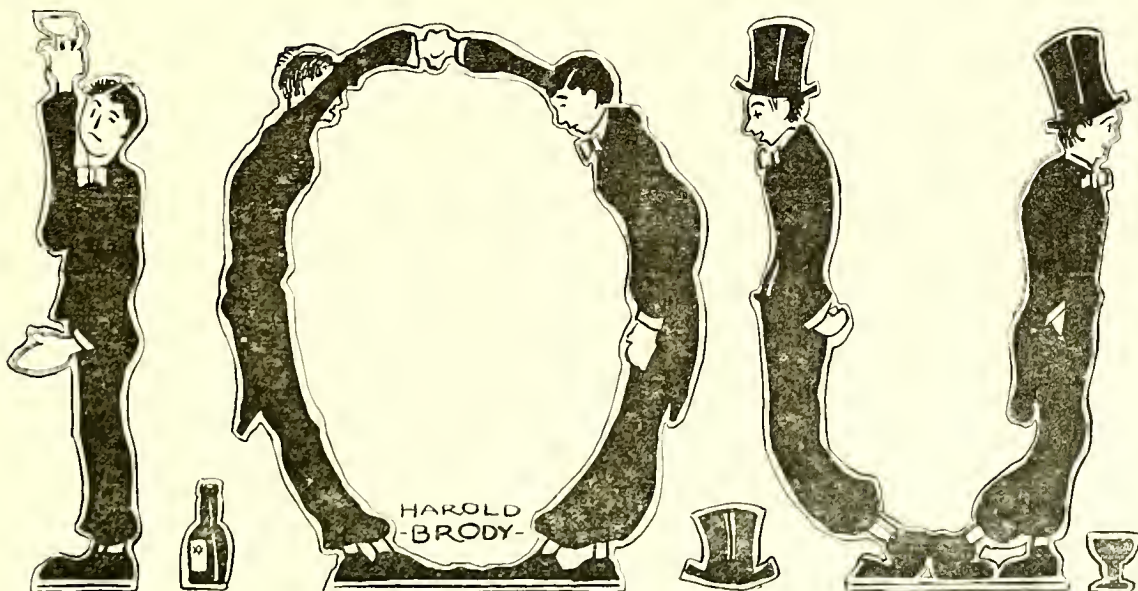
Bright Stude—"Prof. and co-eds."

* * * *

Grand Opera Singer: "With your kind permission, ladies and gentlemen, I will now render the 'Pulling Scene' from Auto Strop."

We were coming off of Chemistry I. That was when we saw her. It was between the Postoffice and Alumni Building. She was about five feet and didn't have bobbed hair. At least we don't think she did, we didn't notice that very much. But them knickers. Oh Boy, and she wore a Carolina belt and she had a bay window almost as big as one of these Chapel Hill barbers. All of us boys we whistled and somebody hollered "Angel." She wore some of these flesh colored silk hose—the holeproof kind. My papa said that this was a wicked, wicked place, but whoopee, I ain't nothing but a Freshman, but I'm in favor of Co-Education—if it's all like this.

Girls who are clad in bands of silk should be careful and never become disbanded.



IT WAS NEVER THUS

"Hey, there, where you goin'?"

Professor Blinks turned around abruptly to see who had addressed him thus unceremoniously. Jack Swivens, the college roughneck (they all have them) stood there eyeing him belligerently.

"What is it you want, young man?" replied the professor politely, although his stern look vouched his disapproval of the student's tone.

"You know very well what I want. I've got the goods on you this time, old fellow. I knew all the time you were crooked—knew it before I ever took your old course, but I was sure of it when you flunked me just because I was showin' you up."

"Stop right there, young man!" cut in Blinks. "You have gone far enough. I am surprised that you so far forget the dignity and honor of Hoosis College to speak so disrespectfully to one of my age. And as for my having 'flunked' you, you know very well I gave you every chance in the world to pass my course. You didn't hand in a notebook when I had repeatedly cautioned you that it was absolutely necessary. I should like to know just what you mean. Unless I have a very satisfactory explanation I shall certainly have to report your ungentlemanly manner to the student council!"

"Uh Huh-h-h. So that's the way you feel about it. Well, you'll change your tune pretty quick. You can just get that sweet, injured, innocent look off your face and explain what you're doin' with my umbrella!"

"Umbrella, umbrella," repeated Professor Blinks absently, and suddenly the full import of Swivens' actions swept upon him. He was accusing him of having stolen his umbrella! And Lord of Hosts! there it was in his hand—how he had come upon it he did not know.

"Why er-er-ah. That is, um-m, ah, you see," began the professor dimbfoundled.

"Humph! You'd better think up somethin' good why I shouldn't report you to the student council," cut in Swivens.

"Young man, you are making a fearful mistake. I don't know that this is your umbrella, but it is certainly not mine. I presume, since you seem to recognize it, that it is your property. I shall simply turn it over to you and we shall say no more about it."

"You would, would you? Well, lookee here, that won't go with me! You swipe my umbrella, do you, and then after I catch you dead with the goods, you

want to give it back and call it quits. That's what I call a good one!"

"But surely you do not think I should want your umbrella. I have a half-dozen at home."

"Oh! I see! Collecting 'em, are you? Mine would make seven. Gosh! that's worse than I thought."

"No! no! you misunderstand me. I have not the slightest desire in the world to accumulate umbrellas. In fact, as you doubtless know, it is only possible to use one at a time. If you had taken notes when you had Professor Carroful's course, you would remember that by the law of diminishing utility, after one possesses a certain number of umbrellas he would have no desire for any more."

"Don't try to lecture to me now. Lord knows I slept enough during that dry old English of yours. I slipped up on you when you had my umbrella and you can't get around that. I reckon about a five spot will settle matters."

"Young man, this is blackmail."

"Tain't, it's theft."

"Er—I have tried to explain that I meant no harm—my coming off with your property was purely accidental. Fact is I was thinking over tomorrow's lecture."

"Lookee here, now, Mr. Blinks, I'm tired of arguing with you. I don't like you and you don't like me. You had me once, and now I've got you. It's pay me, or else—"

"As you state it, there seems nothing else for me to do, but I consider that you are taking an unfair advantage of me." And Professor Blinks reached in his pocket and drew forth a five dollar bill and reluctantly passed it over to the greedy Swivens.

"I ought to have you put in jail," said Swivens as he tucked the bill safely away. "And by heck, I will if you say anything. A little more and I'll lose my temper. Now git on down the road!"

Professor Blinks fled. When he had finally disappeared down the road, Swivens flung himself down on the grass and rolled over and over again as he rocked with laughter.

"That's the time I got even with the old fogey. That umbrella wasn't even mine. I knew he didn't have one when he came across the campus this morning and I figured the absent-minded sun-of-a-gon had gone and got himself some one else's. I wish I had asked him for ten plunks, though."



"Your costume is wonderful, George, but what if you have to change a tire?"
"Not a chance—I've got on Kelly's all around."

Lies buried here
 One William Furrell,
 Who dropped the wheel
 To grasp the girrull.
 —Black and Blue Jay

* * * *

THE ANTIDOTE

Chem. Prof.—“If a man had swallowed nitric acid, what would you give him?”

Frosh—“The Sacrament.”

—Punch Bowl

* * * *

Young Bride—“Won’t oos ’tittle umpsie dumpsie kiss oos ’tittle ootsie wootsie?”

Man (in next berth)—“You can’t go anywhere nowadays without running across some of those—foreigners”!

—Virginia Reel

* * * *

Who is this person Action that everyone strips for?

—Owl

* * * *

“Vater, Vater, dere’s a fly in mine soup.”

“Sh-h-h, Boy, eat first down to der fly und den tell der vater.”

Juggler.

* * * *

Two Irishman were excavating for a proposed building, when an interested spectator inquired: “How is it, Pat, although you and Mike started work together, he has a bigger pile of dirt than you?”

“Shure,” was the quick retort, “he’s diggin’ a bigger hole.”

—Judge.

* * * *

“How did you get that black eye?”

“Well, Cleo’s dad came into the front room the other evening when we were dancing and he is deaf and can’t hear the victrola.”

—Awgwan.

* * * *

Golfer—“Absolutely shocking! I’ve never played so badly before!”

Caddie—“Oh! You ’ave played before, then!”

—London Mail

* * * *

He—“Did you perceive the Moment of Tragic Suspense in the last act?”

She—“Yes, and imagine her embarrassment if the other shoulder-strap had broken.”

—Purple Cow

HER FATHER’S DAUGHTER, TOO

Father—(finding his daughter in arms of young man)—“What’s this?”

Young man—“Sir, I was just carrying her over to an easy chair.”

Father—“See that you don’t carry that joke too far.”

—Sun Dial

* * * *

Over in Syracuse, on Salina Street, in the Empire Theatre, on the main floor, in row C, under seat number 114, there is a gentleman’s hat rack that really holds a gentleman’s hat and that seat has been reserved for sixteen months in advance.

—Widow

* * * *

PAGE SOLOMON

Citizen (thunderously)—“What are you doing over there?”

Neighbor—“Beating up my wife.”

Citizen (excitedly)—“May I come over and see how it’s done?”

—Orange Peel

* * * *

WITH OUR ADVERTISERS

I took muh woman for walk,

’N it began to rain;

I though ther makeup would wash off,

’N that would sure raise Cain.

The rain poured down in torrent sheets.

’N ne’er did it abate;

Se said: “It surely stands the test;

M’Gawd ain’t Valspar great”

—Lord Jeff

* * * *

M’ idea o’ conceit is whaur an ant crawls intea a bank vault wi’ robbery in its heart.

—Judge.

* * * *

Sweet Sixteen—“Do you really love me?”

Naughty Nineteen—“Well, I’ve tried as hard as I could.”

—Punch Bowl

* * * *

Business is business.”

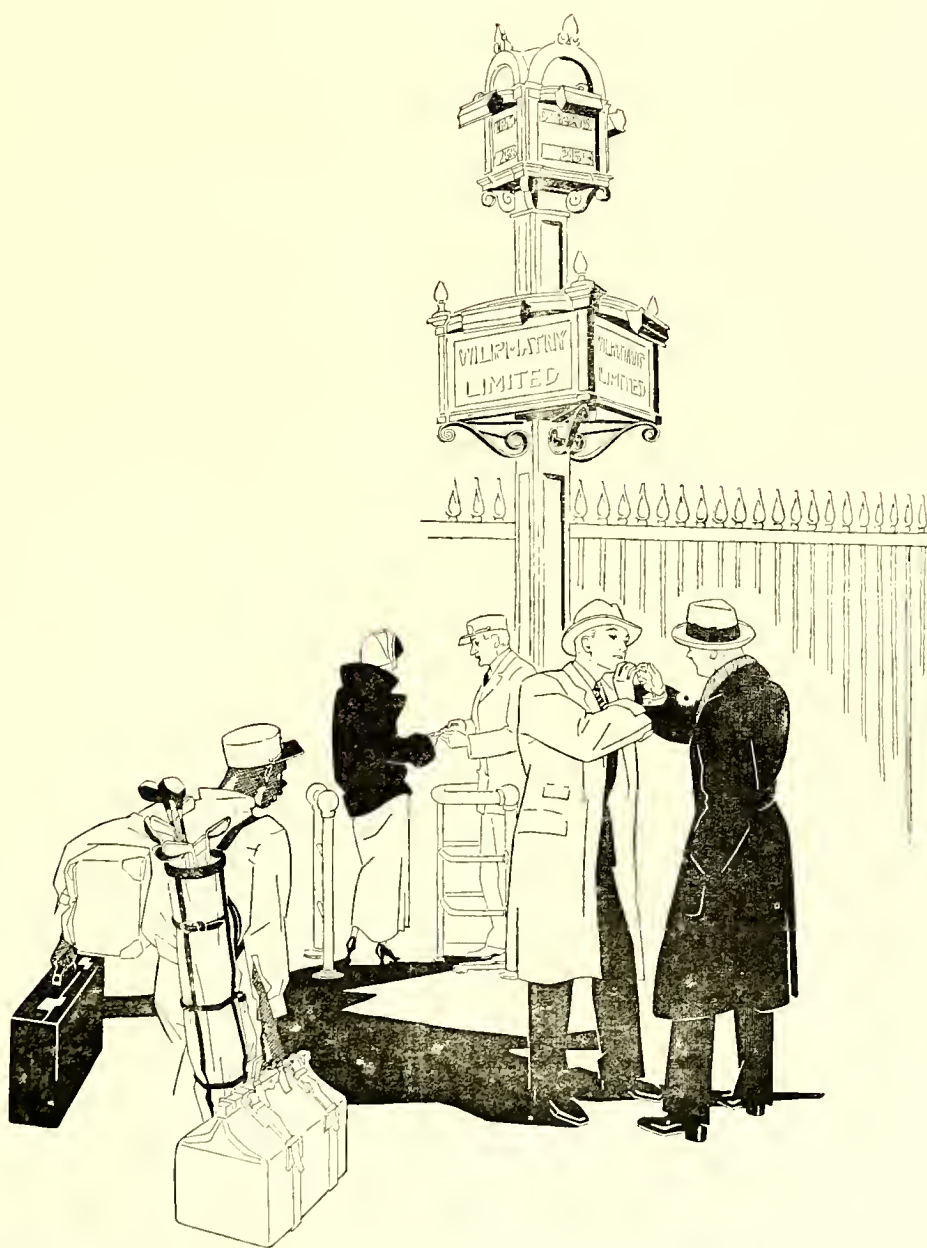
“Whom have you cheated?”

—Widow

* * * *

Love is like a photographic plate—it takes a dark room to develop it.

—Froth.



“What a difference
just a few cents make!”

FATIMA

BE CAUTIOUS

You and everyone else are easily susceptible to colds during the winter months, and it certainly is not pleasant to be laid

up with a cold for several weeks or even several days. Prevent yourself from catching a cold by keeping on hand a jar of

OVER SEVENTEEN MILLION JARS SOLD YEARLY.

VICKS

VAPORUB

Judge—"How did you happen to get drunk?"

Defendant—"It wasn't my fault, Judge."

Judge—"Why not?"

Defendant—"I was under the influence of liquor when I started."

—Mercury

* * * *

Agonys—"No, Roswold, I can never be any more than a sister to you."

Roswold—"All right—kiss brother 'Good Night'."

—Yellow Jacket.

* * * *

She—"Mother told me that I mustn't kiss you any more."

He—"No more, but just as much?"

—Record

* * * *

Joe—"May I kiss you?"

Flo—"Isn't that just like a man! Trying to put all the responsibility on a woman!"

—Drexler.

"Oh, don't you love a yacht at sea?"

"Well, I'd just as well have a smack ashore."

—Yellow Jacket.

* * * *

K. O.

O—"Who's that lady I heard in your room?"

K—"That ain't no lady; that's my victrola."

—Lampoon

* * * *

Guesittrue—"When Cupid hits his mark he generally Mrs. it."

—Green Gander

* * * *

HE HAD THE BEST OF INTENTION

As I stepped up to the lonesome lady in the hotel lobby, I inquired, "Are you looking for a particular person?"

"I'm satisfied," she said, "if you are."

—Frivol.

* * * *

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"Stunning combination."

"Yes, but it's an evening gown!"

—Frivol.

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Willy—"Aw, she didn't either. She just said, 'I wouldn't go in swimming if I was you, Willy,' and I shouldn't think she would, her being such an old wrinkled lady."

—Record

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"That's the guy I'm laying for," said the hen, as the farmer crossed the barnyard.

—Burr

* * * *

"Johnny, can you tell me which is the longest day in summer?"

"Sure, Sunday."

—Goblin.

* * * *

She had just come in from the garden with a basket full of eggs when her admirer exclaimed, "My, what beautiful eggs you have!" No wonder she slapped him.

—Yellow Jacket.

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Light Lunches, Candies, Cigarettes,

Cigars and Papers

JACK SPARROW'S

Judge—"Do you believe in divorce?"

Liza—"Yas, suh, I does."

Rastus—"How comes you believes in divorce, woman?"

Liza—"Well, it's this way, Judge. I sorta feels we need somethin' to keep us women in circulation!"

—Froth.

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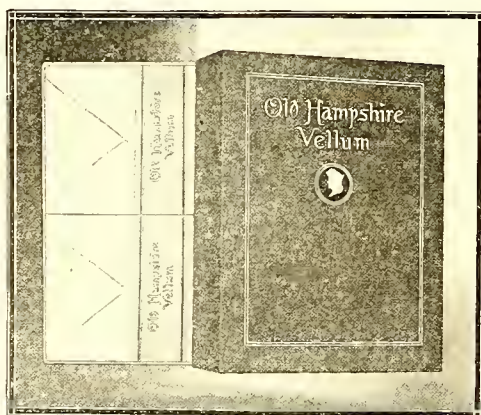
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sues.

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fer and mail your dollar in
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Enclosed find one dol-
lar for which send the next
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put fresh inspiration into *everyone's* writing

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But there's one good thing about the "Die Hards"—they can be convinced if you show them. So whenever one of their number starts to expound his theory about fountain pens, just pull out this black-tipped lacquer-red Duofold and give him a taste of the fresh inspiration that Geo. S. Parker has put into every-day writing.

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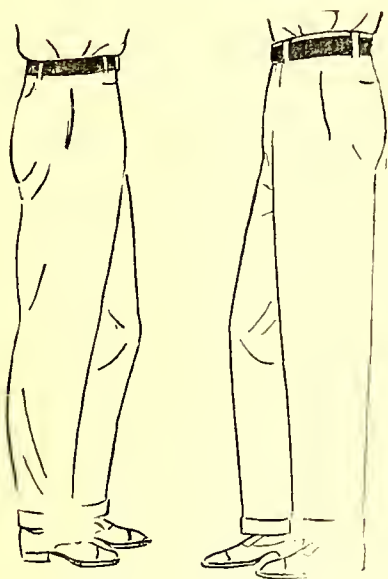
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Some Practical Points About Trousers



© VANITY FAIR

The fashion for full trousers is in reality much more of a practical feature than a style feature. The reason for this is well illustrated in the accompanying sketch showing the effect of the full trouser leg as against the one which is tightly and skimpily cut. It is impossible for a narrow pair of trousers to hang straight. When you see a man whose calves are apparent in his trouser legs and whose trousers easily bag because of the strain due to lack of material, you may know that he has a poor tailor. No amount of pressing or care will overcome this bad feature. One of the curses of tightly cut trousers is that they must be continually pressed, whereas full trousers, made by the tailor who understands his business, do not have to be pressed very often, and that means a saving in the valet's bill as well as a saving of the material— for no material is improved by constant pressing. In the matter of clothes, the American might take a tip from the foreigner who has come to know all of these things, and who is as fussy in the matter of investments in clothes as he would be in investments in bonds or real estate. He wants a suit of clothes that will last and retain its shape and in every way bring him the proper return on his money, which means a long and satisfactory life for each suit purchased.

If you are interested in any question of dress or etiquette write "The Well Dressed Man" care the "Boll Weevil" and your letter will receive prompt attention. Do not fail to give accurate address.

(Copyright, 1924, by Vanity Fair, New York)

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A worn out garter, or a badly made garter, will do so much to mar your feelings and outward appearance. Why not— a fresh pair of BOSTONS?



George Frost Company, Makers, Boston

VOL. II., No. 5

UNLUCKY NUMBER

The Carolina Boll Weevil

Chapel Hill, N. C.

Published monthly throughout the college year. Yearly subscription \$2.00 for nine issues. Single copies on all newsstands twenty-five cents. Advertising rates furnished upon request. Offices: Chapel Hill, N. C. All communications, contributions and suggestions should be addressed to the Carolina Boll Weevil, Inc., L. J. S. Brody, Business Manager.

Entered as second class matter October 9, 1922, at Chapel Hill Postoffice. Act of Oct. 3, 1917.

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Wednesday and Thursday

February 13 and 14

P. S.—Just received a new importation of English footwear. We'll bring them along, too.

Mrs. Jameson—"Do you believe that awful story they tell about her?"

Mrs. Johnson—"Of course I do!—what is it?"
—Kasper (Stockholm).

* * * *

Student—"See here, where are those oysters on the half-shell I ordered some time ago?"

Waiter—"Don't be impatient, young man. We're a trifle short of shells, but you're next, sir."

—Punch Bowl

* * * *

THRIFT

The man who put something aside for a rainy day has nothing on the fellow who did likewise for a dry one.

—Life

*U*nless you have a horseshoe

*N*ear your door,—it will astound,—

*L*ife will be an awful thing to you;

*U*nless you have a left hind rabbits foot around;

*C*lover with four leaves that you have found,

*K*ept with care and absolutely sound,

*Y*ours will be a life that you will rue.

*N*ever break a mirror,—any kind,—

*U*nless you want bad luck for seven years;

*M*ake the cats you meet go all the way behind,

*B*lack are worst, but all of them cause fears;

*E*very thirteen means more woe that you will find,

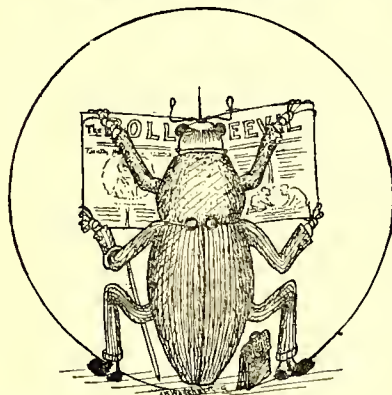
*R*emember luck's not with you if you twirl the very chairs.



"What is the surest sign that a fellow isn't in love?"
"When he gets married."

CAROLINA

BOLL



WEEVIL

Vol. II., No. 5

Entered as Second Class Matter Oct. 9, 1922 at Cabpel Hill
Postoffice. Act of Oct. 3, 1916

Unlucky Number

Conductor—"You must have made a mistake, lady, this is the smoking car."

Lady—"Fine, won't you please give me a cigarette."

* * * *

AMBITION

Some men crave gold,
Or long green roll;
A few to see
The arts of Greece
Or baths at Nice
Still others would sit
On bald head rows
Of Broadway shows
And many sigh
To lordly dine
And drink rare wine
But I'm content
To smoke and dream
Of fair Colleen.

* * * *

Doctor—"Name, please?"

Ed—"Ed. Hausen."

Doctor—"Born?"

Ed—"Yes, sir!"

Gallagher—"I had a date with a girl that had a wooden leg, last nite."

Shean—"How'd you know it—get a splinter in your finger?"

Gallagher—"No, 'saw dust' on the floor."

* * * *

BEAUTY

A slim, bright beachwood, silver on a silver stream
A glowing minaret of leaves
Which has that same sure roundness of a Grecian urn
But lives and moves and grows and breathes

Perhaps a lilting song upon a passing breeze
That wakens memories again—
As music beautifies, exhorts and lifts the souls
Of plodding, earnest, sweating men.

But all wood fades and leaves turn brown and lifeless fall;
The sweetest airs are soon forgot.
All Nature's Beauty dies in dust, goes back to earth
Is earth again and slowly rot.

So beauty fades; but there's a Beauty not of earth
Which comes to me and never fades:
The calm tranquility of your sweet thoughts
Purple violets in shadowed glades.

* * * *

No, Ophelia, Beech Nut doesn't grow on trees.



"Two To One Shot"

* * * *

COGITATIONS OF A FRESHIE

There are two things in this world that I have absolutely given up all hope of ever understanding. One of these is woman, and the other is human nature. I shall try to unburden my soul of several thoughts (Oh, yes, Freshman can think) that has come to me since I entered college.

First, but not foremost come the sophisticated Sophs. Why God ever created such a thing as a Sophomore I don't know, unless

he did it when he was in a mean humor. Every one admits that the Sophomores are conceited and proud of it. Now what in the name of Jehovah has an ugly, cross-eyed, knock-kneed, tongue-tied, pigeon-toed, bow-legged, lopeared Sophomore got to be conceited about?

Having progressed this far I feel decidedly better; so much better in fact that I have decided to suspend operations. It's a pretty good old world after all so why should I worry myself about two little things like women and human nature?

MINIMIZING MYSTERY

The mystery had reached its climax. First, the man had undoubtedly been murdered. Second, the crime had been committed by an unknown person, who was certainly a muderer.

The hour for action had arrived. A well known detective was called in. The first thing he did was to examine the dead man by the aid of a microscope. In less time than the examination required a startling discovery was made. A lone hair was found on the coat collar of the murdered man. The detective holding the hair aloft exclaimed, "I have it, all we have to do is to find the person who lost this hair and we have the criminal."

He started forth in search of the unknown murderer. Two days and nights he walked, observed and unobserved, through the streets of Chapel Hill, scanning closely every face he passed, looking for the person who had lost a hair.

The third day he discovered a man, disguised as a student, his head covered by a cap that reached below his ears. The man entered the postoffice. The detective followed him. "Arrest that man," said the detective, drawing up to his full height and banishing aloft the hair.

"This is yours, it proves your guilt," said the dignified officer of the law.

"Remove your cap."

The man did as commanded. He was entirely bald. "Well," said the detective, "He has not murdered one man, but about a million."

* * *

The most stirring passages ever written are found in the Cook Book.

Caller—"Hello, is this the weather bureau?"

Voice—"Uh, huh."

Caller—"How about a shower this afternoon?"

Voice—"I dunno. if you need one take one."

* * * *

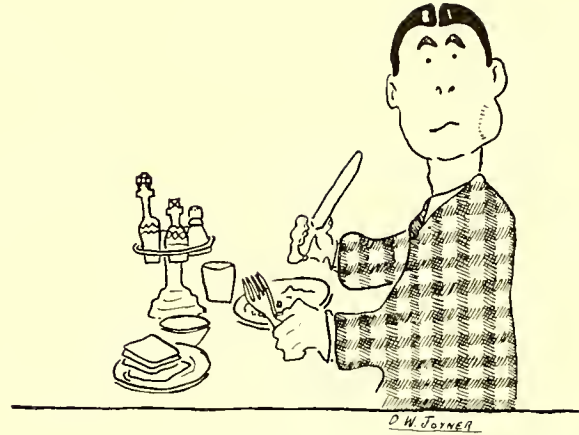
*Lives of great men all remind us,
We should make our lives sublime;
And by asking foolish questions,
Take up recitation time.*

* * * *

Little Dolly—"Mama, do Doggies go to the bad place?"

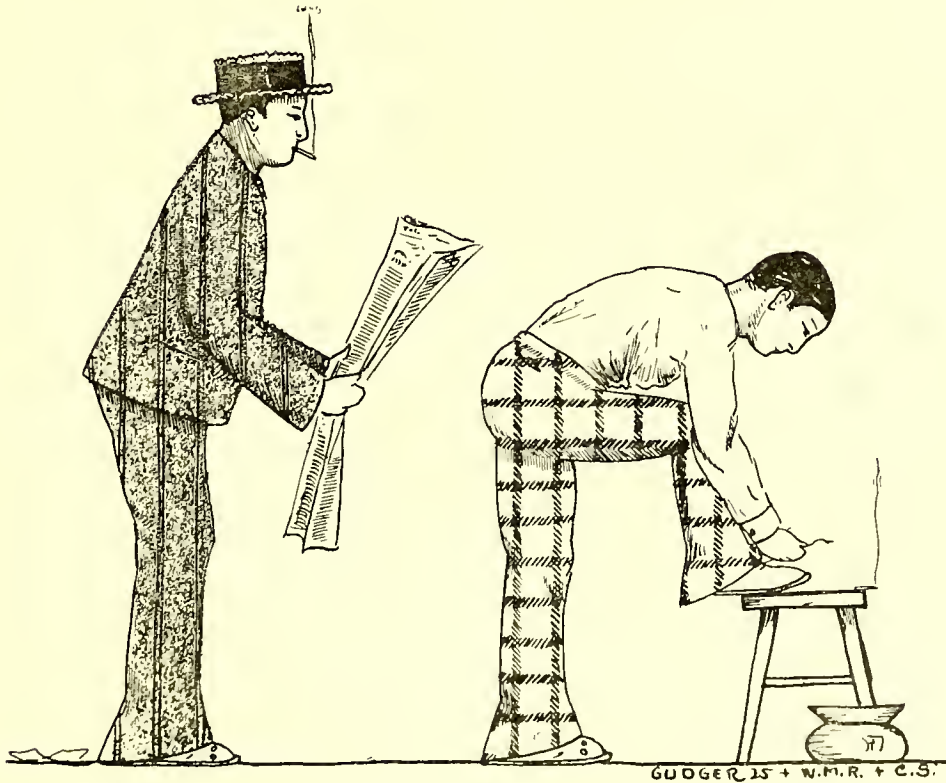
Mother—"No, Daughter, why?"

Dolly—"I heard Papa say last night that Fido's got the devil in him lately."



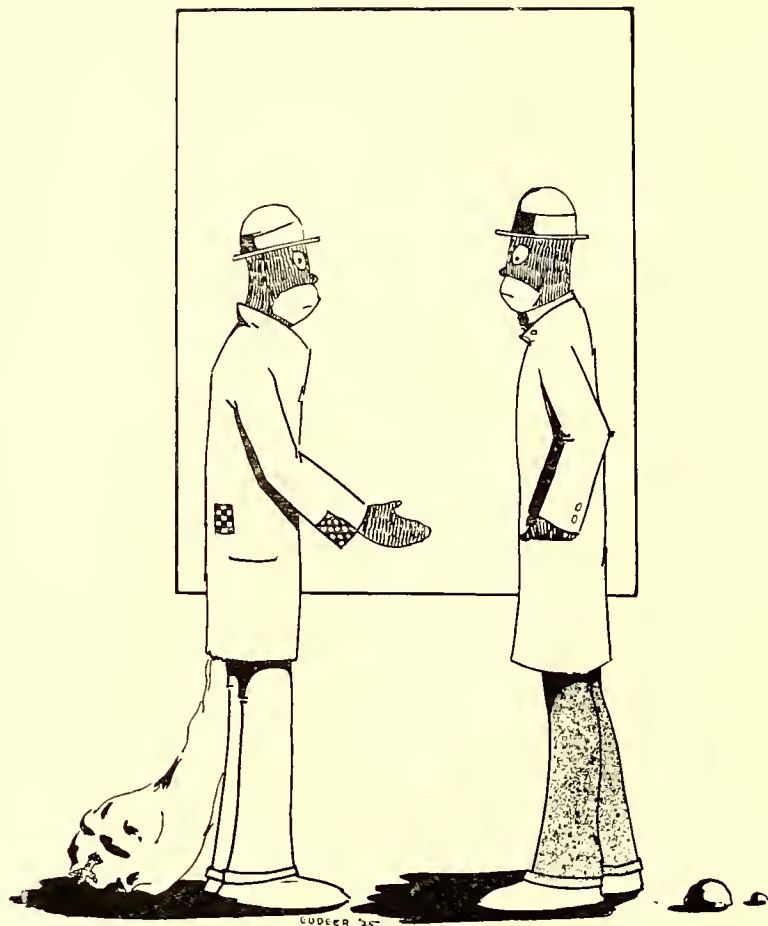
"Naw! It ain't Climax, nor the tooth-ache. I'll tell ya' what 'tis—it's boarding house steak."

* * * *



'26—"Have you seen Emerson Field?"

'27—"Naw! Is he any kin to Al G.?"



First Niggah—"You is so thin you could close one eye and pass as a needle."

Second Niggah—"You ain't thin, is you? You is so thin your ma could feed you on grapejuice and use you fo' a the'mometer."

* * * *

THE MOON AND ITS LAST QUARTER

The mongolian face of that celestial orbit, the moon, had an amused expression as it watched the sprightly steps of "el americano" who wended his way towards the mansion of Don Felipe.

El americano, as the natives dubbed him, was taking "time out" from a hard scrimmage in legal

practice by vacationing at Bonita, a curious blend of mud-baked adobes, cactus bushes and bedecked señoritas. But his well-earned convalescence was rudely interrupted by one of the lovely sex. Donna Carmen was an eye opening bimbo who could persuade Barney Google to biff Jack Dempsey for her favor.

Jack Carel intended to woo her this fair evening with guitar and vocal outbursts of amor. Let it be said that he was no mean looker himself; a slick-haired young swain of ballet figure that would bring blushes of shame to Adonis.

He reached the grotesque castle of cloistered silence with its quaint architecture and characteristic patio. Standing under the balcony of her brightened window he felt the emotions which a soft rustling of the trees, a mellow and a vivid picture of Carmen only, could give.

Gently strumming his guitar he put all the passion of pent up emotions, emotions such as Don Juan never did experience, into a soul-stirring love song.

Suddenly, with a quickening of his heart beats, he saw the large French window softly open and Carmen, with the grace of a fawn, glide out on the balcony. Vested in a clinging gown of diaphanous silk that displayed the nymph-like symmetry of her shapely limbs, she looked like a goddess with her pallid, olive-tinted cheeks, raven black eyes and copious jet hair which clung to the head in a mound of loveliness.

Pack was possessed of a wild desire to crush her soft frailness in his arms and press his lips against the two carmined rose buds of her mouth.

The girl moved her arm on the balcony rail.

"Ah!" thought Jack, "now she will beckon me to climb as Romeo did and tell my tale of love." He resumed his playing.

The dainty fingers of Donna Carmen Domingo released something that struck the flagged pavement with a metallic ring, glancing down the crestfallen youth observed a Spanish quarter.

The mongolian face of that celestial orbit, the moon, smiled in derision.

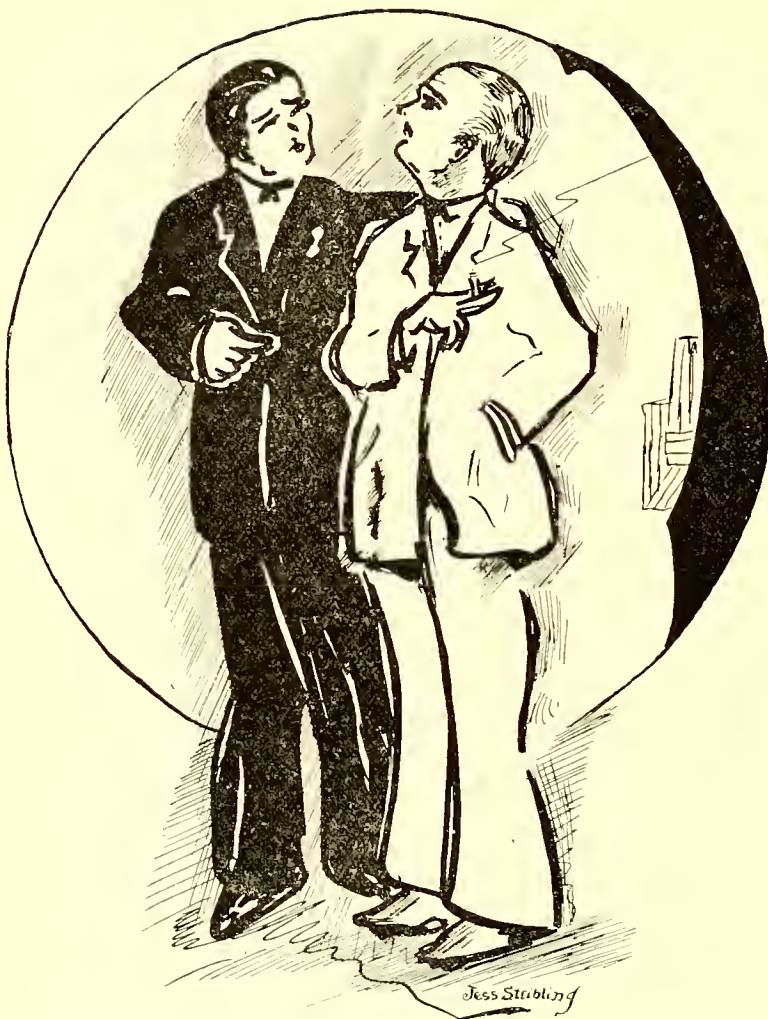


He (after many attempts at a petting party, and probably more with very little encouragement)—“You really don’t hate me, do you dear?”

She (somewhat provoked)—“Well, ———— No!”

He (surprised)—“Why?”

She—“Because one really couldn’t hate a worm, could one?”



Luke—"Why is a pair of skates like an apple?"

Warm—"Because they both occasioned the fall of man."

* * * *

Van—"I hate a pun."

Reggie—"They do get upon one's nerves."

* * *

When summer bids us sad farewell,
And ushers autumn in;
We feign must toast and make the most

Of what we deem a sin.
We miss the beach and dainty peach
With lines that fairly fell us,
But grant it, boy, there's gangs of joy
In lines that now they tell us.

The farmer boy doth miss his home
And groups of lowing herds,
How he regrets that he doth roam
To miss the songs of birds,
Which sing forever from a sky of blue.

The college boy doth miss his room,
And songs of college friends;
Each poker-play reflects his gloom,
But to him one fact tends—
Enjoyment that he misses classes, too.

SUFFICIENT REASONS

Some real honest to goodness reasons for taking just ONE little sip!

Because the sun is shining.

Because the sun isn't shining.

Because it is cloudy.

Because it isn't cloudy.

Because you were caught out in the rain and did get wet.

Because you were caught out in the rain and didn't get wet.

Because you flunked all your college courses.

Because you passed all your college courses.

Because you got up feeling bad.

Because you got up feeling good.

Because, last but not least, it's darn good "stuff."

* * *

Our bliss is sweet
For maid petite
Grants us a sweet encore.
Her aptest tool
Is man, the fool,
Who rushes back for more.

* * *

Your chapel seat is R. F. 3
The student's letter read.
"Oh, no, they'll never pick on me."
The witty student said.
Then he became entirely free
And homeward bound he sped
Your resignation's R. F. D.
His next epistle read.

* * *

This startling bit of "sweet conceit" was found in a Freshman's quiz book:

"On my honor, I have received no aid on this quiz. I don't need any."

HOW HOKEM POKED 'EM

Hokem and Pokem were two rival colleges, and on this particular day the two were playing mightily a mighty football game on a mighty gridiron belonging to Hokem. The third quarter ended with a score 3 to 0 in Pokem's favor. But Hokem had come back strong after the Pokem team had scored, and when goals were exchanged for the final quarter Hokem was threatening to score a touchdown. Something had to be done, the point was critical,—mightily critical.

But the Pokemites were prepared for just an occasion. The Hokem team was facing in an easterly direction with about thirty yards to go. A few of the Pokem rooters had planned between halves for such an emergency. Now the time had come to carry out the above mentioned plans.

One of the Pokem men, standing on the North Side of the field, tied a heavy thread to a long distance arrow, and then shot the arrow across the field between the scrimmage line and the goal defended by his team. He then tied to his end of the string a tempting bit of cheese. His associates on the other side of the gridiron began to pull the cheese across the field. When it had gone a little distance the former Pokemite turned loose a mouse which had been thoroughly coached to

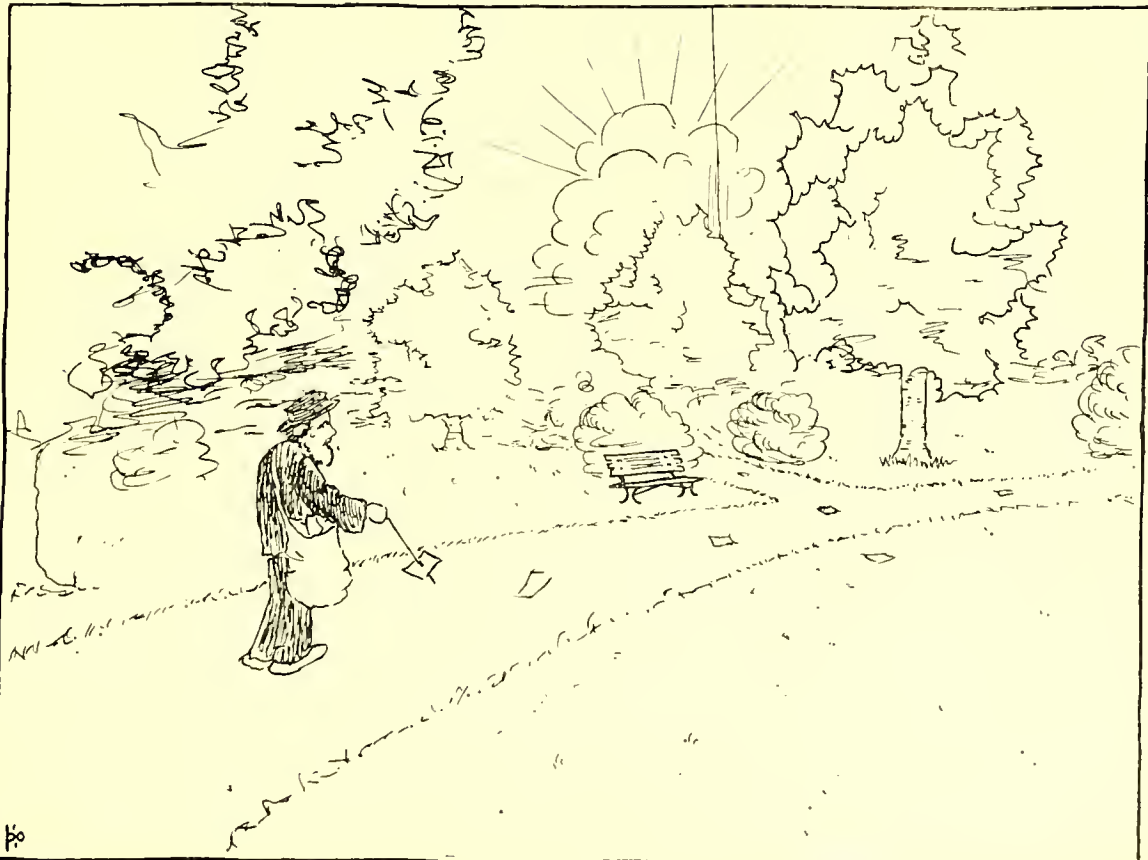
the situation, and the mouse naturally went after the cheese on its course across the terra eartha. When the mouse had nimbly picked its way through the mud for a few yards, an enormous coal black cat was released and he (she or it) of course went after the mouse. Thus it was that the Pokemites were making it impossible for the Hokem team to score.

But,—

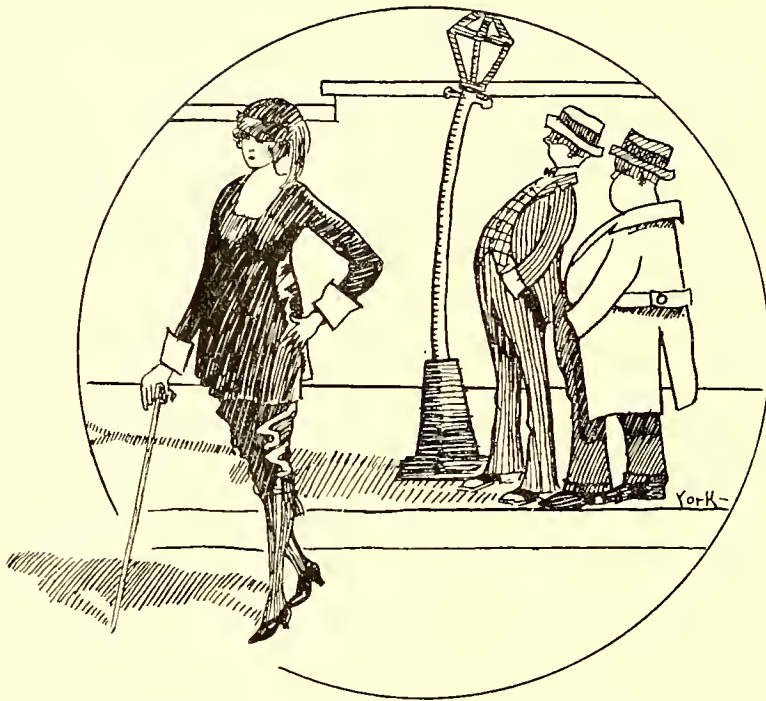
The mouse had the stagefright after seeing the enormous assemblage, tripped over a small stone, fell into a mud puddle, and sunk from view. About this time a dog on the east sideline perceived the great cat, and being a strong and staunch supporter of Hokem proceeded to chase him (her or it) down the field until the cat sought refuge on the goal posts which Pokem team was facing. To cap the climax a play was run by the Hokem team about this time and the runner was by every opposing player except the safety man. It looked impossible for this safety man to miss the tackle, but he,—stumbled over the piece of cheese and a touchdown was made by Hokem.

So it was that the final score was 6 to 3 in favor of Hokem. And so it was that the mighty Pokemites returned home cursing mightily their mighty ill luck.

* * * * *



Business is picking up.



Fresh—"Santa Claus was good to that girl."

Soph—"How's that?"

Fresh—"He put something good in her stocking."

* * * * *

THE COLLEGE MAN

There was a young Freshman
from Podunk,
Who came to college one day,
And wrote a note to his Mother,
And here's what he had to say:

"I'm going to study like blazes,
And stay at the head of my class,
And show these nawsty Soph'-
mores

That I'm not as green as grass."

So he sat him down to study
On English one that day,
When a student opened his door,
And here's what he had to say:

"Don't you want to buy some pea-
nuts,
An apple, banana, or pear,

Or perhaps you'd like some Sta-
comb
Which puts a gloss on your hair."

The Freshman blithely invested,
And turned to his studies once
more;
But just as he'd taken his pen out,
Some Sophomores opened his door.

"Come give us a song or a poem,
You damn little Podunk hick,
Or we'll dump you tonight and
drench you,
And beat you up with a stick."

The Freshman graciously did so,
Returned in a moment quite sore,
And started in on his lessons
When a Frat man opened his door:

"Come on to the Pick, Old Fellow,
We'll show you a darn good time,
The way you stick to your lessons
Is certainly becoming a crime."

So the Freshie, as usual, did so,
And went with "the boys" to the
show.
He found every day in the quarter
Was the same old program. And so

When the final exams came nearer,
He took out his pen one day,
And wrote a note to his Mother,
And here's what he had to say:

"I've found that the man who stu-
dies
Isn't really a college man,
So I'm going to drop my studies
To become an activitys fan.

* * *

SPEAKING OF ENDURANCE

He—"Just one more kiss before
I leave."

She—"No, we haven't time.
Father will be home in an hour."

* * *

JUST SILLY

"If I should ask you to marry me,
My dear, what would you say?"
"I don't know," replied sweet young
thing,
"But ask me any way."

* * *

A hundred years ago today a wild-
erness was here;

A man with powder in his gun went
forth to hunt a deer,

But now the times have changed
somewhat—are on a different
plan,

A deer, with powder on her nose
goes forth to hunt a man.



THE DREAM GIRL

*Some girls are witty,
Many are pretty
Others are true, lovable and smart;
But oh how I pine,
And wish that I could find,
One girl that will capture my heart.*

*The kind with curly hair,
And a baby's stare,
That thrills one through and through;
With cupid-bow lips,
And pink finger tips,
She, will gain my love it is true.*

*Yet in all the world,
I could love only one girl,
The girl of my dreams it is true;
But how in th' hell,
Can I find such a belle,
I'm sure that I don't know how, do you?*



Sport Model Jackass.

* * * * *

PITY THE PROF

Old Sock didn't drink the hemlock by request, as supposed by the thoughtless; but did it voluntarily, even joyously, after having suffered through one quarter as a prof. in the University of North Athens answering questions as intelligent as these:

"If there were a German word 'damthkoedz,' what would it mean?"

"Don't 'dites-moi' mean 'says I'?"

"Well then, if we are descended from lower animals why ain't mon-

kies, tomcats and 'skeeters men?"

"Did Englishmen use to wear dresses? Here's a picture of George Eliot in skirts."

"In this psychology question, 'Do you experience the feeling of excitement or calm when enjoying a warm bed?' am I alone?"

"Is his name Sam or Ed. Shakespeare?"

* * *

Prof—"Use the word 'gladiator.'"

Co-Ed—"If a crocodile ate the matron, I'd be gladiator."

THE FIRST NIGHT

It was the first night that the man and the girl were to enact the new role together, and each, under a calm exterior, suffered acutely from embarrassment. Realizing the fastness of the contract which they had entered into, neither wanted to be the one to cause its breach and suffer subsequent disgrace and temporary ruin. What to say and how to act in this first little scene were matters which troubled both.

So engrossed were they in the last two mentioned matters that they were completely oblivious to the fact that their conversation and actions were being witnessed by outsiders; had they been aware of this, there is no doubt but that each would have been instantly bereft of speech and dissolved in embarrassment, for at this instant the young man was putting his arm around the slim waist of the girl and the words he whispered should have been for her ears alone.

Suddenly the girl looked up from the shoulder on which she leaned so confidently, and gazed into the sea of faces peering eagerly at her hanging on every word spoken. When the man spoke to her she failed to respond, and only choked with embarrassment that she could not overcome. He repeated and she became more confused.

The curtain fell with a bang, and the irate manager, who saw his play ruined, cursed the dumbness of actors who forgot their lines.

* * *

The American maxim: "Do It Well, And Do It Quickly." did not originate in Congress.

HIS REPERTOIRE

He was very quiet during the first part of the dinner, and everyone forgot that he was there. As dessert was being served, however, the host told a story.

When he had finished and the laughter had ceased, his little son exclaimed delightedly:

"Now, Father, tell the other one."

—Weekly Telegraph (London)

* * * *

SPEAKING OF TECHNIQUE

He (in front of her parents)—"Here son, take a quarter, and go see the Sheik."

Buttermilk—"If it's all the same to you, I'd just as soon stay here and watch you and sister, after mamma and papa go to bed."

—Yellow Jacket.

* * * *

THE FAST WORKER

Gass—"Heard that you were engaged."

O'Leen—"Yeah—two weeks."

Gass—"Kissed her yet?"

O'Leen—"No, but I think I could."

—Phoenix

* * * *

HER FATAL ADMISSION

After he had kissed and pressed her rosy cheek against his and patted her soft round chin, she drew back and asked him:

"George, do you shave yourself?"

"Yes," he replied.

"I thought so. Your face is the roughest I ever——"

Then she stopped, but it was too late and he went away with a lump in his throat.

—Voo Doo

* * * *

FLAT FEET

Lady—"But don't you find that horseback riding gives one a headache?"

Instructor—"Emphatically no, madam. Just the reverse."

—Black & Blue Jay

College Humor

"The Best Comedy in America"

Q As Mr. Ziegfeld glorifies the American girl, so do we glorify the college comic. Our pages are crowded with the gayest things for which undergraduate minds are responsible. Ours is a national magazine carrying this exuberance to every corner of the world.

Q With the current issue we have attained a quality circulation in excess of a quarter of a million copies.

Q Among our contributors are George Jean Nathan, Wallace Irwin, Meredith Nicholson, H. C. Witwer, John T. McCutcheon, Arthur Somers Roche and Octavus Roy Cohen. By a series of articles, "The Men Who Make Our Comics", we are acquainting the public with the college editors.

Q COLLEGE HUMOR, issued five times in 1924, is priced at 35c a copy, or \$1.50 a year. We invite your inspection of "The Best Comedy in America"!

College Humor

102 West Chestnut Street Chicago

Fond Aunt—"Are you mamma's boy or papa's boy?"

Little Guy—"That's for the court to decide."

—Royal Gaboon

* * * *

Dumb—"My landlord gave me just two days to pay my room rent."

Bell—"What did you do?"

Dumb—"I picked Easter Sunday and New Year's Day."

—Green Gander

* * * *

A freshman from the Amazon

Put nighties of his Gramazon;

The reason's that

He was too fat

To get his own Pajamazon.

—Burr.

Bride—"I want to buy some writing paper, please."

Clerk—"Linen sheets?"

Bride—"Sir! I said writing paper."

—Virginia Reel.

* * * *

SERVICE

She—"Oh, I wish the Lord had made me a man!"

He (bashfully)—"He did. I'm the man."

—Punch Bowl

* * * *

Six-year-old Mary awoke about two o'clock in the morning.

"Tell me a story, mamma," she pleaded.

"Hush, darling," said mother, "daddy will be in soon and tell us both one."

—Atlanta Constitution

* * * *

James—"See that woman with the dirty face, Daddy?"

Father—"Why, James, her face isn't dirty; she is that way all over."

James—"Gee, Pa, you know everything."

—Humbug

* * * *

A Frosh stood near a roaring fire,

But as far as I could learn

He stood in perfect safety—

He was too green to burn.

—Lyre.

* * * *

Teacher—"Johnny, recite your poem for today."

Johnny—"Tommy went a-fishing,

For to catch a whale;

He waded in the water,

Up to his knees."

Teacher—"But, Johnny, that doesn't rhyme."

Johnny—"Sorry, but the water wasn't deep enough."

—Burr

* * * *

Head Cow (at the Coolidge farm)—"Now, remember, girls, if Calvin comes back to milk us we must each give the presidential salute of 21 quarts."

—Judge

Mistress—"Is your husband a good provider, Jemima?"

Jemima—"Pervider? Why, the onlies' thing that niggah eve' pervides me with is argument 'bout when does we eat?"

—Wayside Tales

* * * *

Young History Prof.—"Your map is terrible, Miss Jones."

Miss—"Huh, you didn't seem to think so last night."

—Gargoyle

* * * *

SOME WALK

The swain of happy olden days

Never had to call a taxi,

And damsels did not have a craze

For guys with Cadillacs. He

Courted her beneath the stars,

While she rode on the handle bars.

—Pelican

* * * *

You don't have to go swimming to have a shark pull your leg.—Siren.

* * * *

GOOOooooo What?

Here's to the breezes

That blow through the treeses

And show the girl's kneeses

Beneath their chemises

It pleases

And teases

And freezes

But OOOOooooo.

—Puppet

* * * *

EXTREME LAZINESS

"I've been laboring under a delusion."

"What doing?"

"Laboring under a delusion."—Puppet

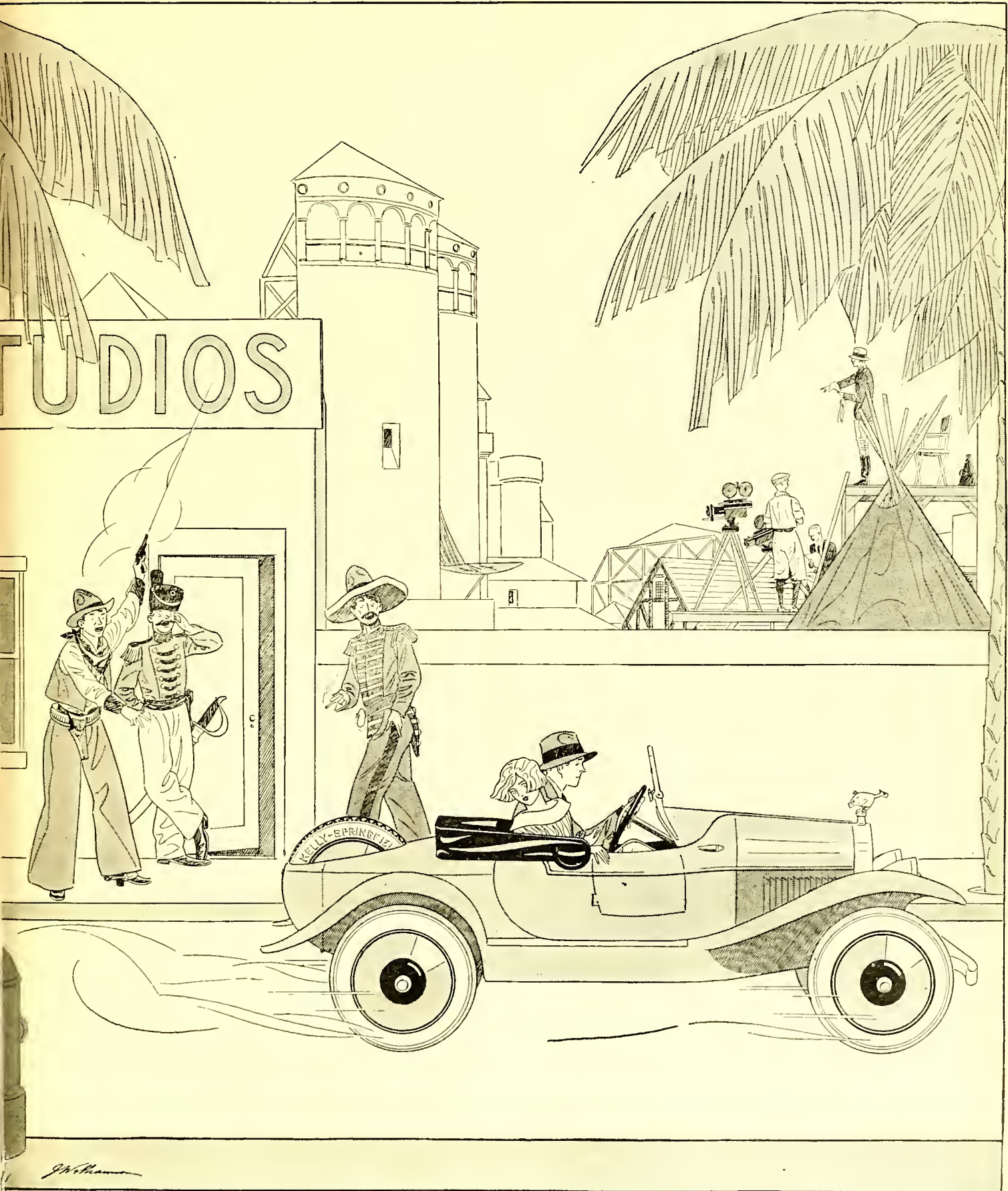
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A WET TIME

Prof.—"When did Archimedes discover the principle of specific gravity?"

Chorus of Logical Thinkers—"Saturday night."

—Purple Parrot



"Don't let them kid you, Margie, these tires are Kellys."

How About Gold Digging?

I have often wondered whether clam digging came
under the head of fishing or agriculture.—Log

* * * *

A True Test

Fiancee—"Which would you rather have me buy
you, a porch swing or an automobile?"

Girl—"Oh, a porch swing."

Fiancee—"Ah, she loves me."—Puppet

* * * *

The Old Fashioned Girl

"My girl's got a dress she'll never wear out."

"What kind is it?"

"Her nightgown."—Puppet

* * * *

Probably Floorwalker

"Why do these birds run around without any hats
on?"

"Oh, they think they're hot."

—Gargoyle

* * * *

Neither Have We

Prof.'s—"Eustace, I do wish you'd hurry."

Prof. (absent-minded)—"Hurry—Great Jupiter,
I haven't time to hurry."—Mink

* * * *

Might Try Roller Skates

"Can you help me select a gift for a very wealthy
old aunt who is awfully weak and can hardly walk?"

Clerk—"Well, how about some floor wax?"

—Phoenix

* * * *

Seconds Count

Co—"What is the matter with Ches and Mabel?
I thought they were engaged."

Ed—"Yes, they fell in love at first sight—and
then Ches returned, unexpectedly, and took a sec-
ond look."

—Panther

* * * *

Puzzle: Find Father

"Did you take your father apart and speak to
him?"

"No, but he went all to pieces when I told him."

—Purple Parrot

* * * *

THE CATS!

First—"Isn't Mrs. Inan Knout sweet? She's won-
derfully subtle too."

Short—(In a gently purring tone)—Yes, she is
subtle. Why I was with her when she planted rasp-
berry bushes around her first husband's grave.

—Jack-o'-Lantern

Why Not Mah-jong?

Jiggs—"I want to get my girl something nice for
Christmas, but I don't want her to know anything
about it."

Briggs—"Get her a radio set. She won't know
anything about that for years."

—Froth

* * * *

AUTUMN

When the frost is on the pumpkin

And the bees are in the hive,

Thirty-dollar overcoats are

Marked way down to sixty-five.

—Purple Parrot

* * * *

Little drops of whiskey,

Little nips of gin,

Make the strongest wonder

Where in hell they've been.

—Lord Jeff

* * * *

LODGE-NIGHT

These woolen blankets make me itch.

But I try the best I can,

'Cause there ain't no sheets around the house

Since father joined the Ku Klux Klan.

—Froth

* * * *

The Day of Daze

Prof.—"I'll give you just one day to hand in that
paper."

Stude—"All right. How about the Fourth of
July?"

—Purple Parrot

* * * *

Many a man who sits on a dressmaker's cushion
finds himself on pins and needles.—Humbug

* * * *

There's a Reason

First Stude—"I was with Mary in the library last
night when the lights went out."

Second Stude—"What did you do?"

First Stude—"Nothing."

Second Stude—"Couldn't you find her?"

—Humbug

* * * *

POOR FISH

"I'm entertaining society," said the oyster as Mrs.
Astor swallowed.

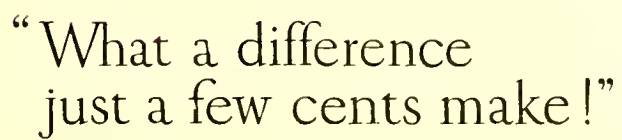
—Witt

* * * *

She—"What's your idea of a smart girl?"

He—"One who can make her complexion taste as
good as it looks."

—Froth



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All Prescriptions Filled By Registered Pharmacists

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Trinkling of a Phone Conversation Through Chinks in a Dormitory Wall

"___met___ after the Art's Ball___stunning___
I fell at once___hard___mighty neat___made a
bad slip___shocking___threw me hard___could
hardly recover___sore yet___g'bye."

Door opens.

"Say, Jack, got an extra pillow? Damn this Pitts-
burgh ice___ Thanks."

Exit limping.

Puppet

* * * *

A Marked Man

Soph.—"I see that they captured a Berlin printer
who had been counterfeiting German marks last
weeks."

Soph.—"Got a long jail sentence, I suppose?"

Soph.—"Naw, they put him in the insane asylum."

—Pelican

* * * *

Burlesque shows report business much better on
account of the longer skirts on the street.—Froth

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to many of the leading Hotels
and Clubs

Ought to Carry a Ouija Board

Salesman—"Do you carry a fire extinguisher on
your business car?"

His Victim—"I do not."

Salesman—"Why don't you? It would make a
good impression on your customers."

His Victim—"I think not. I am an undertaker."
—Purple Parrot

* * * *

Twenty Years Is a Long Time

She—"I wonder if you remember me? Twenty
years ago you asked me to marry you."

Absent-minded Prof.—"Ah, yes, and did I?"
—Gargoyle

* * * *

A KEY HOLE ROMANCE

One of the local hotels caught on fire, and in the
newspaper description of it, we found the following
statement of it: "Miss Zelle, who was taking a bath
when the fire started, was saved by the watchfulness
of the porter and the shineboy."—Puppet

Patterson Bros.

Druggists

Whitman's Candies



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Headquarters for Carolina Men

The Ultimate in Perfumes

"Is the 'Quelque Fleurs' I smell?"

"Yep, 'Four Roses'."—Lord Jeff

* * * *

A CONTRIBUTION

Wife—"Jack, what do you think? Daddy has sent us a thousand dollar check for our new baby."

Husband—"That's awfully good of him. I'll write him at once and thank him for his contribution to the Fresh Heir Fund."

—Record

* * * *

HE BURNED UP HIS MONEY

I doff my grey fedora

To Uncle Rodman Babbitt;

He's smoked cigars for twenty y'ars

And never got the habit.

—Sun Dial

* * * *

He kicked the tramp upon his sitting down.

—American Pharmacist

* * * *

We feel compelled to refer to the poor woman who was shot in the oil regions.—Medical World

HOTEL ASTOR

TIMES SQUARE NEW YORK

WHERE you are in the very centre of the city's brilliant pulsating life and breathe its sparkling atmosphere.

Numerous and distinctive restaurants, lounges, promenades and writing rooms to gratify your every mood.

Room rates and restaurant prices to fit the purse of college men.

DINNER DANCES . . .

. . . SUPPER DANCES

FRED'K A. MUSCHENHEIM

TO HAVE STAYED AT THE ASTOR
IS TO HAVE LIVED IN NEW YORK

Murphy's Hotel

The Largest and Best Known Hostelry in
Richmond, Virginia

is located in the heart of the Theatrical and shopping district.

Headquarters for College Men

Rates Reasonable

It was three o'clock in the morning. A man stealthily crawled upon a porch and opened the door.

"Damn — hic—I—hope — hic—the—old — hen's asleep."

(But she wasn't.)

"John, dear, is that you?"

(Pardon me,—for his name was Tom)—"I—hic—guess—hic—I'm—in—the wrong—hic—house."

(But he wasn't).—Jack-o'-Lantern.

* * * *

Do not forget the sad case of Mr. Bodkins, who was accidentally shot in his bottling works.

—Brown Jug

* * * *

Overheard in the Kitchen

Mistress—"Who broke that china jug?"

Maid—"The cat, mum."

Mistress—"What cat?"

Maid—"Why, ain't we got one?"

—London Daily News

* * * *

THE OLD GRAD

The old graduate was back for his twelfth reunion. How strange everything seemed. The old familiar buildings were different. He strolled along the old familiar paths. . . They seemed to run in new directions. . . Sometimes they were parallel, sometimes they crossed each other, sometimes they approached infinity.

On the green a baseball game was in progress. Strange players, strange uniforms. Good Lord, the players wore a strange color. "Heavens!" thought the old grad, "have they changed the good old college color?"

He gazed at the row of buildings on his left. Surely he must recognize some of them. . . If they would only stand still a moment. There ought to be a law against buildings acting like that. He approached the nearest to examine that carved inscription over the door.

"Hell," he said, "I'm in the wrong college."

—Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern

All Successful Men Use the Toasted Process in Their Business!

THEY CALL it Efficiency.

But it amounts to the same thing.

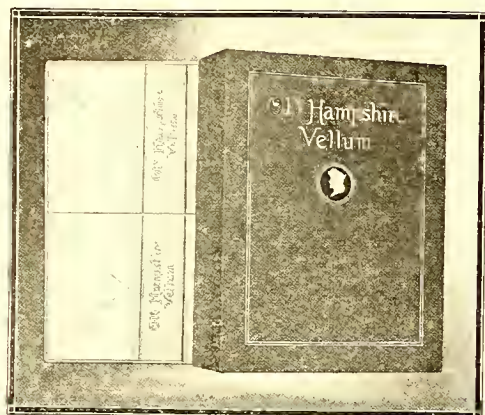
Because, stripped of its purely technical significance, the Toasted Process is efficiency by another name. It represents the last ounce of effort which, in all the production of men, distinguishes the isolated examples of quality. Toasting the tobaccos in LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES adds 45 minutes to the cost of production, but it seals in the flavor!

And we would rather save the flavor than the time.

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A letter is like a handshake to the one who receives it—weak and lifeless or vibrating personality. If you wish your letter to characterize the latter, use

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In each issue you find:

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in touch with the
latest twists in art,
literature and
philosophy.

Joe Gish

of them—mas-
and neuter—
items, and

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artists and
the best ones;
and repro-
rest discussed
e season.

tricks and
t the most
e education.

All the lat-
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All right, you can enroll me for ten issues, beginning
with the current one. Here's the \$2.
Name, etc.
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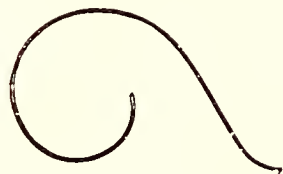
JOE GUSH

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TWO BUCKS FIVE CENTS
TWO BUCKS FIVE CENTS
TWO BUCKS FIVE CENTS
TWO BUCKS FIVE CENTS
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TWO BUCKS PIN TWO BUCKS

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BOLL WEEVIL,

Chapel Hill, N. C.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed find one dollar. Send the four issues, including the Feminine Fantasy number to:

Boll Weevil

Feminine Fantasy Number - - - - 25c



Why "Crich" Consulted Joe Gish

© Vanity Fair

Yes, this is Prof. Crichenning, who gives Joe Gish his course in Snappy Language 207. But Joe has been displaying so much brilliance and putting over so much wit on the prof. lately, that "Crich" has been losing sleep.

But now watch him. He's just had Joe to the Inn for dinner—and pumped the secret of his success—VANITY FAIR. Is he elated? You bet he is. Is he filling in the coupon? You bet he is. Will he tear it out, pin two bucks, and mail it now? You bet he will. And he, too, will acquire the "perfect line".

Why don't you? *Why don't you?* *Why don't you —*

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In each issue you find:

THE STAGE: Photographs of the beautiful and the unique; reviews and storm warnings; symposiums on theatrical astronomy.

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tear me down for ten issues, beginning with the current one. Here's the \$2.
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But now watch him. He's just had Joe to the Inn for dinner—and pumped the secret of his success—VANITY FAIR. Is he elated? You bet he is.

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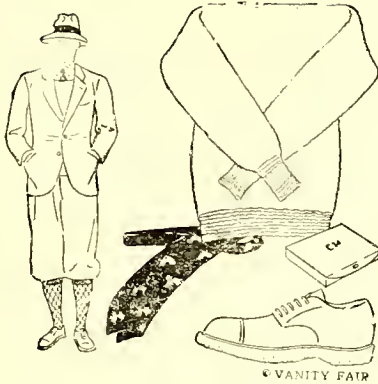
watch your line.

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Name, etc.

Dressing a Man for the Country From Shoes to Hat



It is the ensemble that counts in a man's appearance, and therefore, to demonstrate our point, we will take a man who is dressed for the country and choose his clothes from hat to shoes to show how the perfect ensemble is attained. The suit is, of course, the starting point and with it in mind the accompanying accessories must be chosen to produce the best effect. A homespun jacket and knickerbockers in a blue and brown mixture with perhaps a suggestion of herringbone stripe will give us the scheme for our imaginary model. We will give him next a butcher's blue sport shirt with collar attached in oxford, madras or flannel. His tie will be made of one of those silks, so suitable to country wear which are figured with the heads of horses, dogs or the like, in blue and brown, to give an amusing and appropriate touch to a country turnout. A thin slip-on sweater of hand woven Shetland which is not too thick to be worn under a jacket, yet just warm enough to play golf in is much smarter and more appropriate than the waistcoat to match the jacket. His golf stockings will harmonize with the rest of the outfit and may be tan, brown or a mixture of blue and brown in coloring—his shoes, brown calf with rubber or heavy leather soles. His hat is taupe felt with a dark brown band and the brim is fairly wide and flat so as to make it becoming when worn turned down in the manner illustrated above. In addition to this list of accessories we will give our man a foulard handkerchief in brown, blue and yellow, a flat leather cigarette case, which is much more appropriate for country wear than a silver or gold case, and a wrist watch to complete his turnout. The above idea may be worked out in a color combination of gray and green or any harmonious color blendings. Odd knickerbockers preferably of flannel or gabardine may be substituted for the knickerbockers to match the jacket, since it is very fashionable at the moment to wear odd knickerbockers and slacks with country jackets of homespun, gabardine or flannel. It is a sense of taste rather than a flair for the unusual which distinguishes the well dressed man, and every item listed above which goes to make up this very good looking country kit may be had at any good haberdasher or men's wear shop. Such things are not novelties but with thought and consideration they may be used with originality.

If you are interested in any question of dress or etiquette, write "The Well Dressed Man" care the Boll Weevil and your letter will receive prompt and careful attention. Do not fail to give accurate address.



How
did your
garters
look
this morning



TREAT YOURSELF to a fresh pair today

Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, MAKERS, BOSTON

VOL. II., No. 6 FEMININE FANTASY NO.

The Carolina Boll Weevil

Chapel Hill, N. C.

Published monthly throughout the college year. Yearly subscription \$2.00 for nine issues. Single copies on all newsstands twenty-five cents. Advertising rates furnished upon request. Offices: Chapel Hill, N. C. All communications, contributions and suggestions should be addressed to the Carolina Boll Weevil, Inc., L. J. S. Brody, Business Manager.

Entered as second class matter October 9, 1922, at Chapel Hill Postoffice. Act of Oct. 3, 1917.



JUST AS YOU ALWAYS FEEL

more self-assured if you know you are well dressed, so will your letters improve when your stationery suits your individuality. It helps a lot to know your stationery is correct. Ask to see

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THE SURRENDER

This is it—that Feminine Fantasy Number which you look for. We started to call it the “Fleemale Number”; but did not, because women ARE so peculiar—and Boll Weevil is unable to flee itself except in their direction. The issue should be successful; because since a joke is only a good lie, Boll Weevil has obtained the work of the master jokers.

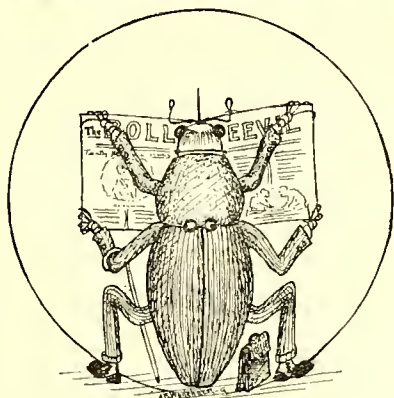
Boll Weevil wishes to thank all contributors, whether their work is published or not. It never knew until the past months that girls were so little innocent. It appreciates very much the unpublished writings. Now we turn this issue of the magazine over to the women. (Poor little Boll Weevil)!!!



The Cup of Life.

CAROLINA

BOLL



WEEVIL

Vol. II., No. 6

Entered as Second Class Matter Oct. 9, 1922 at Chapel Hill
Postoffice. Act of Oct. 3, 1916

Feminine Fantasy No.

NOT EXACTLY!

Housewife (showing pictures to her new maid)—
“Nellie, these two here, are fine silhouettes of my
greatgrandparents.”

Nellie (very much astonished)—“Oh, was they
negroes, ma'am?”

—Miss U. G. P.

* * * *

DOLL—S HAVE CHARMS

I

*She was lovely and sweet as a maiden could be
Yet none of the girls seemed able to see
Why she was popular!*

II

*Yet every night with eager airs
Down from the hill would go several pairs
Of boys!*

III

*This continued through school days till June
When by the light of a Carolina moon
She was married!*

IV

*Now it's apparent, her attraction, to boys
She's a millionaire's daughter from Illinois
And she was popular!*

—Anonymous.

* * * *

What we're trying to say is—“A kiss is just like
scandal. It goes from mouth to mouth.”

—Miss E. D. H.

1st Neighbor—“What is the band doing playing
this time of day?”

2nd Neighbor—“That's not the band, that's Mr.
Jones beating his wife on the ear drum!”

—Miss L. D.

* * * *

I got a tip on a horse named cigarette, but I
haven't enough tobacco.

—Miss A. H.

* * * *

A MAN'S REASON

I

*You asked me why I loved you, dear,
So very, very much:
Is it the simple tenderness
Of your sweet woman's touch?*

II

*Is it your eyes so deeply blue
That fill my heart with love?
Is it your hair, whose golden strands
Are shining just above?*

III

*Is it the rose that blooms your cheek?
Is it the Cupid's bow
That hangs upon your pouting lips,
What makes me love you so?*

IV

*No, sweetheart, these are added charms,
They did not take me in.
I love you, dearest girl, because
You were so hard to win!*

—Miss A. L. H.



Four Roses—Uncorked

HOW DID SHE KNOW?

I

*How did she know his heart was hers?
He spoke no word
Of love to her; how did she know
That when she passed or touched him so,
His pulse was stirred?*

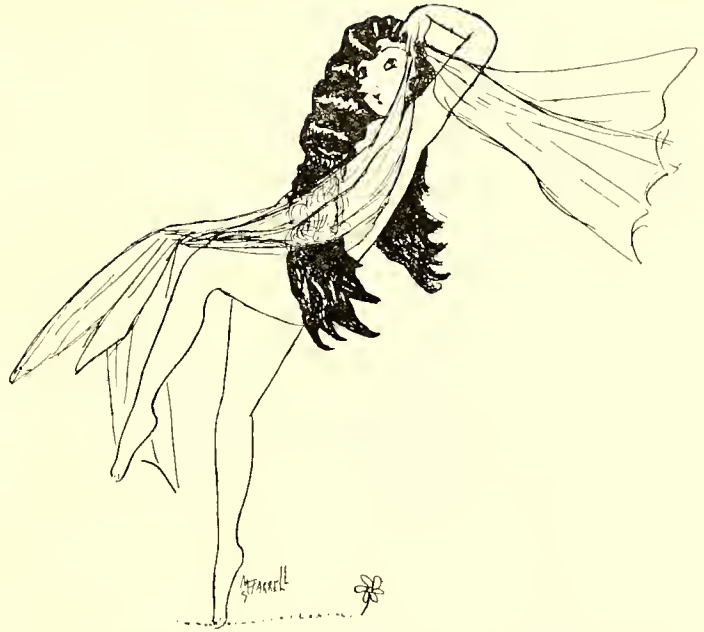
II

*How did she read his secret thoughts,
And never err?
How did she know her glances thrilled his soul?
That all his heart was filled
With love for her?*

III

*How did she know that life would be
One grand sweet song?
To tell the truth, she did not know
These things, she thought that they were so
"But she was wrong!"*

—Miss A. L. H.



Dance of the Seven Veils—with six in the wash

* * * *

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

*The snow was falling fast,
The wind was getting colder
Her ankles froze, and so she drew,
Her coat about her shoulder.*

—Miss J. F.

* * * *

Dum—"Tom reminds me so much of a football."
Dora—"How's that?"
Dum—"He's always getting kicked!"

—Miss L. D.

* * * *

A KISS FROM HER

*To Little Brother—A punishment.
To Mother—A reward.
To Dad—A plea.
To Uncle—A duty.
To Her Chum—A gesture.
To HIM—Ecstasy!*

—Miss A. L. H.

* * * *

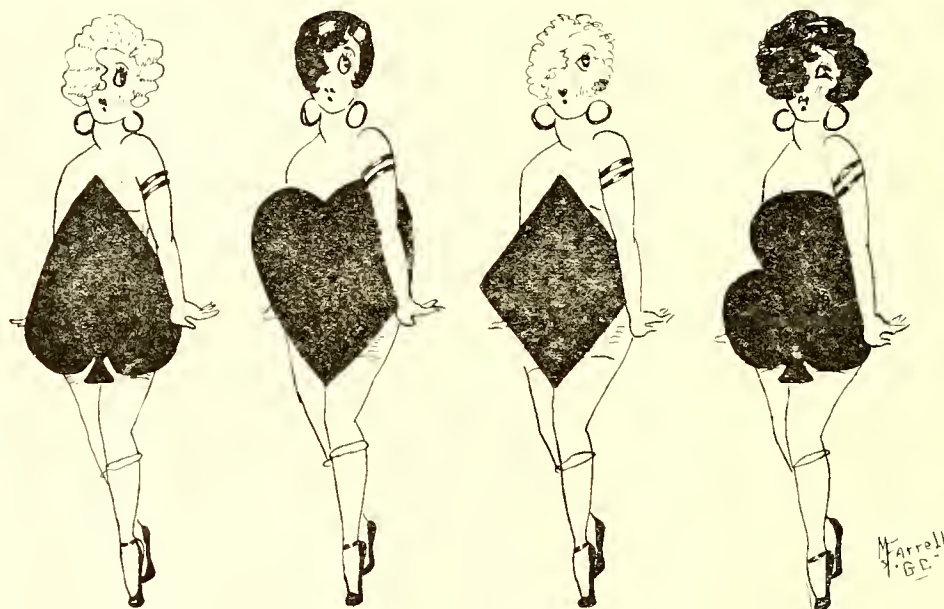
Brown Skin—"Say, Sambo, what church do your gal attend?"

Ditto—"De Seven Dead Adventurers."

—Miss H. H. D.



Three Courses



All Aces

* * * * *

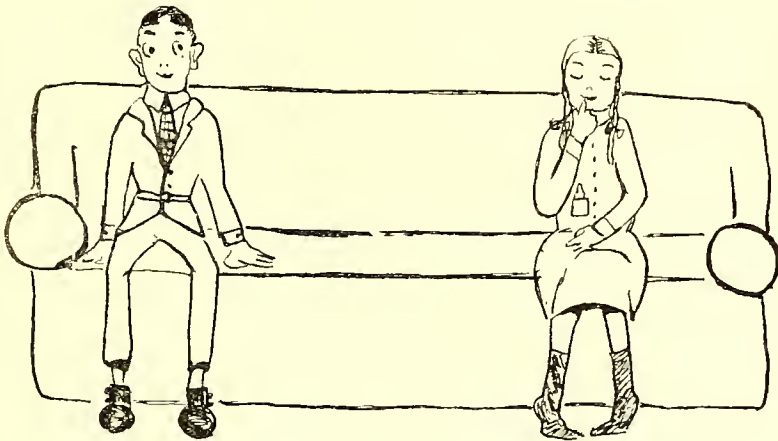
A TRAGEDY

This is the story of the horrible plight of a poor little Freshman, Mary Wright. One morning she went to her post office box along with the other girls—flock upon flocks, each in terror and awful suspense, but with hopes which were none the less intense. "I'm starved," grieved Mary, "I'd give my socks for a nice, great, big, old homey box!" And with these words she made a dive through the hurrying throngs in an effort to arrive before the box numbered 448; wherein she found—oh lucky fate, a slip on which she saw her name,

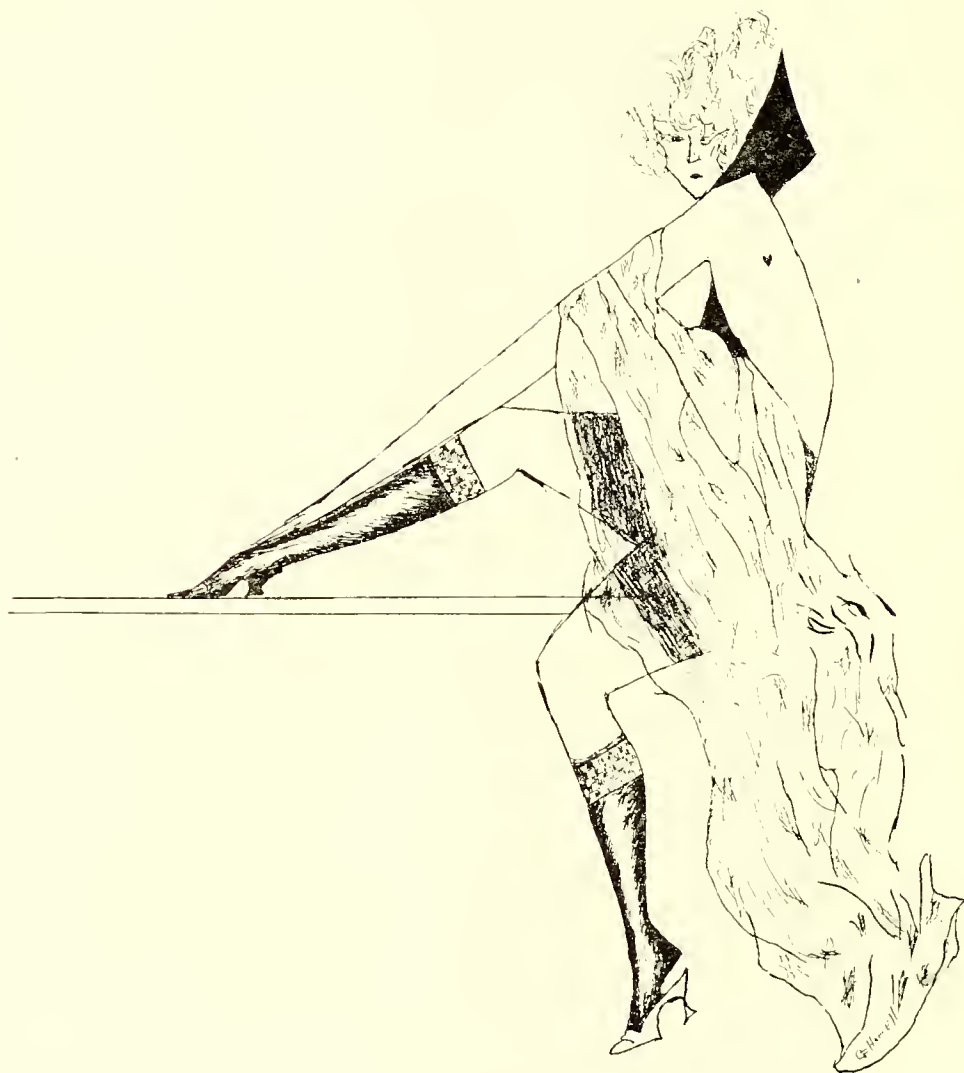
meaning a package which she could claim! Before the window she took her stand until a huge box was placed in her hand. "It's something to eat, 'cause it's heavy's can be; come on girls, and follow me!" Poor Mary, she did not have to repeat these words, before following at her feet came a host of new friends each one intent on sharing the box which to Mary'd been sent. With joyful hearts and shouting loud, they filled her room—an expectant crowd. With nervous fingers the strings were untied, while all waited breathlessly

for chicken—fried, biscuits too and lots of cake, with pickles and olives—without mistake. Oh, woe be unto the crowd gathered 'round, for this is what in the box they found, two pairs of old shoes, some forgotten books, a sewing box, with threads and hooks, while onto a bundle was pinned this note which Mary's adoring mother wrote, "My dear, these things I think you'll need, so I hope they'll get to you with speed." Poor Mary collapsed—she could stand no more, 'twas a very sad sad plight, as I've stated before.

—Miss S. G.



What College did for Bill and Mary



—"Where are you seen mostly in the next act?"

—"The Back!"

"Are you acquainted with
'Steamboat Sal'?"

"Nope, how fast does she go?"

—Anonymous

* * *

Never So Bad But Might Be Worse

John's Young Fiance—"I'm fur-
ious. I found Josephine and John
in the swing neckin'."

Slightly deaf Maiden Aunt—
"Naked, did you say, how awful!"

J. Y. F—"No, thank goodness,
only necking."

—Anonymous

WILD, WILD WOMEN!

*Milady often rolls her own,
And puffs at cigarettes;
She pulls her eyebrows, paints her
cheeks;
Sometimes she flirts and pets.*

*Her lips are like the red, red rose,
Her hair's a curly mop;
She drives the fellows all insane:
She's belle of every "hop."*

*Where is the modest Quaker maid?
She's gone with all the rest.
But though she's wild, I must con-
fess*

I love my "flapper" best!

—Miss E. F. R.

* * * * *

Spouse (leaving for extended
trip to Atlantic City)—"Bill, dear,
you'll be in every night at ten,
won't you?"

Souse—"All right, but ten is
rather late to start out."

—Miss P. P.

* * *

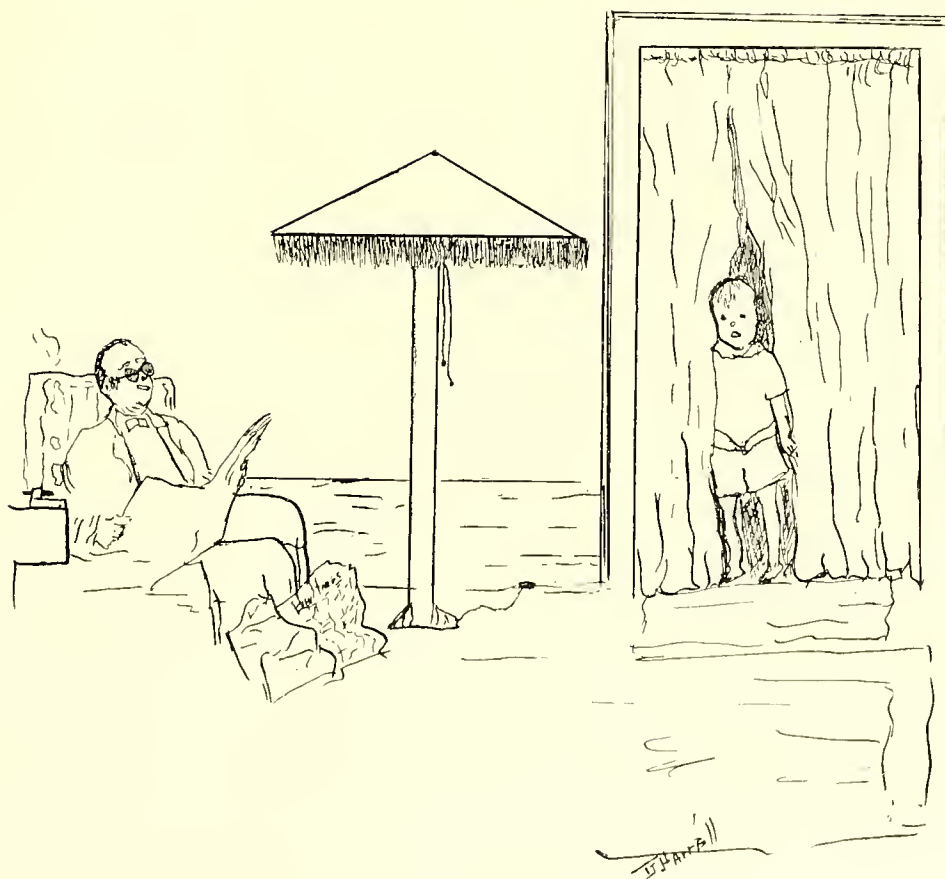
"Healthy place, this I suppose?"

"Sure, when I first came here I
was too weak to walk."

"Really?"

"Yes, I was born here."

—Miss F. McN.



Boy—"Pa, did you say God was everywhere?"

Pa—"Yes, son."

Boy—"In my room? In this room? In my bed?"

Pa—"Yes, my son. Now run on back to bed."

Boy—"But, Pa, if God's in bed with me he's biting me."







On Different Planes

She—"Don't you think Jack overdoes things?"

He—"What, for instance?"

She—"He took his wife out West for sun and air and came back with twins." —Yale Record

* * * *

Would-be Suicide—"Don't rescue me, I want to die."

Swimmer—"Well, you'll have to postpone that. I want a life-saving medal." —Tiger

* * * *

"Can you swim?"

"Can I? Fellow, I used to be a traffic cop in Venice!" —Dodo

* * * *

"That boy looks like a musical sort of fish."

"Yes, he's a piano tuna."—Penn State Froth

* * * *

The reason for this little verse

Is very plain to see,

At the dance I'll point it out to her

And then—I'll point to me.

—Tiger

* * * *

SIMPLIFIED ART

A certain painter is confined in an asylum. To persons who visit him he says:

"Look at this; it is my latest masterpiece."

They look, and see nothing but an expanse of bare canvas. They ask:

"What does that represent?"

"That? Why, that represents the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea."

"Beg pardon, but where is the sea?"

"It has been driven back."

"And where are the Israelites?"

"They have crossed over."

"And the Egyptians?"

"Will be here directly. That's the sort of painting I like—simple and unpertentious."

—Art Record

* * * *

Prof.—"At what tower did Paul Revere see the lantern, the signal that the enemy was coming?"

Student—"About midnight."—Penn State Froth

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beautiful and most
convenient hotels in
the South

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The DINNER SUIT

DEBONAIR, comfortable, tailored with the care that insures both smartness and wear, from materials approved by exclusive use. The comfort extends to the price.

(Shawl collar or notch)

\$39.50

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New address

N. W. Cor. 13th Street
New York City

Our style-memo. book will be sent free, on request.

WHERE THE PAVEMENT ENDS

It's an easy thing to make love at a party,
 When you're sitting in a corner all alone—
 But the aftermath that strikes them as annoying
 Is to take you back to Brooklyn to your home.
 There are plenty that will kiss you and will hug you,
 While you're chatting in the parlor "tete-a-tete"
 But the chap who calls you "Darling" on the sofa
 Wouldn't take you home to Brooklyn on a bet.
 Oh! the height of true devotion isn't kissing,
 Isn't speedy wit or sparkling repartee—
 No, the acid test of friendship is to take you
 Home to Brooklyn on the midnight B. R. T.
 —Brown Jug

* * * *

"Who's that man over there?"
 "Why, he's the husband of Janet Rombunsky, the
 great actress."
 "Yes—but who was he before he married?"
 —Judge

* * * *

Congratulations

Bride's Originality Shows Through Her Wed-
 ding Costume.—Rocky Mountain News

* * * *

He—"How would you like to go to our house
 dance?"
 She—"Oh, I'd love to."
 He—"You'll have to."—Bison.

* * * *

Prof.—"You were absent when I called on you
 to recite last time and so I had to give you a zero."
 Frosh—"Oh, well, that mean's nothing to me."
 —Belle Hop

* * * *

He—"What do you say to a tramp in the woods?"
 She—"Nothing." —Gargoyle

* * * *

She—"There's a school in England called Essex,
 isn't there?"

He—"Yeah, I think so. What about it?"
 She—"They must have a good football team."
 He—"Why?"
 She—"Well, you hear a lot about their coach."
 —Ranger

A Biology Trip

1st Cell—"Where ya goin'?"
 2nd—"Fission." —Belle Hop

* * * *

"That girl is a human dynamo."
 "The spark of life?"
 "Yes, everything she wears is charged."
 —The Wasp

* * * *

Even So

"And who," asked the professor who had been
 lecturing on missionary work, "was the leader in the
 South Sea movement?"

Broadway Ben roused himself from a deep slum-
 ber. "Gilda Gray!" he shouted.—Chanticleer.

* * * *

Prof.—"Mr. Smith, would you mind telling me
 why you are looking at your time-piece so often?"

Smith (suavely)—"Yes, sir! I was afraid, sir,
 that you wouldn't have time to finish your interest-
 ing lecture, sir."—Black and Blue-Jay.

* * * *

"What do you think of a boy who will make a
 girl blush?"

"I think he's a wonder."—Yellow Jacket.

* * * *

First Egg—"Think of those Spaniards going
 2,000 miles on a galleon."

Second Egg—"Aw, forget it. Yuh can't believe
 all yuh hear about them foreign cars."

—Black and Blue Jay

* * * *

John—"Just burned up a \$100 bill."

Demijohn—"You must be a millionaire."

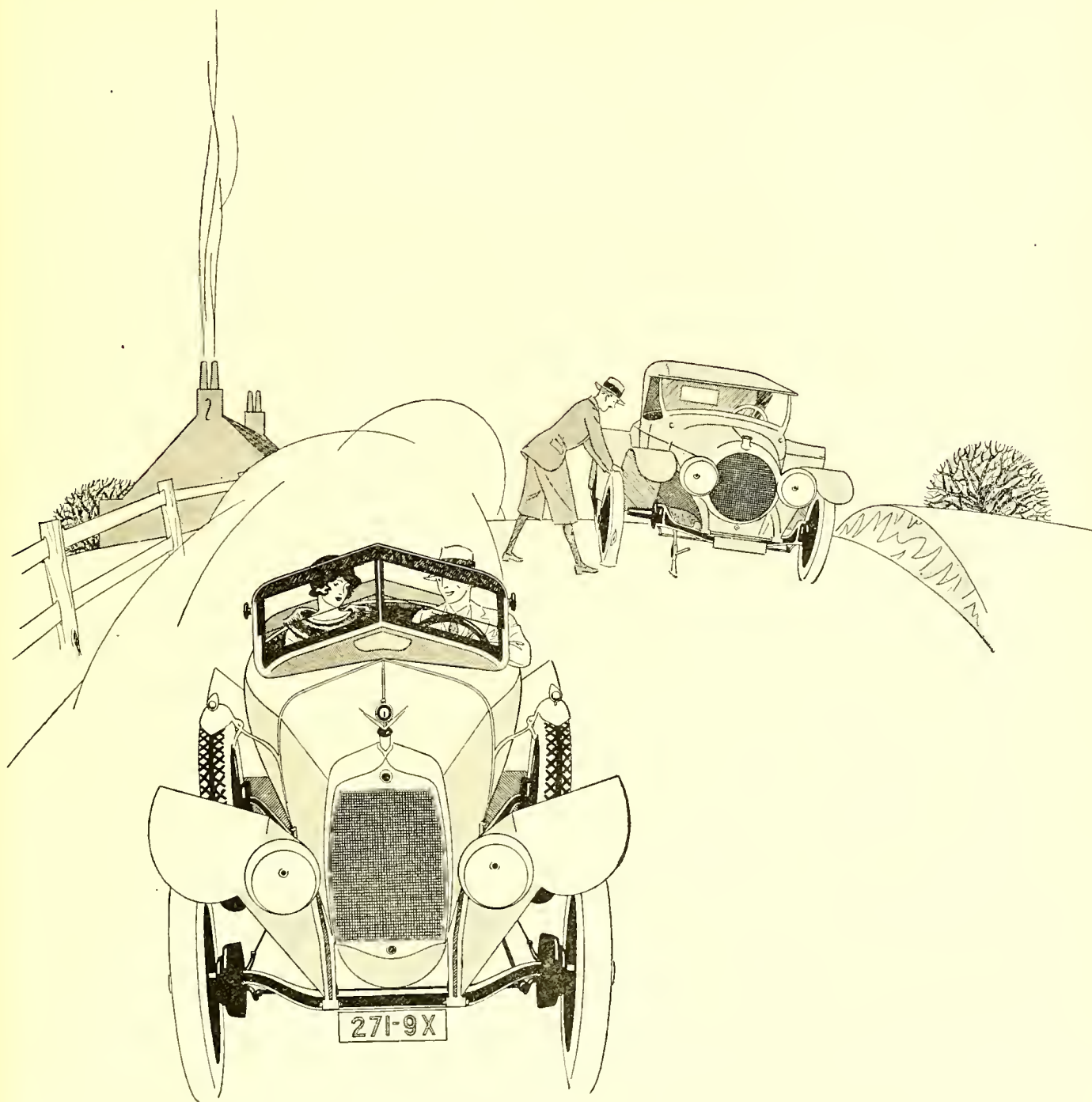
John—"Well, it's easier to burn them than pay
 them."—Chaparral.

* * * *

Toward Morning

Flub—"Do you know anything about the sun's
 motions?"

Dub—"Sure. I stayed awake one entire night
 trying to figure it out and finally the whole thing
 dawned on me."—Yale Record.



Williamson

"You seem never to have any tire trouble, Harry. Do you carry a rabbit's foot?"

"No, I use Kelly-Springfield tires."

THE HISTORY OF HORACE

In Prep School—

President of class.

Valedictorian.

Captain of football team.

Baseball star.

President of Drama Club.

Editor of school newspaper.

At College—

One of the frosh.—Juggler.

* * * *

A Blackguard

King—"What ho, call the guard."

Prime Minister—"Sire, it is raining, and the guard has lost his umbrella."

King—"Then by all means, what ho, the mud-guard."—Chaparral.

* * * *

First Brother—"Pete's gone and got a job. Sez he's a light structural steel worker."

Second Brother—"Yeh, he's mendin' umbrellas."
—Juggler.

* * * *

Jim—"Isn't that Cora Van Apple over there?"

Dandy—"Sure enough. Looks rather seedy, what?"—Octopus.

* * * *

"How do you know he's in love?"

"What else would make a man absent-minded enough to put his dirty shirt to bed and then jump down the clothes chute?"—Sun Dodger.

* * * *

Nit—"What did he say to the Dean when he was fired?"

Wit—"He congratulated the school on turning out such fine men."—Purple Parrot.

* * * *

Dear Editor—"When a woman stops me on the street and asks me what time it is, what should I do?"—Fred."

"Just give her time, Fred."—Sun Dial.

* * * *

"Whenever I think of Lizzie I am reminded of that old crack, 'Shoemakers' children go without shoes'."

Her old man was a corset salesman.

—Jack-o'-Lantern

"Let me give you some advice. The lady you met today isn't decent. Take my warning and stay away from her."

"Never mind the warning, but thanks for the advice."—Moonshine.

* * * *

In All His Glory

Page—"Twenty-three wives have just divorced you, sir."

Solomon—"That's all right. Lots more where those came from."

Page—"No, sir. They are all married, sir."

Solomon—"Well, send the army out and make a few widows."—Lampoon.

* * * *

The Sins of the Children

Johnnie—"Mother, I just seen——"

Mother (reprovingly)—"Johnnie! Where's your grammar?"

Johnnie—"I was just trying to tell you. She's down at the barber shop getting her hair bobbed!"
—Pelican

* * * *

"Waiter," asked the patient lad, "have you ever been to the zoo?"

"No, sir," replied the indolent waiter, "I haven't."

"Well," continued the lad, "you must go some time. You'd be surprised to see the turtles whiz by."

—Chanticleer

* * * *

Gas—"Another Kappa went up in the air!"

House—"Howkum?"

Gas—"Went to the Orpheum with Rubenstein."

—Parrakeet

* * * *

Alicia—"Why do you put water in the radiator?"

Elisha—"For manifold reasons, my dear."

—Gaboon

* * * *

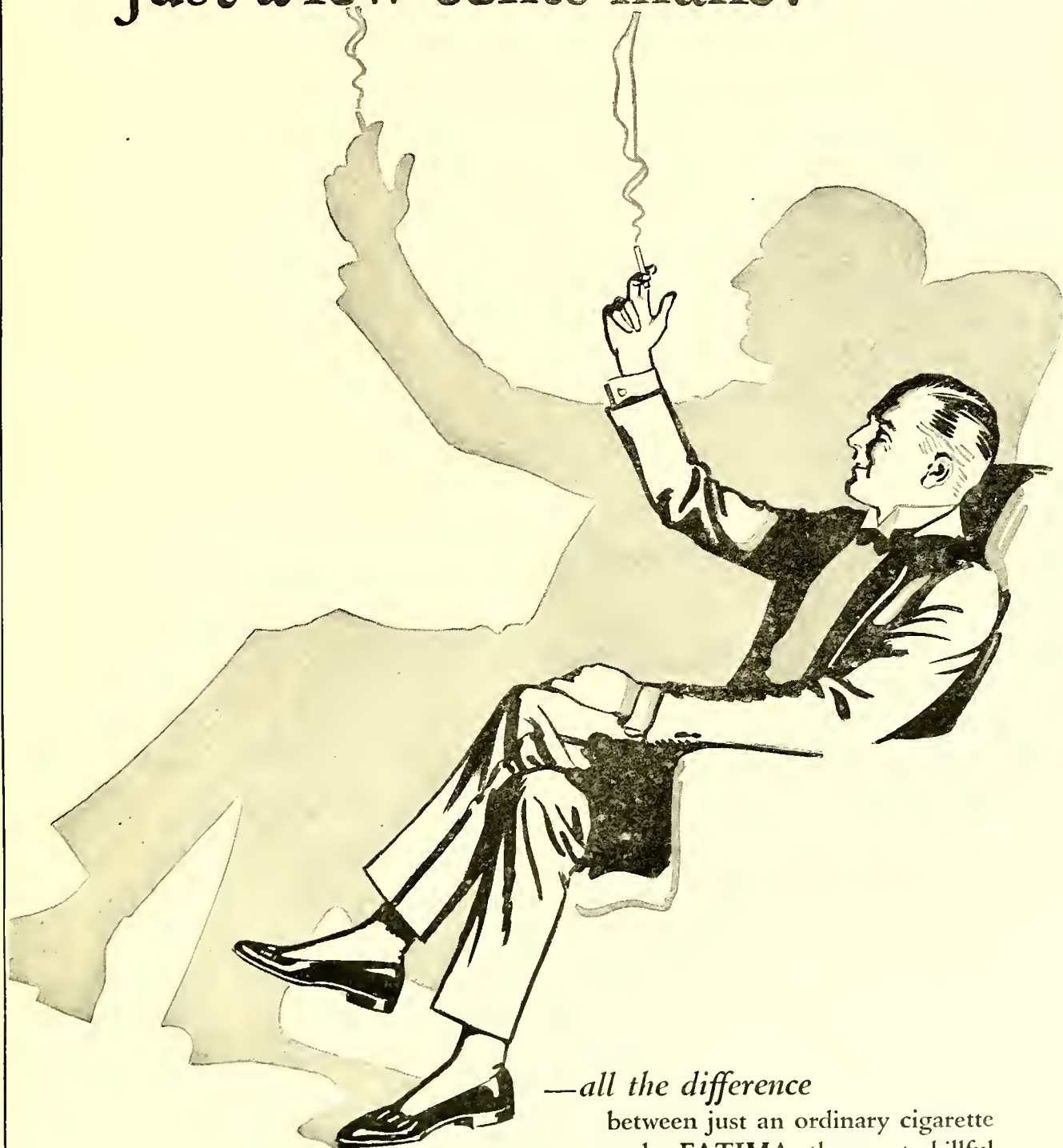
'27—"Where can I find a haystack?"

'25—"What in the world do you want with one?"

'27—"A sophomore just sent me for a needle."

—Froth

“What a whale of a difference
just a few cents make!”



—*all the difference*

between just an ordinary cigarette
and—FATIMA, the most skillful
blend in cigarette history.



Stop! Refresh yourself

What do you think
all the red signs are
for ???

Drink

Coca-Cola

Delicious and Refreshing

5¢

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.



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*CLOTHES OF
IMPORTANCE
CORRECTLY
LAID-OUT IN
ACCORD WITH
ENGLISH
STANDARDS.
SUITED TO
COLLEGIATE
DESIRES IN
PATTERN.*

FORTY-FIVE

DOLLARS AND MORE

*Ready-To-Pr -On
and*

Tailored To Order

FINCHILEY
5 West 46th Street
NEW YORK

Lady Jane—"Have you given the goldfish fresh water, Janet?"

Janet—"No, mum. They ain't finished the water I gave 'em t'other day yet."—Medley.

* * * *

Prof.—"Who on earth is making that gurgling noise?"

Frosh—"I am, Prof. I am trying to swallow the line you are throwing."—Lyre.

* * * *

Accentuated

Harold—"That soprano had a large repertoire."

Maggie—"Ain't it the thruth, now, and since you speak of it her dress only made it look worse."

—Purple Cow

* * * *

"Darling, will you marry me?"

"Why, how foolish! You couldn't even keep me in handkerchiefs."

"We can wait till your cold gets better, can't we?"
— Yellow Jacket

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President
OWEN WINSTON
Vice-President
WILLIAM B. HARDIN
Treasurer
WINTHROP H. BROOKS
Secretary
ALBERT E. BAEDER
Ass't. Treasurer

"How did Jimmy lose his place at the bank?"

"He took too many samples."—Yellow Jacket

* * * *

"I want tax reform!" he bellowed. "I want tariff reform! I want trust reform! I want social reform! I want money reform! I want——"

"Chloroform!" shouted a man in the crowd.

—Colorado Dodo

* * * *

"What do they soak for coffee at the cafeteria?"

"Coffee beans, you simp." —Juggler

* * * *

Precocious Brat—"Say, grandpa, were you in the ark?"

Old Man—"No. Why?"

P. B.—"How come you weren't drowned?"

—Chaparral

* * * *

"Sire, there is a messenger without."

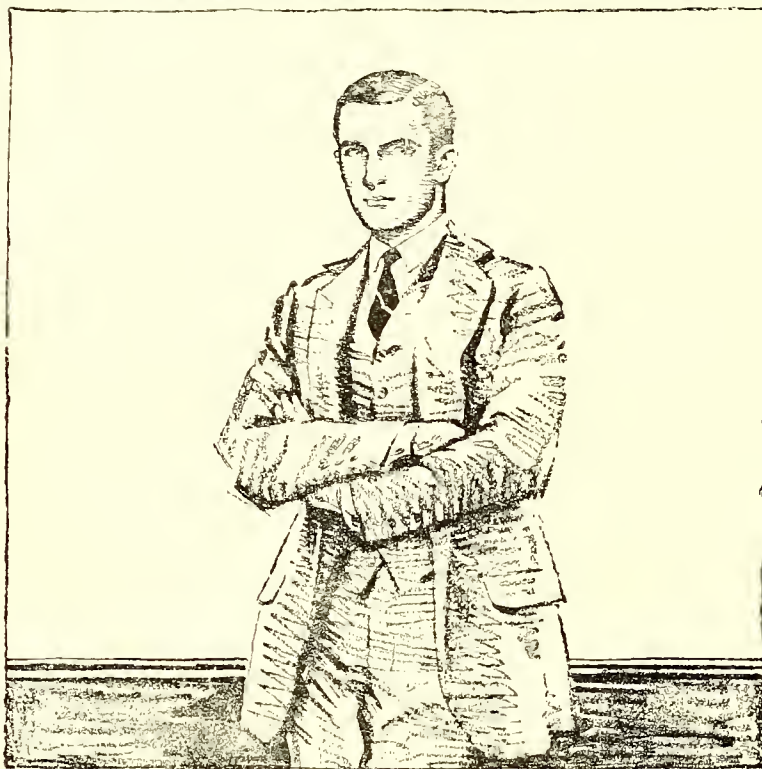
"Without what, oaf?"

"Without the gate."

"Sirrah, then give him the gate"—Chaparral

Patterson Bros.*Druggists***Whitman's Candies**

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Clothes for College Men

SUITS, TOPCOATS,
HATS, TIES, SHIRTS,
BELTS, HOSIERY, ETC.

**MARKHAM-ROGERS
COMPANY**

DURHAM, N. C.

Clothes Tailored at Fashion Park

Lumber Jack—"Say, kid, where are you going with that box of matches?"

College Engineer—"Aw, the boss wants me to go blaze some trails."—Chaparral.

* * * *

"Where is the best place to sow one's wild oats, Jim?"

"In a roof garden, I should say."

"Why?"

"Because there's plenty of moisture there and lots of old rakes." —Sun Dial

* * * *

Freshman—"Dja eat yet?"

Hall—"Say, kid, whaddya think I been doin'—fastin, for 20 years?" —Juggler

* * * *

"What's George doing now?"

"Film business."

"Huh? Actor?"

"Nah—tooth paste." —Chaparral

BROTHERS

"Stick 'em up, kid!" ordered the thug. "Where you think you're goin'?"

"Home," murmured the student.

"Where from?"

"Date."

"Who with?"

"Co-ed."

"Here, friend, take this five-dollar bill."

—Sun Dial

* * * *

"Do you have much trouble with the inmates of the asylum?"

"No; they are all busy writing movie scenarios."

—Yale Record

* * * *

She—"Tell me, have you ever loved another?"

He—"Why, yes, of course, dear. Do you think that I'd practice on a nice girl like you?"

—Yale Record

—Run Right To—
Sutton and Alderman
DRUGGISTS

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

—AND—
 WHEN IN DURHAM
 RUN RIGHT TO
Sutton's Main Street
Pharmacy

"Move over a little, George. There's a nail in
 this spot we are dancing on."
 —Sun Dial

* * * *

Driver (to running board passenger, as they go
 around a corner)—"Hang on!"

Passenger (weakly)—"If I wasn't hanging on, I
 wouldn't be hearing you!"—Octopus.

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Rates Reasonable



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 there's nothing so won-
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 brings out its aristo-
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 production makes its
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KNICKERS, GOLF HOSE, SHIRTS,
LIGHTWEIGHT HOSE, ETC.

Look Them Over

Pitchard-Patterson, Inc.

"University Outfitters"

* * * * *

1st Ebony Shade—"Say, George Washington, wot
kinda cigar does you smoke?"

2nd Ebony Shade—"Me? Why, brother, I smokes
a Robinson Crusoe cigar!"

1st—"Wot kinda cigar is a Robinson Crusoe?"

2nd—"Castaway, dumb-bell, castaway!"

He—"I must be going; it's 12 o'clock."

She—"Oh, please don't! I thought Herb was
coming, and set the clock ahead."—Octopus.

—Mink

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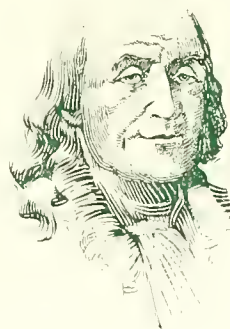
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 . . SUPPER DANCES

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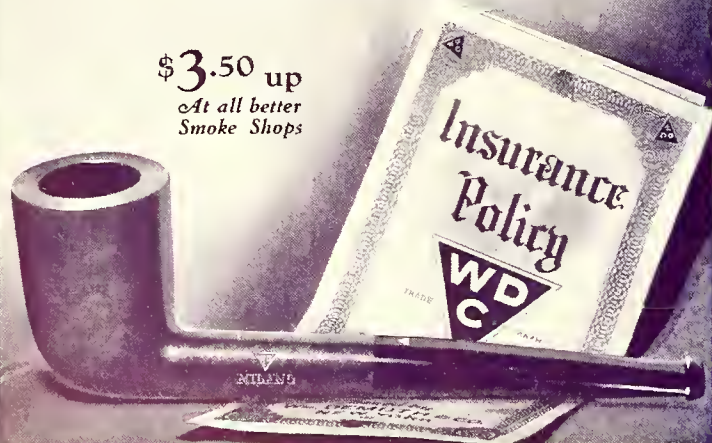
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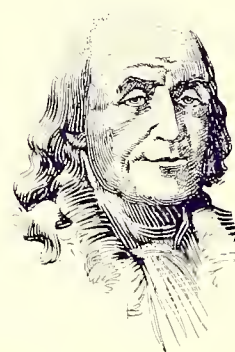
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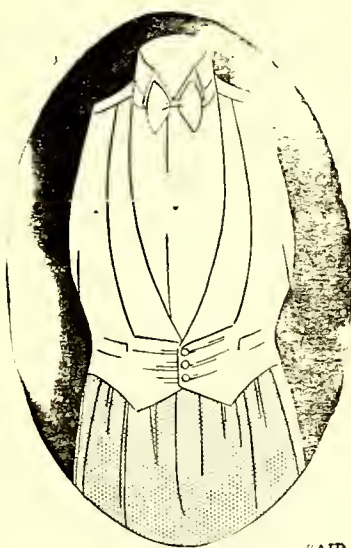
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The Reason for the Popularity of the "V"
Shaped Waistcoat

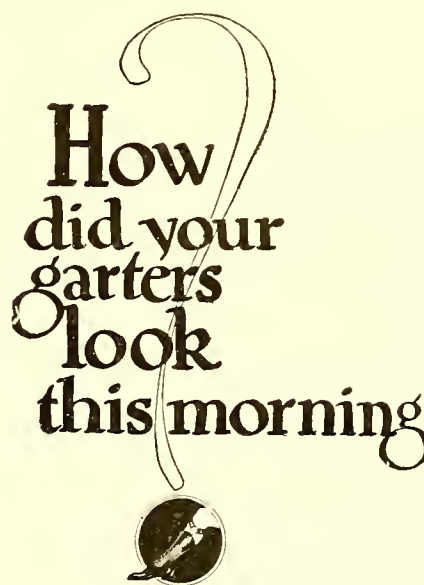


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The reason for the popularity of the "V" shaped waistcoat is because, when worn by the average man, it gives a better line to the shirt front than the waistcoat with a round opening. Long lines always tend to make people seem thinner, and points, even when slight, are more becoming to the stout man than the short waistcoat which is cut straight at the waistline. The "V" shaped waistcoat is especially good to wear with a dinner jacket because the dinner jacket is usually worn buttoned and the line of the waistcoat follows the line of the lapel of the coat giving a neat appearance. White waistcoats are still being worn with dinner jackets by the majority of the smartly dressed men, though a black waistcoat is equally correct. It should be made of the same material as the dinner jacket rather than of black silk. The smartest thing in London is to have the waistcoat, the shirt front and the one-end bow tie, of the flaring variety illustrated above, all made of the same material. This is usually a fine ribbed or honey-combed pique. This combination is now seen in many smart New York shops. With a white tie, this combination is worn with a dress coat and with a black tie with a dinner coat.

If you are interested in any question of dress or etiquette, write "The Well Dressed Man" care the Boll Weevil and your letter will receive prompt and careful attention. Do not fail to give accurate address.

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George Frost Company, Makers, Boston

VOL. II., No. 7

MORAL NUMBER

The Carolina Boll Weevil

Chapel Hill, N. C.

Published monthly throughout the college year. Yearly subscription \$2.00 for nine issues. Single copies on all newsstands twenty-five cents. Advertising rates furnished upon request. Offices: Chapel Hill, N. C. All communications, contributions and suggestions should be addressed to the Carolina Boll Weevil, Inc., L. J. S. Brody, Business Manager.

Entered as second class matter October 9, 1922, at Chapel Hill Postoffice. Act of Oct. 3, 1917.



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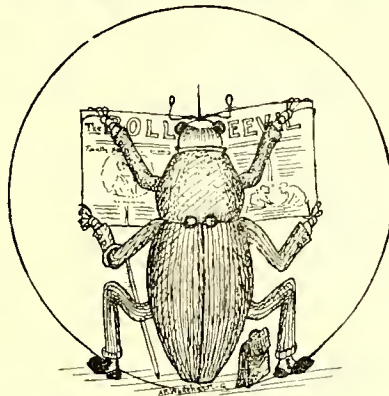
*---And the moral
to this is one good
turn deserves an-
other---*



The Belle Pealed

CAROLINA

BOLL



WEEVIL

VOL. II., No. 7

Entered as Second Class Matter Oct. 9, 1922 at Chapel Hill
Postoffice, Act of Oct. 3, 1916

MORAL NUMBER

Man (to clerk in drug store)—“Have you any e-er-er?”

Clerk—“I’m sorry, sir, but I just sold the last bottle.”

* * * *

THESE BE ATTITUDES WE KNOW

1—Blessed are the shooters of bull, for theirs is the kingdom of the earth.

2—Blessed are the pud courses, for they shall be taken.

3—Blessed are the flappers though they now wear long gowns.

4—Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after Orange County Corn, for they shall be filled.

5—Blessed are the ball games for they fill our pockets.

6—Blessed are the rare checks which occasionally come our way.

7—Blessed are the week-ends ’though they be called the father’s of headaches.

8—Blessed are the dances and all things pertaining thereto.

9—Blessed are ye when the faculty shall report you, and the council try you, and all manner of things be said against you, for thereby ye shall prosper and be called Sheik among the Women.

* * * *

Prof—“What’s the difference between capital and lahor?”

Bright Stude—“Capital is the money you lend; and getting it back represents the lahor.”

AN ODE TO HER

I

To eyes as soft as a dove
That sing their guileless love,
With hair and lips divine
And form of god’s design,
Youths bend their knee—
Yet she loves me.

II

To soul of lily purity
Free from Scandal’s spurity;
Coquette of carefree frolic,
But nothing diabolie,
Saints bend their knee—
Yet she loves me.

III

To bloom of rosied vigor
That speaks of Spartan rigor;
A nymph who holds in trances
The world, as she sprightly dances,
Kings bend their knee—
Yet she loves me.

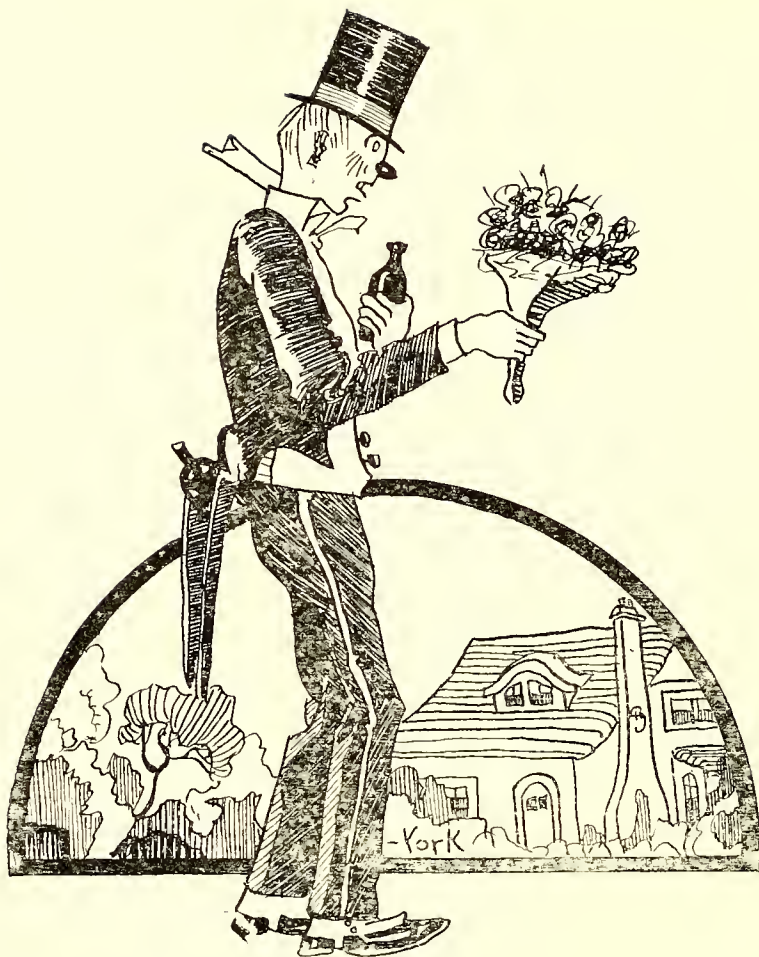
IV

With tinkling glass of liquor
I froth in shameless bicker;
But at my hectie whirl
Scorns not this queenly girl.
I’ll bend my knee
For she loves me.

* * * *

He—“Darling, I have never loved but thee.”

She—“Then we must part, no amateurs for me.”



Absinth makes the heart grow fonder

* * * *

SCRAMBLED TITLES

(By Lee H. Jones)

I went to HOLLYWOOD that SCREENLAND where they make the PHOTOPLAY, that is shown all over the WIDE WORLD in the THEATRE.

They were making three CLAS-SIC pictures to be put on the BILL-BOARD. Actors were made up to represent a JUDGE in a MYS-TERY play, another was the FLAPPER supposed to be the GIRL OF TODAY in the FOL-LIES, still another was a BAR-KER in a circus with Jackie Coogan taking part as THE AMERICAN

BOY of THE NATION. A star told me a TRUE STORY of AD-VENTURE in FOREST AND FIELD and it sure had PUNCH.

One called me THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN out to see LIFE but that I had better go back to my wife and GOOD HOUSEKEEPING before THE TATTLER would see me; so I got my MOTOR and went back to the FARM but HOT DOG, I CONFESS it was some EXPER-IENCE." My friends say I am TELLING TALES so I guess I should keep my SNAPPY BREEZY STORIES for a COSMOPOLITAN.

THE WORLDLY WAY

A case of hooch, a corkscrew,
And one clear call for me,
And the bar needn't open up,
Should I put out to see.

* * *

Men get rich by winking at the
laws, and get in trouble by wink-
ing at women.

* * *

*The face that launched a thousand
ships
Surpasses not at all
The one whose parted, rosy lips
Smile at me from the wall*

*She lives upon a thousand walls
In semi-dressed state
She's pasted on a thousand halls
In dresses smooth and straight.*

*In silken sheeny pretty things
And curly rippled hair
She's barely drest; the male world
sings
Its praises to the fair.*

*But He knows of these lovers guy
And those admiring fellows
And I can't help but want to say
Is Coles Phillips ever jealous?*

* * *

CAMPUS CONVERSE

First Stude (to Frosh)—"Say,
Fo, got a cigarette?"

Frosh—"Sure, want to see it?"

* * *

Tar Heel (in a Northern library)
—"A History of England by Hume,
please."

Librarian (patronizingly—"By
'Eoom'.")

T. H.—"By David Hume."

L. (sotto—"Hopeless!")

A REAL GIRL

*Nan don't you know her?
Why Boy, you've surely missed
The eutest little creature that
The sunbeams ever kissed.*

*She's brighter than the morning,
She's fairer than the day;
And sweeter than the hyacinths
And violets of May.*

*It almost runs me crazy
And nearly sets me dumb
To see that bobed-haired miracle,
That cute chrysanthemum.*

*And when she smiles upon me
And gently whispers, "yes",
A million tons of music seem
Upon my soul to press.*

*At any sort of beauty show
She's bound to take the prize
I'll bet my bottom dollar
She's an angel in disguise.*

*She's full of fun and frolics
She's a dynamo of bliss;
I'm dying with love-colic and
With heart-paralysis.*

*There never was a sweeter witch
Since this old world began;
I'm simply hypnotized to death
By pretty little Nan.*

* * *

Dill—"I've got a horse I want to sell you. How much will you give me for him?"

Bill—"I'll give you a bale of hay."

Dill—"What would I do with a bale of hay, without a horse?"

Bill—"I'll lend you the horse until he eats the hay up."

* * * * *



Sandwich Isle Sandwiches



A phone in the hand gets two on the line

* * *

A certain young fellow named Mile
Met a girl from the Emerald Isle.

She was not so sedate
That she argued with Fate,
And so walked Mile up the aisle.

—Miss H. L.

* * *

Larry—"If a girl had radiolite
lips would you call her a shining
light?"

Harry—"No, an Ever-ready."

—Miss E. G.

* * *

EXPERIENCE

He—"Were you ever out in the
great alone?"

She—"No, but I walked in from
an automobile ride one night."

He—"Mabel is a decided blonde,
isn't she?"

She—"Yes, I was with her the
day she decided."

* * *

MORE HOTEL RULES

"Guests wishing to call the bell
boy will please wring the towel."

"Co-operate with the manage-
ment by checking your whiskey
with the clerk."

"Guests desiring a bath will
please consult the weather man."

* * *

"My work is done," said the 1923
calendar as it was thrown into the
waste basket.

A naive frosh, (redundancy?),
who has believed all he heard this
fall about the horrible co-eds, re-
cently awoke from a nightmare
and ashy-faced, tottered into a
friend's room: "For my sake, Bill,
go back in there with me; I think
there's a co-ed under my bed!"

* * *

ANSWERS TO THE QUESTION: "DO YOU ACCEPT EVOLUTION?"

Graduate Stude—"Of course!"

'24—"W-e-ll, yes."

'25—"There's some evidence for
it."

'26—"No, ha, ha!"

'27—"What is it?"

* * *

Our grandchildren
A thousand times removed
Were monkeys.
I fear for
Our grandchildren
A thousand times great.

* * *

"Who on earth is that ungodly
looking girl over there?"

"She's my sister."

"That's all right, you ought to
see mine."

* * *

Prof.—"Why are some trains so
long?"

Frosh—"Because the engine is
so far from the caboose, it takes a
lot of cars to connect them."

* * *

Said the wall to the paper,
"Stick to me, kid."

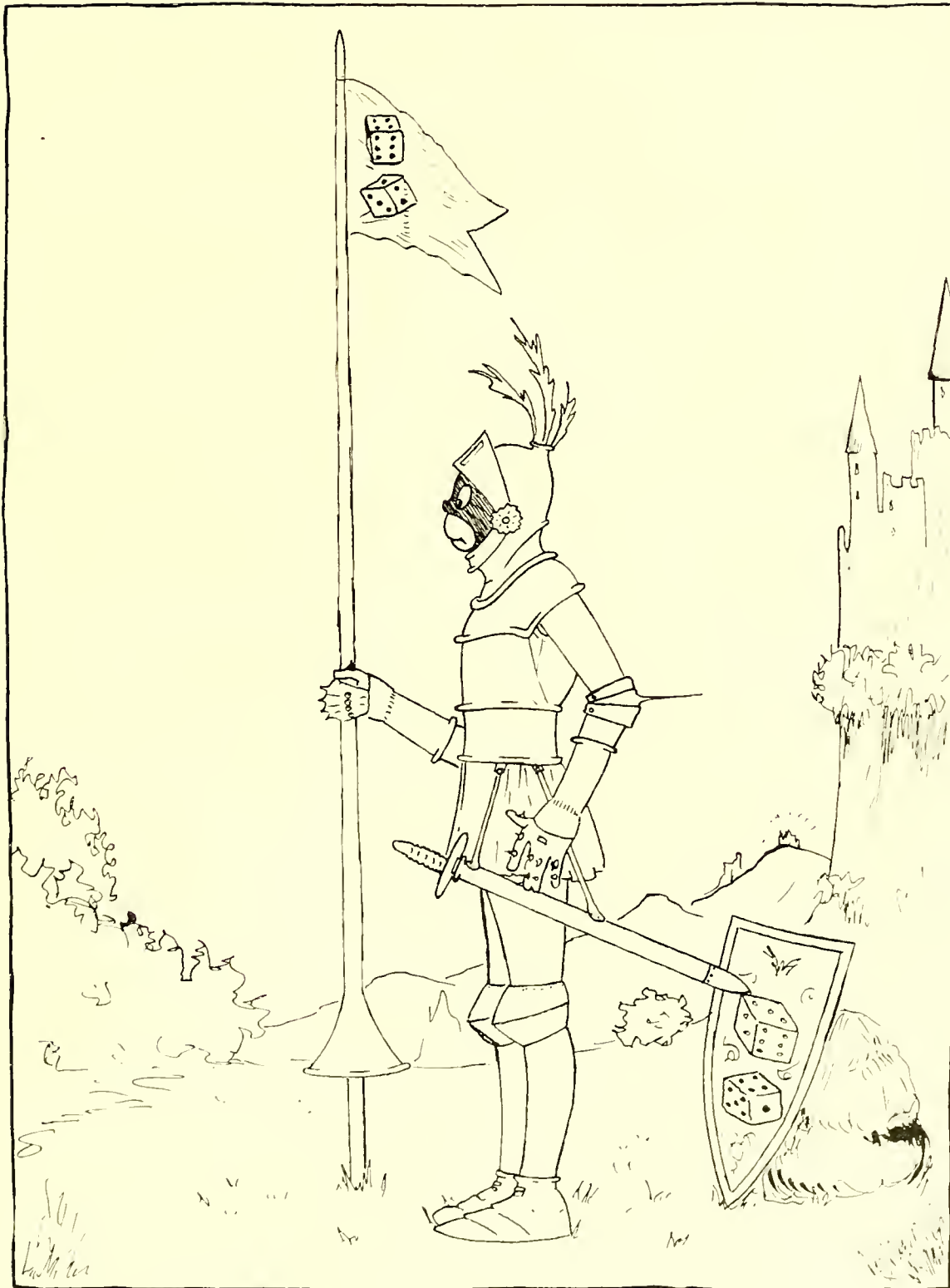
* * *

"Ha, Ha! Minnie is so dumb she
thinks George Ade is first cousin
to a lemon-ade."

* * *

Tee—"Why did the Battle of
Bull Run?"

—Hee—"Same reason the Board
Walks."



A Dark Knight



Her Jazz Beau

DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT

Never marry a CARPENTER'S daughter because you can't embrace her a BIT and besides she may be SQUARE but on the LEVEL she is the PLAINEST girl I ever SAW.

I used to know a BASEBALL player's daughter, who tried to BLEACHER hair. She was some BASE singer. We were out WALKING and we STARTED HOME when she remembered that she left her DIAMOND so she FLEW OUT to CENTER FIELD and made a SHORT STOP. I BALLED her out and started to BAT her but I knew to STRIKE her would be FOUL and then I'd have to FAN her.

Never marry a baker's daughter. She may be well BREAD, but you have to take her YEAST to RISE and that will take all your DOUGH. You KNEED all your ROLL if you want to LOAF.

EVE stole FIRST, ADAM stole SECOND, ST. PETER umpired the game. REBECCA went to the well with the PITCHER and RUTH in the FIELD gained fame. GOLIATH was KNOCKED out by DAVID. A BASE HIT was made on ABLE by CAIN. The PRODIGAL SON made one HOME RUN and UNCLE NOAH gave out checks for rain.

A man tried to sell me a radio machine. He said I could get most any country I wanted. I told him I could get most any country I wanted right there in my home. I have AFRICA, TURKEY, GREECE and JAPAN in the kitchen. I go out in the yard where my GERMAN police dog is, and work my LA FRANCE roses. That makes me HUNGARY. I go in the dining room. There is a BRUSSELS carpet on the floor, a MOORISH maple set of furniture, ENGLISH wal-



Baseball Term: A Fair Catch

* * *

nuts, BRAZIL nuts and IRISH potatoes on the table. Your wife tries to RUSSIA and if you ask her to SERVIA she hits you with CHINA. When I go in the nursery the baby WALES and out in the hall it is CHILE.

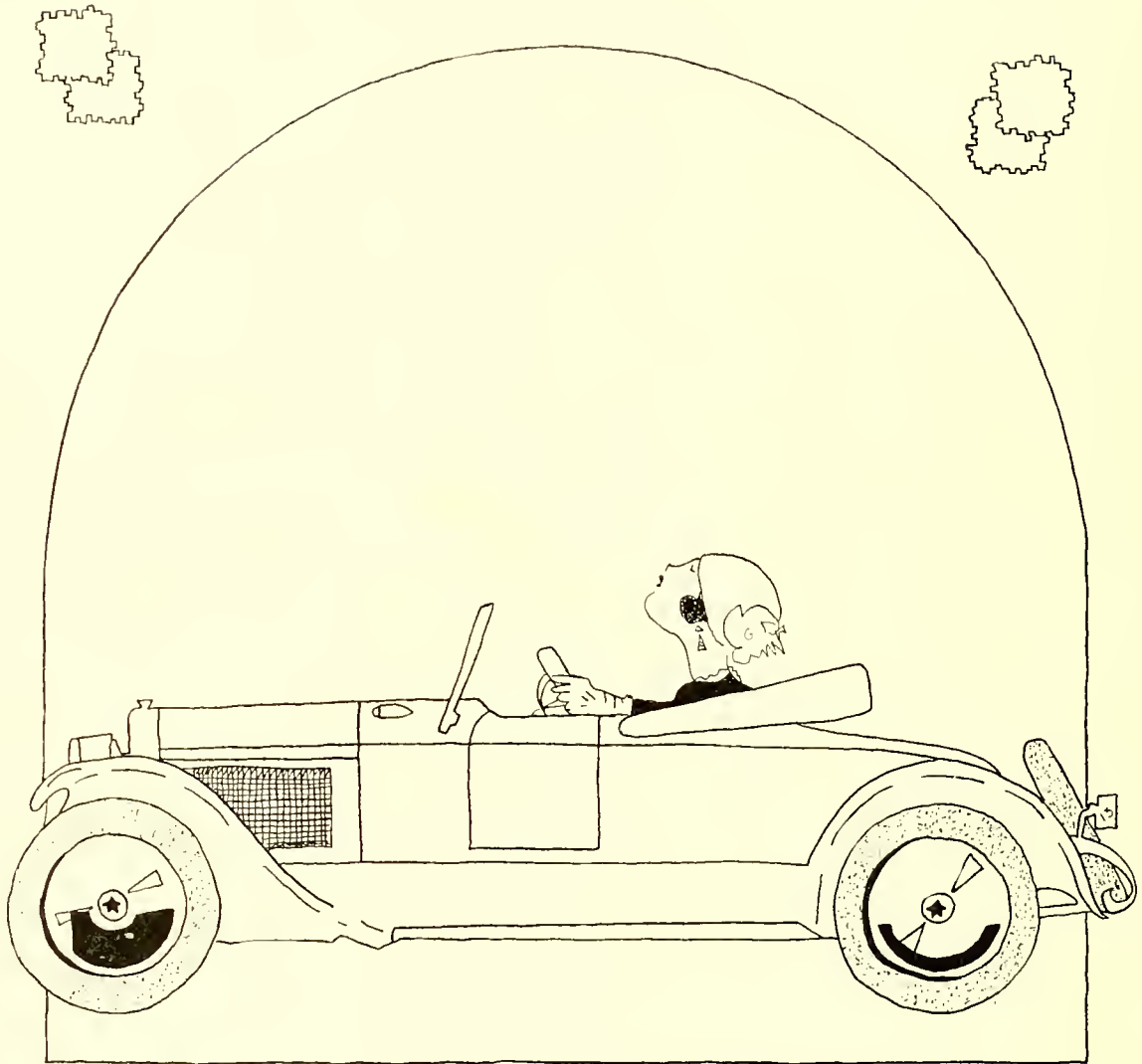
I just left the roughest kitchen I ever saw. The APPLES were STEWED and the BEEF was PICKLED (but the SUGAR remained REFINED). The nurse was WHIPPING the CREAM, the cook was BEATING the BISCUITS, the CAT LICKED the plate and the CLOCK STRUCK ONE. The SOUP got all STIRRED UP and the CAB-

BAGE lost its HEAD, the POTATO lost an EYE, and the VINEGAR lost its MOTHER. The SQUASH got MASHED, the ICE got CRUSHED and the ONIONS got all CUT UP. LETTUCE be thankful that CORN didn't loose its KICK. I BEET it before I got cracked in the BEAN.

* * *

PHARMACY SCHOOL YELL

Epicac! Epicac!
Syrup Squills!
Calomel! Calomel!
C. C. Pills!
Pharmacy, Pharmacy Pharmacy!



ANNA FRANCES REDFERN
SALEM

The Run about

"THE SONG OF A GARAGE MAN"

*It was a stormy and WILLYS-KNIGHT,
Nowhere could be seen a STAR,
It reminded me of a MOLINE KNIGHT,
In the distance a KISSEL KAR.*

*FRANKLIN, LNCOLN, DAVIS, CLEVELAND, and
ANDERSON would arrive soon.
On the muddy banks of the JORDAN,
Under the glimmering light of the fading MOON,
Things would begin happening to the MARMON.*

*Will ST. CLAIR with his AUBURN hair,
By day a toiling gleaner,
Saw with disgust and touching despair
In the distance a STANLEY STEAMER.*

*The PILOT was fair HUPMOBILE
Who hailed from the picturesque HUDSON.
It came stealing through the stormy night
With sturdy STEVENS at the wheel.*

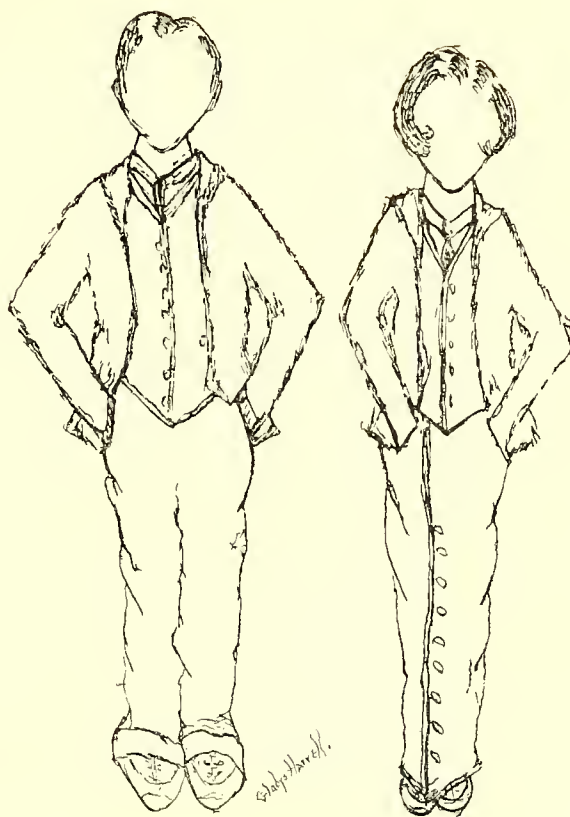
*The cook's name was WINTON SIX
He wasn't a trouble maker,
He continually wished a pie to mix
But he'd always let the STUDEBAKER.*

*Says MAXWELL to Capt. HAYNES,
"What does this CADILLAC?
And briefly state, for what the KING 8,
How much does my friend REO?"*

*Says STEARNS MITCHELL to the hero,
If you are in-KLINED to pursue me OVERLAND
You must FORD the CHANDL-er of the river
And take your STUTZ through all this sand.*

*So BRISCO took his STANDARD weapon
Long time the SAXON foe he fought
Then rested he by the OAKLAND tree
And stood awhile in thought.*

*And as in PEERLESS thought he stood
The PACKARD with eyes of flame
Came DODGING and DORTING through the GRAY
wood,
'Twas PAIGING as it came.*



Moral: Clothes do not make the man.

* * * *

*BRISCO PIERCED him with his ARROW
And there the CHEVROLET.
He left him dead, and with his head,
He COLELY went away.*

*And hast thou slain the haughty NASH?
Come to my arms my PATHFINDER my ELKHART
boy.
And with a voice like the horn on a ROLLS ROYCE
He ESSEXED in his joy.*

* * * *

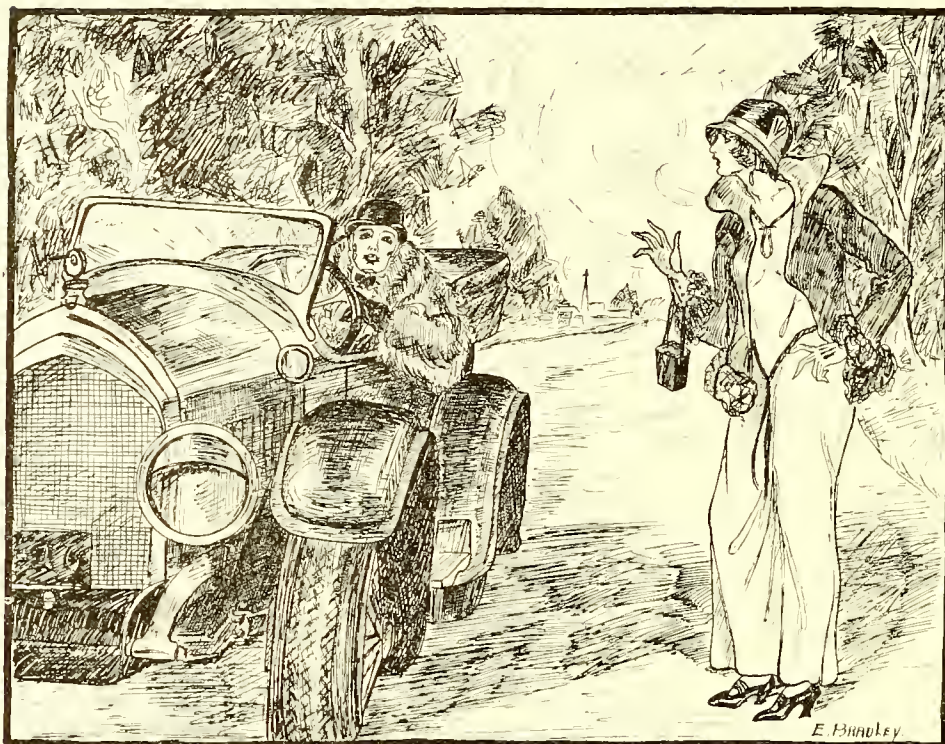
**Little girl to Mother—"Mama, where was I while
you and papa got married?"**

* * * *

**Niggah—"Dey sho had some fight at Sallie Smith's
party last night."**

**Second Niggah—"Yeah! I passed there and what
was all them grapes doing on the porch."**

Niggah—"Dem wont grapes, dem was eye-balls."



REFUSED REFUSAL

She speaks:

"I like your pretty car, Jack,
Your derby and your coat,
I know you have a line, Jack,
That will get a female's goat.

"The weather's simply fine,
Jack,
The air romantic, too,
But I don't crave your love,
Jack,
So I can't go with you.

"I know your kind right well,
Jack,
I've been there with them all;
You do just all you can, Jack,
With women large or small.

"Go get some other girl, Jack,
Who'll neck and kiss and talk;
For I'm one of the others, Jack,
So I prefer to walk."

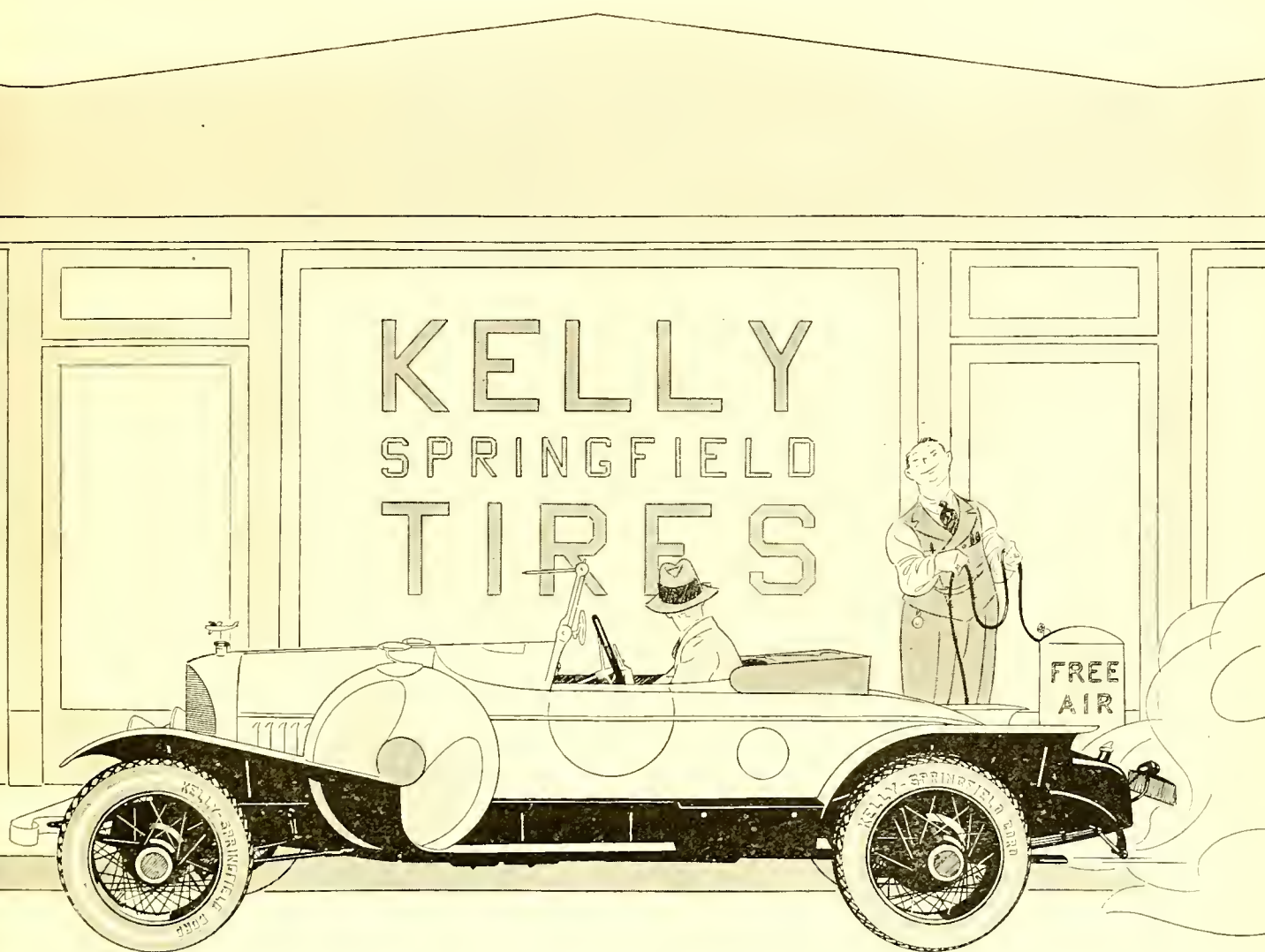
He speaks:

"I simply came to tell you, May,
That, though I like you some,
You don't suit me at all, May,
When times for real love come;

"For you pretend right much,
May,
That you don't neck and kiss,
But men who really love, May,
Will crave some other miss.

"For though you say you don't,
May,
I know it's simply talk;
And I came to say, May,
That you would have to walk.

"'Cause I must break the date,
May,
For a girl who says she won't
Do all these things you men-
tion, May,
Not only says,—but don't!"



"Gus, I don't see how you make a living."

"How's that?"

"Why, since you sold me these Kelly tires two years ago you haven't sold me anything but free air."

Headline—"Petticoat Factory Bankrupt."

Now look what your "modern girl" went and done.—Moonshine.

* * * *

"Is skin hard on the feet?"

Joe—"No—not on the feet."—Froth.

* * * *

"Mother, what's a Dry Martini?"

"Heavens on earth, child!"

"Oh."—Moonshine.

* * * *

"Can you dance?"

"No, but I can hold them while they dance."

—Whirlwind

* * * *

"Why doesn't Dorothy wear corsets?"

"Oh, just to promote better feeling."

—Jack-o'-Lantern

* * * *

The Waiter—"Drink anythink, sir?"

The Stew—"No, I wouldn't drink carbol-hic acid, fer inshtance."—Chaparral.

* * * *

THAT'S RIGHT

Attorney—"And where did you see him milking the cow?"

Witness—"A little past the center, sir."

—Gargoyle

* * * *

ALWAYS COURTEOUS

Warden (to murderer in electric chair)—"Is there anything you would like to do or say before I push the fatal button?"

Thoughtful Murderer—"Yes, kind sire, I would like to get up and give my seat to a lady."

—Punch Bowl

* * * *

CHANGED PLANS

We asked our girl to go to church Sunday night, but her mother invited herself along—so we went to church.—Whirlwind.

* * * *

Friend Wife at the football game, in her sharp and distinct voice, thrilling over a fumble—

"Oh, Chauncy, Darlin,' isn't it perfectly adorable the way that man is juggling the ball!"

—Parrakeet

Judge (to a young fellow who had been arrested for tickling a lady)—"Young fellow, have you anything to say for yourself?"

Slicker—"Yes, sir, I would like to know if you believe in the Bible?"

Judge—"I certainly do."

Slicker—"Do you believe that woman was made from a rib of man?"

Judge—"Ye-es."

Slicker—"Well, then, why in the thunder can't a man tickle his own rib?"

—Dodo

* * * *

Horatio—"How do you like that \$35.00 suit with two pairs of pants?"

Algy—"The material is excellent, but, by Jove, it's darn hot wearing both pairs at once."—Wampus

* * * *

She—"I don't believe in promiscuous kissing.

He—"I don't like a crowd around myself."

—Stone Mill

* * * *

He—"If you refuse me I'll blow out my brains."

She—"Impossible."

He—"Maybe you don't think I have a pistol?"

She—"Oh, I suppose you have a pistol all right."

—Lord Jeff

* * * *

Freshman—"I see by the papers that a scientist claims the end of the world is in sight."

She (bored to extinction)—"Oh, for a pair of field glasses!"

—Lord Jeff

* * * *

He—"I can't express my love in words."

She—"Perhaps you can in figures.—Colonel

* * * *

ROTC Brute—"Not a man in this company will be given liberty this afternoon."

Voice—"Give liberty or gimme me death."

Officer—"Who said that?"

Voice—"Patrick Henry."

—Awgwan

* * * *

"Where's your mother these days, Tom?"

"Gone to Bagdad."

"That's strange. I didn't know he'd run away."

—Princeton Tiger

“What a whale of a difference
just a few cents make!”



—*all the difference*

between just an ordinary cigarette
and — **FATIMA**, the most skillful
blend in cigarette history.



The Next Issue

of the

Boll Weevil

will be the

Asheville Summer

Resort Number

Reserve a Copy at Your

Newsdealer's Today



"Shall I brain him?" cried the Hazer—

And the victim's courage fled.

'You can't. It is a Freshman.

Just hit it on the head." —Witt

* * * *

"I know my oats," brayed the jackass after kicking the hired man behind the ear for putting sawdust in the mash.

—Flamingo

* * * *

Beggar—"I've had nothing to eat for the last three days but snowballs."

Lady—"Oh, you poor man! What if it had been summer!"

—Black and Blue Jay

* * * *

"What are you doing with that insect net up here on the Drive, young man?"

"My entomology prof. sent us out after bugs, and I aim to snare me a few social butterflies."

—Chapparral

* * * *

Jones—"What did your sight-seeing trip cost you?"

Smith—"Five dollars a pint."

—Malteaser

* * * *

The Court—"Hail, Hail, the king approaches his throne."

The King—"Stop hailing while I reign."

—Flamingo

* * * *

"Mable looks like a million tonight."

"I know; but she's really only thirty-two."

—Punch Bowl

* * * *

CENSOR THIS

Professor Rottenbottom—"Young man, I understand you are courting a widow. Has she given you any encouragement.?"

Y. M.—"I'll say she has. Last night she asked me if I snored."—Beanpot.

* * * *

Glad—"Well, so you're back again. I thought you had graduated."

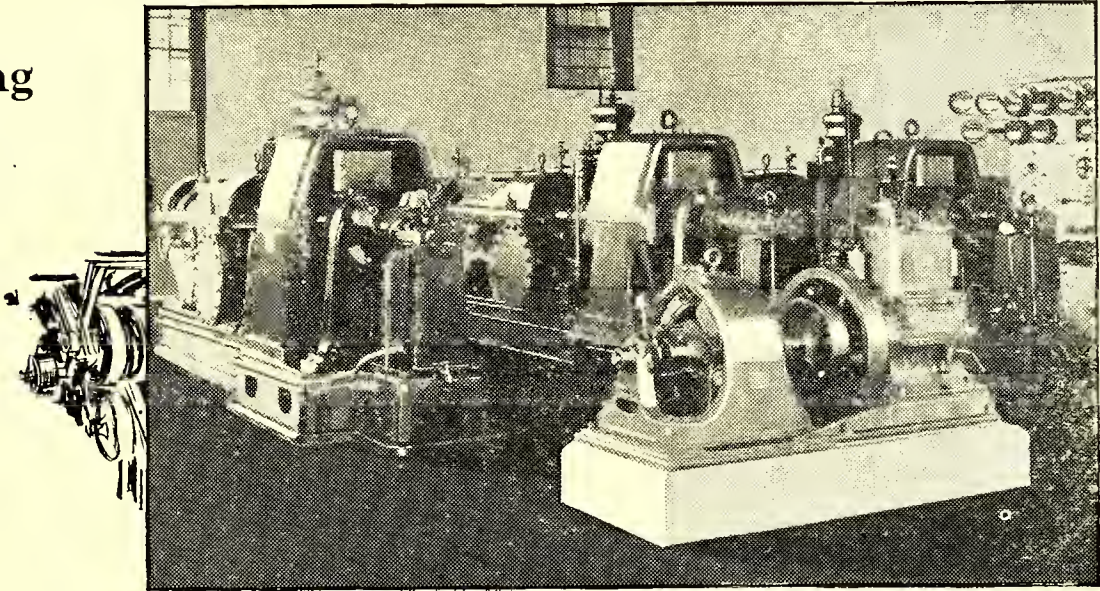
Grad—"I did, but I have some post-graduate work to do.

Glad—"Oh, hasn't he proposed yet?"

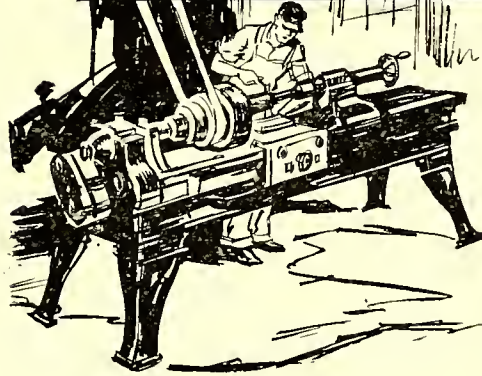
—Stanford Chaparral

The Great Engineering Achievement of 1899

What
Engineering
Owes to
Initiative



PRIOR to 1899 the works of the Westinghouse Airbrake Company was operated by reciprocating engines distributed in various parts of the plant. While this source of power was inefficient in many respects, it was the best known commercial motive force of the day.



Daddy of All Large Commercial Turbines Began Operation at Wilmerding

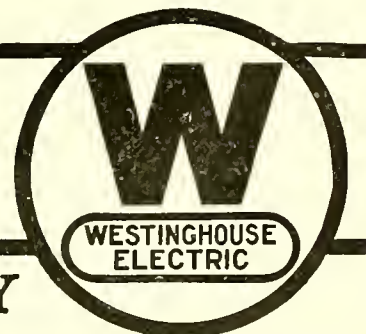
It required *initiative* to take this step—someone had to be first. And, as in all important pioneering achievements, there was much skepticism as to results. However, the new units quickly proved their practicability. Although of only 400 K. W. capacity they proved much more efficient and economical than the old reciprocating engines. Their economy was particularly conspicuous because by careful test they showed a fuel saving of approximately 36 per cent.

By 1899, however, remarkable developments had been made in the design and construction of steam turbines and electric generating equipment. Called to the attention of the Airbrake officials, it was decided to give the new machines a chance, and three Westinghouse Steam Turbines were installed without delay. This was the first large installation of its kind, anywhere.

Steam turbine development thus received its first real impetus in 1899, the Wilmerding, Pa., performance definitely establishing this electrical unit as a *better* method of turning the wheels of industry.

Westinghouse

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Phone 266

Try This on Your Phone

He (seeing all booths filled)—“How soon can I get a party?”

Operator (very fair and dumb)—“Well, I'm on duty now, but at eight o'clock.”—Puppet.

* * * *

“Don't you think my apartment is much nicer than Alice's?”

“Tut, tut, Martha! It's bad form to match quarters.”—Record.

* * * *

“What do you do when you're kissed?”

“I yell.”

“Well, will you yell if I kiss you?”

Hu-uh. I'm still hoarse from last night.”

—Sun Dial

* * * *

Britisher—“I say, old top, who won the world's series?”

American—“The Yankees.”

Britisher—“Naturally, I—er—knew that, but what was the name of the blooming club?”

—Virginia Reel

* * * *

Break My Neck

“What are your views on kissing?”

“Why, sir, I am a Quaker, and of course believe—”

“Oh, I beg your pardon.”

“——in non-physical resistance.”—Octopus.

* * * *

Page the Chaperone

Collegiate—“Say, there's a good burlesque show on down street. Not many clothes, and all that sort of thing. Let's go.”

Collech—“Aw, what's the use. The Pan-hellenic is tomorrow night.”—Moonshine.

* * * *

Small Boy (reading the family Bible)—“Father, were you ever married before you married mother?”

Father—“No, my boy, why?”

Small Boy—“Well, it says here you married Anno Domini, 1910.”—Goblin.

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and Clubs

"Suppose that a millionaire should promise to give you anything you wished, what would you wish for, Sam?"

Sam—"I'd wish for five hundred thousand dollars."

Prof.—"What would you wish for, Ikey?"

Ikey—"Well, I'd wish for Sam's address."

—Yellow Jacket

* * * *

Rastus—"Suh, the queen desiahs yo' presents."

Mark Anthony—"Tell that woman I've spent enough money on her."

—Scalper

* * * *

WHOA, BOSSY

"Have all the cows been milked?"

"All but the American one."

"What do you mean the American one?"

"The one that's gone dry."

—Passing Show (London)

* * * *

He—"You used to say I was the light of your heart."

She—"Yes, but now you go out too often."

—Juggler

Patterson Bros.

Druggists

Whitman's Candies



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5¢

Drink

Coca-Cola

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From
"VANITY FAIR"
(March issue)

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Our style-memo. book will be sent free, on request.

Archaeologist I—"In the old baths today I found a beautiful myth."

Archaeologist II—"Don't lisp—I hope you begged her pardon and went away."—Chaparral.

* * * *

Appolo—"What attitude do you take about kissing?"

Daphne—"Oh, body about thirty degrees, head back, lips apart, and eyes veiled."—Voodoo.

* * * *

A Mormon is a man with an exaggerated idea of his capacity. —Orange Owl.

* * * *

Time tells on a man, but it shouts at a woman.
—White Mule.

* * * *

He (soulfully)—"My love cannot be expressed by words!"

She (eagerly)—"Tell me about it!"—Octopus.

DRUGS

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tionery, and so on

AT

SUTTON and ALDERMAN
DRUGGISTS

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AND

Sutton's Main Street Pharmacy

Durham, N. C.

Diner (trying to cut his steak)—“Say, waiter, how was this steak cooked?”

Waiter—“Smothered in onions, sirs.”

Diner—“Well, it died hard.”—Yale Record.

* * *

Stude—“I got a knockdown to your woman last night.”

Ditto—“What did she say?”

Stude—“Nothing.”

Ditto—“Then you are mistaken.”—White Mule.

Murphy's Hotel

The Largest and Best Known Hostelry in
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is located in the heart of the Theatrical and shop-
ping district.

Headquarters for College Men

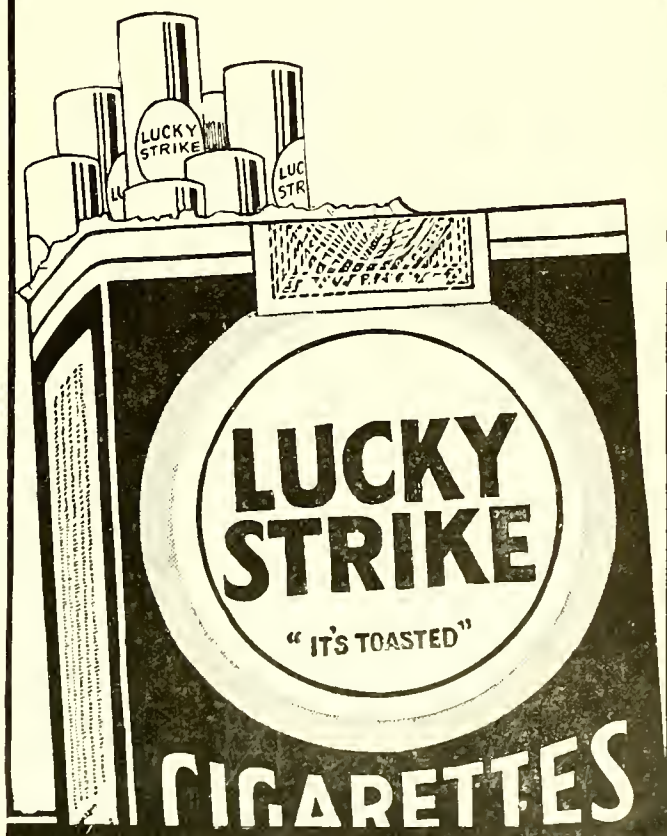
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cigarette pleasure and
cigarette *delight* is easy
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The secret—45 minutes
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Say “Lucky Strike” next
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a finer cigarette.



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The best work of the new artists and the new work of the best ones; gossip of the exhibitions; reproductions of discussed masterpieces of the season.



And are keen on Cars

The last word in luxury, the fastest clip in speed; cars foreign and domestic; aeroplanes and yachts; news of the motor salons.



And appreciate Literature

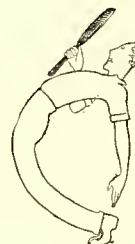
Vanity Fair shows the work of the younger radicals and enthusiasts,—contrasted with conservatives. Plays, verse, essays, drama, reviews.

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And consider your Clothes

Vanity Fair prides itself on editing the only department of sensible, well-bred correct men's fashions published anywhere.

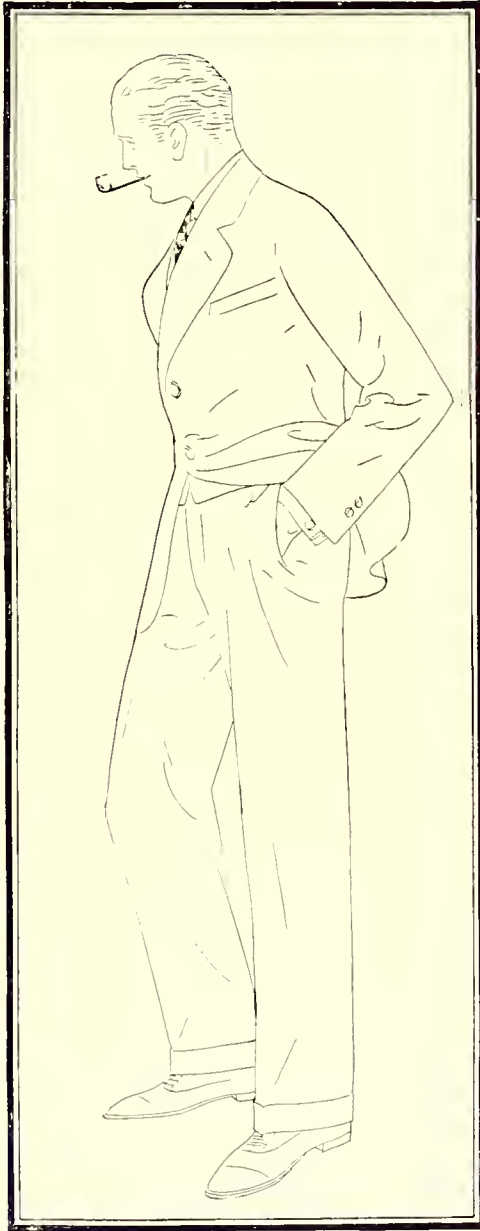


And keep up with Sport

Tennis, polo, racing, winter sports at northern resorts; sportsmen's kits, celebrated players; in articles, sketches and photographs.

If you like to be in step with the times, not to say
ahead with the band then read

VANITY FAIR



READY-TO-PUT-ON
AND
TAILORED TO MEASURE

COLLEGIATE

THE FINCHLEY POLICY, AS APPLIED TO COLLEGE MEN, IS ENTIRELY UNIQUE IN THAT IT AIMS TO INTELLIGENTLY MEET THE STYLE REQUIREMENTS OF THE COLLEGE TYPE OF MEN. THIS FACT IS EVIDENCED, AT PRESENT, BY THE STRICT ADHERANCE TO THE IDEA OF FULL TROUSERS, SHORT JACKETS AND OTHER DETAILS CONSIDERED CORRECTLY ENGLISH.

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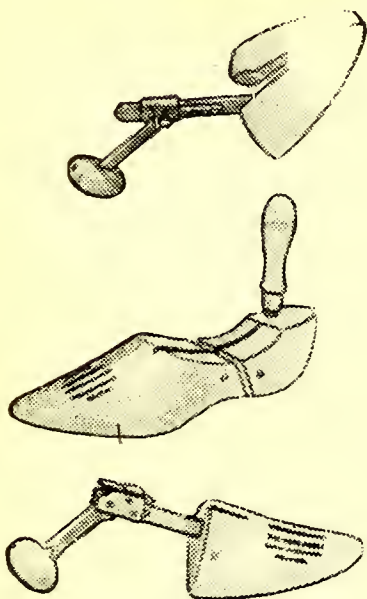
Duofold Jr. \$5
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Lady Duofold \$5
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NOW—the
Duofold Pencil
to match the
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\$3.50



Some Reasons for Shoe Trees



Economy is the reason for shoe trees. Every pair of shoes in a man's wardrobe should have trees, for trees make shoes last longer. Shoes not only wear out but lose their shape from dampness—not only dampness from wet weather but dampness from the feet. A pair of shoe trees means twice the length of life to a pair of shoes. Also, a smart looking shoe is one with a good shape and shoes that are not treed curl up and therefore, lose the good line of a smart shoe no matter how good the shoe may be or how well it is made. The three types of shoe trees illustrated above are those which may be bought in any shoe store. The one in the center is the most expensive and the most convenient one to manipulate, but, because of the protruding handle, it does not pack well when travelling. The one at the bottom is a medium priced tree and both the one in the center and the one at the bottom should be brought to the size of a man's foot, whereas, the one at the top, which is the least expensive, automatically fits the shoe when it is inserted and will do for the shoes of any male member of the family. All three bring the desired result—that is, a prolonged life for the shoe and the retainment of its shape as long as it lasts.

If you are interested in any question of dress or etiquette, write "The Well Dressed Man" care the Boll Weevil and your letter will receive prompt and careful attention. Do not fail to give accurate address.

(Copyright, 1924, by Vanity Fair, New York)

How
did your
garters
look
this morning



TREAT YOURSELF to a fresh pair today

**Boston
Garter**

Vanity Fair

George Frost Company, Makers, Boston

CLOTHES FOR THE COLLEGE MAN



From
"VANITY FAIR"
(March issue)

The SACK SUIT

(Made in three and four button models)

EVEN a plain sack suit may have the refinements of cut and material that distinguish good clothes from the usual commercial product.

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VOL. II., No. 8

ASHEVILLE NUMBER

The Carolina Boll Weevil

Chapel Hill, N. C.

Published monthly throughout the college year. Yearly subscription \$2.00 for nine issues. Single copies on all newsstands twenty-five cents. Advertising rates furnished upon request. Offices: Chapel Hill, N. C. All communications, contributions and suggestions should be addressed to the Carolina Boll Weevil, Inc., L. J. S. Brody, Business Manager.

Entered as second class matter October 9, 1922, at Chapel Hill Postoffice. Act of Oct. 3, 1917.



OLD HAMPSHIRE STATIONERY

Write to the folks at home on Old Hampshire Stationery. Its use implies a desire to please as well as good taste in selection.

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HABERDASHERY AND CLOTHING

Styles are correct
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We hope to have you visit our exhibits
at **SUTTON & ALDERMAN'S**
Next showing: May 28 & 29.

John Cunningham
Representative

College Printing

Equipped for handling College An-
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The Distinction of Unusual Style

Wearing apparel originated by The Man Store for college men who demand distinctive individuality in their clothes.

The new spring suits have those smart little style details which the well dress-

ed college man recognizes, and which he demands.

These are all those smart details which have made the college man's clothes the stylist's criterion.

The **MAN** *Store*

22 Patton Ave.

Prompt Mail Service

EVERYTHING THAT'S GOOD—IN GOOD CLOTHES
ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Herr Dog

"What kind of a dog is that you have there?"

"Why—er—he's a German police dog."

"Well, he certainly doesn't look like one."

"Oh, he belongs to the secret service—he's disguised."—Yellow Jacket

* * * *

A CLEAN JOKE

"Good morning; have you used Pear's soap?"

"No, I'm not rooming with him this year."

—Purple Cow

* * * *

HE SAW 'EM BREAK

Taxi Driver (talking about car, to himself)—"Wot a clutch."

Voice from cab—"Mind your own business."

—Sun Dial

If

you do not find them at

TEAGUE'S

they are not in Asheville

33 Patton Avenue

WHAT WELL-DRESSED MEN WILL WEAR THIS SEASON

The College Man's Idea

THE college man has a very definite conception of what good clothes are—and he's strong on English. So are we.

This is the correct American adaptation of the English Lounge Suit. And can be had from Moore's in that smartest of the new shades—Powder Blue; also Forest Tans and Sapphire Greys. Note the model—a two-button sack with low, rolling lapels, broad shoulders and narrow hip. The trousers—especially important—are straight and wide but not extreme.

\$35, \$45, \$50 to \$60

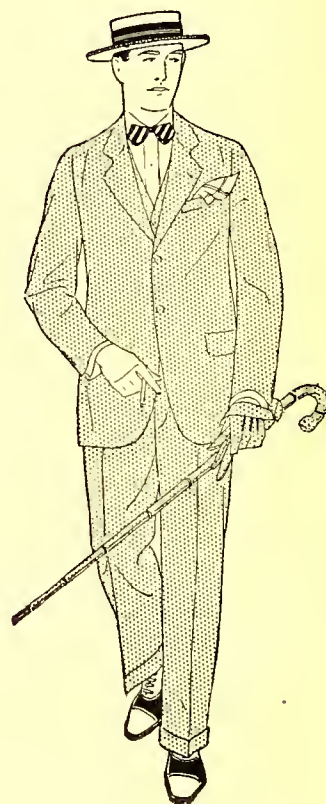
*English Striped Powder
Blue Shirts*

*Polka Dot or College
Striped Bow Ties*

"Knox" Light Felts or Straws

"Banister" Oxfords

*M. V. Moore & Co.
Asheville, N.C.*



Summer In Asheville

Eastern America's perfect all-year resort of indescribable scenic grandeur, ideal climate and typical Southern hospitality. 100 mountain peaks a mile high. Miles of paved highways for Motoring. Two 18-hole Golf Courses. Facilities for Fishing, Camping, Mountain Climbing and practically every kind of out-door sport and recreation. Excellent Hotel accommodations.

Write this store or the Chamber of Commerce for literature and more information.

*When the typewriters' clicks
Seem to perforate your ears,
And your collar clings and sticks,
And you're tired of desks and chairs;
When the office boy leaves
For a game, or swimming pool;
When the typist sits and grieves
For some freedom and some cool,
Then close the office quickly,
Or pronounce yourself a fool.*

*When your fishing rod cries out
From its place in some dark hole
For a taste of perch and trout,
Just behind some pleasant knoll;
When your bathing suit invites,
As it craves the beach or pool,
And some music mid the lights
Makes you want to break a rule;
Then close the office quickly,
And refuse to be a fool.*

*Then go grab the ticket agent,
Or drive out your shining car,
And take a trip to Asheville,
And a fool you never are.*



The Call of the Wild

CAROLINA

BOLL



WEEVIL

Vol. II., No. 8

Entered as Second Class Matter Oct. 9, 1922 at Chapel Hill
Postoffice. Act of Oct. 3, 1916

Asheville Number

"That makes things all the more binding," said the unfortunate citizen as the robber bound and gagged him.

* * * *

Mis-Enviroment

"You were raised in an alley, were you not?"

"Yes, why?"

"Well, that accounts for your narrow mindedness."

* * * *

MORE MODERN

In a pinch use Allen's foot-ease but under other circumstances use both arms.

* * * *

Her Suitor—"If you reject me I'll go to the dogs."

His Sire—"Haven't you any consideration for dumb animals."

* * * *

Soph—"That co-ed's dress is like a song."

Fresh—"What song?"

Soph—"Sweet and Low."

* * * *

Hazel—"Why are you so fond of aviators?"

Lib—"Because no man on earth is good enough for me."

Live and let live is a good motto for every one except butchers and undertakers—but every rule must have it's exceptions.

* * * *

"Joy cometh in the morning" sang the Psalmist. But he didn't have to catch an 8:30 class.

* * * *

A simply perfect girl or a perfectly simple one, that is the question.

* * * *

No, Vincent, an idiom isn't a female idiot.

* * * *

"What's the charge, officer?"

"Fragrancy, sir, he's been drinking perfume."

* * * *

A car, a moon, a pretty girl,

A man with arms so strong.

An upward glance—then all's a whirl,

Another man gone wrong.

* * * *

No, Arabella, General Delivery isn't commander-in-chief of the army.



Waitress—"It looks like rain."

Freshman—"Yes, but it tastes a little like soup."

* * *

Instructor (in history) — "Was the fall of 1920 of any great importance?"

Stude (just awaking): "Yes, but not nearly so much as that of Troy."

* * *

We note in the "Damal News" that Miss Patience and Percy Verence motored over to Raleigh on business. We suppose they accomplished much.

SILILOQUIES OF A SOPH

The man who is in love with himself never has much competition.

To study or not to study is never the question.

Hazing is one sure way of getting a vacation.

* * *

"Kangaroo there some, nigger, kangaroo!"

"Watchu mean, 'kangaroo'?"

"Get a hop on you!"

Newlywed — "I'm worried. To-day's my wife's birthday and I don't know what to give her."

Friend—"Give her a picture to put in her locket."

Newlywed—"She couldn't keep it in her locket."

Friend—"WHY?"

Newlywed—"That's where she keeps her bathing suit."

* * *

THE OLD LOVE

(By Lee H. Jones)

*Tonight she seems so near,
The one that I held dear.
It has been many days,
Since the parting of the ways.
I loved her that is true,
That's why, I feel so blue.*

*But one day after a date
She said, "kid, take the gate,
You better be on your way
There is nothing you can say,
For I'm in love with Jim
And you can't compare with him.*

*He has a pair of eyes
As blue as the pale blue skies."
I left her at the dance
Like someone in a trance.
I'll confess I loved that dame,
But, dammit, what was her name?*

* * *

"I asked a fat lady what made the Pisa tower lean? And she said, 'I don't know. I wish I could find out'."

* * *

'Tis a tale of Johnny McQuire,
Who ran down the street with his
pants on fire.
He went to the doctor and fainted
with fright,
When he was told his end was in
sight.

THE EVOLUTION OF SKIRTS

*We have cussed and discussed evolution
As belonging to beast and to man;
We have racked our poor brains all-a-thinking,
Just to see into Darwin's big plan.
And so now let us give it a rest,
An entirely new thought pursuing;
While a monk has evolved to a man,
Just what have skirts been-a-doing?*

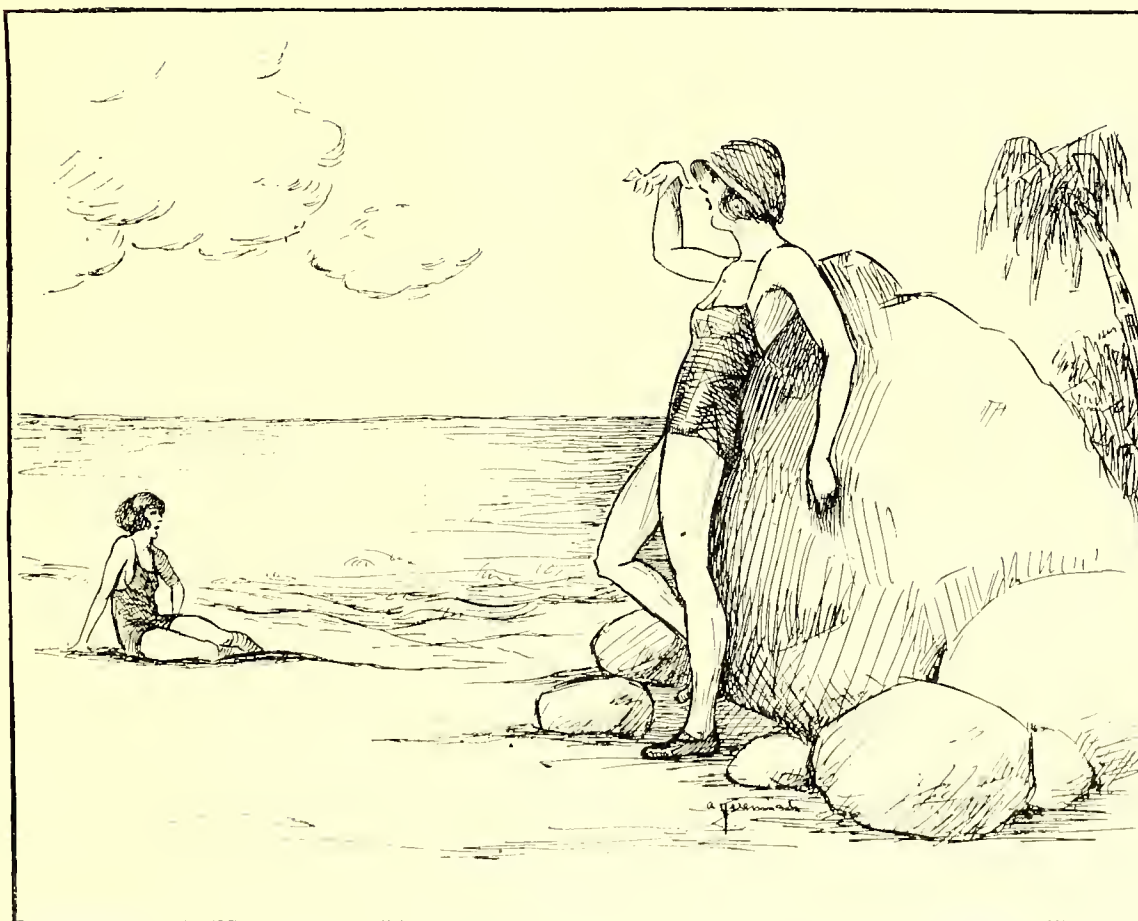
*I will say (and I'm sure you will, too),
That right there evolution has been.
Let us start at the very beginning
And trace it straight through to the end.*

*First of all, there was Eve with a leaf,
Freshly plucked from a fig tree close by.
It was waist, it was skirt, it was all
That hid her from Adam's mild eye.*

*Very soon in the ages that came,
Folks decided that they'd not abide
By the style of our old Mother Eve;
And so out came the skirts, just to hide.
From that time up to now it has known
Many changes in width, form, and length.
There was once the uncanny hoop-skirt,
And to manage it took all one's strength.*

(Continued on page 18)

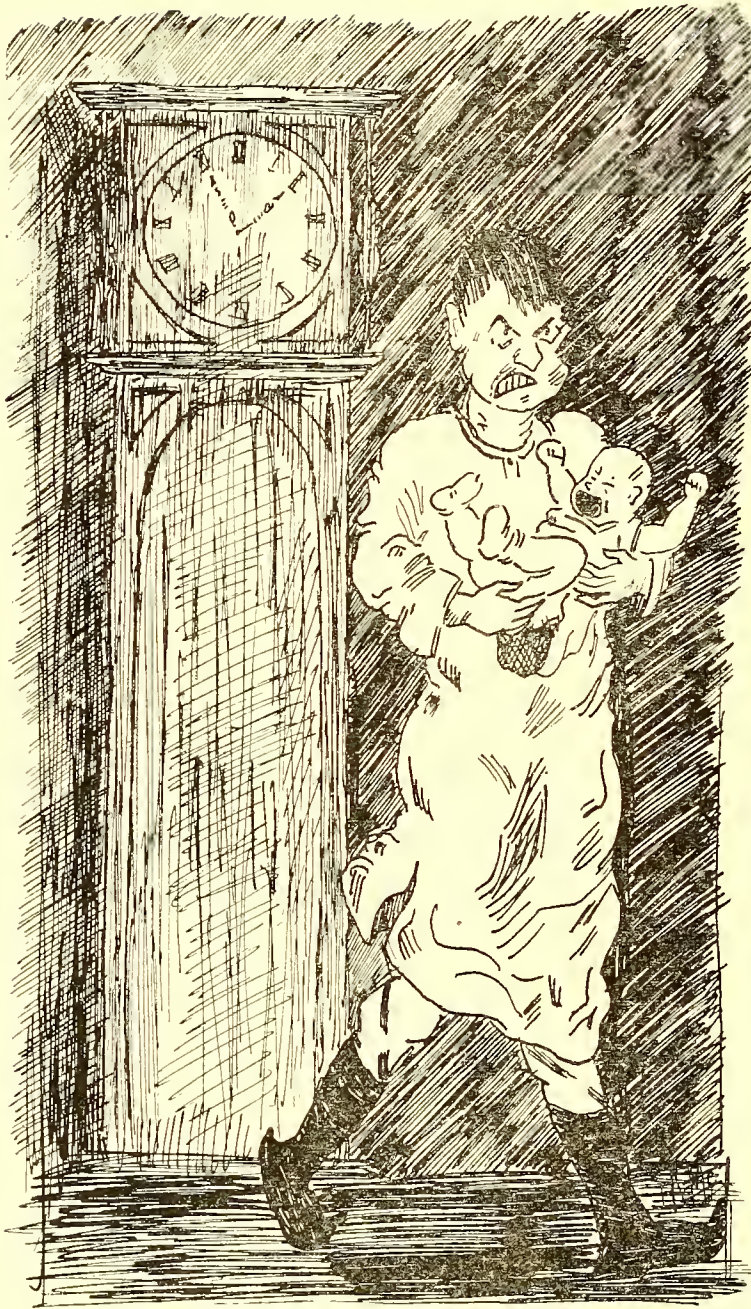
* * * * *



Anna—"I wish I were a yacht."

Belle—"Why, so you could strut your form without derogatory discussion?"

Anna—"No, so I could be properly manned."



Ask the man who owns one!

* * * *

They sat on the porch at midnight,
Their lips were tightly pressed.
The old man gave the signal,
And the bull-dog did the rest.

Chemisrty Prof.—“Cân anyone
give a general reducer?”

Frosh—“Sure! Walter Camp’s
Daily Dozen!”

Frosh—“Gimme’ some station-
ery.”

Clerk — “What kind do you
want?”

Frosh—“Oh, any kind will do, but
I prefer the kind you write home to
father for money on.”

* * *

My idea of marriage is, first,
when you are in love, it is a won-
derful road that you drive on with
beautiful flowers and wonderful
places on either side of the road,
with the sun shining, and the birds
singing; then, when you lead your
bride up to the altar to the strains
of the great battle song, “Here
Comes The Bride,” you are still
blind, for the dark clouds are form-
ing over your head, but you are too
much of a dumbell to see them.
Next on the honeymoon it is just
like putting on a pair of pink
glasses; you see everything in a
rosy hue, and you are happy and
think the world was meant for you
alone; a thrill that comes once in a
lifetime when you sign Mr. and
Mrs. on the hotel register for the
first time, but after the honeymoon
is over and you drive along that
same beautiful road the day grows
dark and dismal, and you find out
that someone has strewn tacks on
the highway,—believe me that’s
when a fellow needs a friend.

Lee H. Jones.

* * *

“Why is an old Ford like a crap-
shooter?”

“Why?”

“They both shake, rattle and
roll.”

* * *

’27—“Your roommate just fell
off a fence.”

Fresh—“Had he hit the ground
when you left.”



Madge—"Can Jack carry on an entertaining conversation?"

Peggy—"No, but his bank account speaks for him."



CRUTCHFIELD

"I hear New York is absolutely dry."

"Dry? It's so wet that the buildings stay high."

* * * *

THE MILKY WAY

Barn—"I never can look at a woman's calf without feeling cowed."

Yard—"That sounds like bull to me."

* * *

1st reporter—"What is that disturbance in the editorial office?"

2nd reporter—"It's only our preacher. The account of his sermon said he prayed for 10 minutes and we printed it 'brayed'."

'27—"Are you fishing?"

'26—"No. Just drowning worms."

* * *

Pater—"Son, if you don't slow down, I'll cut you off with a million."

Son—"Yes, and I'll disgrace the family by riding around in a second-hand auto."

* * *

Freshman—"Did you ever dress a chicken?"

Ex-'26—"Yeah! That's why I was shipped."

Only a seasoned football player knows how much more blessed it is to give than to receive.

* * *

Senior—"Why do they call great singers artists?"

Fresh—"I guess it's because they draw so much money when they appear."

* * *

She—"Yes, you may have a date but Auntie turns out the lights at ten o'clock."

He—"Fine! Expect me at ten."

* * *

Green Freshman (seeing his first basketball game)—"What makes them keep on throwing at that basket? Can't they see that the bottom of it is out?"

* * *

Said the knife to the spoon, fork over.

* * *

Customer—"Do you have any camphor gum?"

Green Clerk—"No, but we have Beech-Nut, Spearmint and Juicy Fruit."

* * *

Looks like the Prohibition Officers would close all the jails since they're full of Bars.

* * *

"What's the difference between soft and hard boiled eggs?"

"Three minutes."

* * *

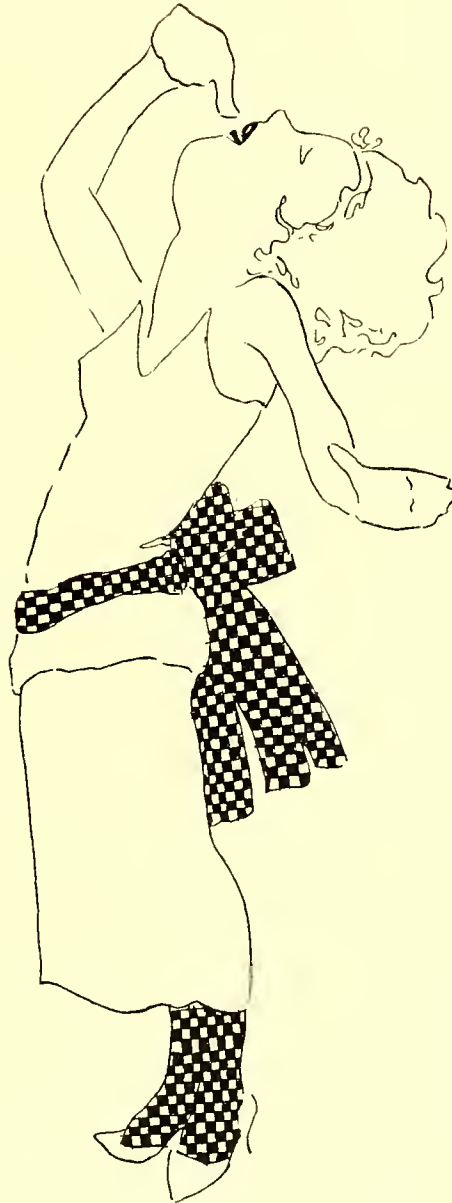
Riff—"Didn't John leave his hat at your house last night?"

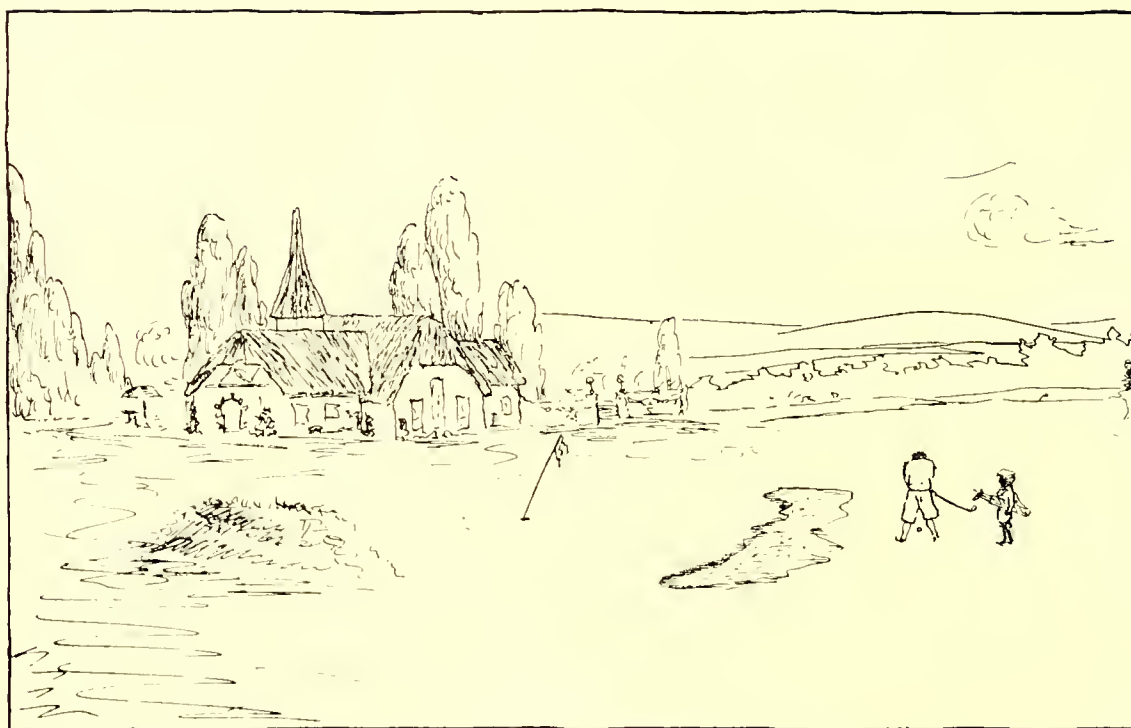
Raff—"Yes, he did. You know. John's awfully forgetful. Just the other day he told me he was going to Asheville for his lungs."



——And still we are taught that the remarkable natural postures of the early Egyptians are nowhere to be found in this modern age.







Mr. John Hardrock, Forty-third Vice-President of the Gets-It Oil Corporation, despite his youth, amid the singing of grasshoppers and the shining sun makes a fifty foot approach to within thirty feet of the green of the fourth hole of the Asheville Country Club.

* * * * *

THE EVOLUTION OF SKIRTS

(Continued from page 11)

Then appearing right next in the line
 The odd bustle soon came into style;
 'Twas that queer little hump in the skirt
 That has caused many people to smile.
 Close behind came the long hobble-skirt
 That resembled a tight bolster ease,
 Snug encasing two slim lower limbs,
 Trying hard to walk with much grace.

Before long, skirts had changed once again,
 And in width they had grown quite a bit,
 'Twas not long before it was skirts
 That were making a wonderful hit.
 For now they were traveling up;
 Still faster and faster they came,
 'Til it seemed just as if someone
 Hard at work was fanning the flame.

Up, on up, they continued to come
 Until they reached just to the knee,
 And now everyone saw lots more
 Than he'd ever expected to see.
 Then all of sudden they dropped,
 But 'twas only at the lower end;
 And so now they are dragging the ground,
 The way, it is really a sin.

In probably two or three months
 They will be on the upward move.
 When they start, you remember my words,
 Which are: "Everyone will not approve."
 But you shut right up with your fussing,
 And let them go on in their way,
 For "variety's the spice of life,"
 And we all love a spiey day.

—Miss D. H.



He—"It took you an awful long time to put on that costume."

She—"But dear, I made it as short as possible."

Neighbor—"I've some pickled peaches in my car outside."

Hubby—"Sh-h, my wife's in the next room."
—Spider Web.

* * * *

Willie—"Our cat has kittens!"

Jimmie—"What'd you expect her to have?"
—Judge

* * * *

"So you don't believe Santa Claus drives his rein-deers over the snow?"

"No, sir."

"You're from Missouri, eh?"

"No, sir; Florida."—Yale Record.

* * * *

Druggist—"Do you wish Menen's talcum?"

Customer—"Nein, damn it wimmen's!"

Druggist—"And do you want it scented?"

Customer—"Nein again, damn it, I'll take it with me!"—Lord Jeff.

* * * *

She—"Don't kiss me or I'll call father."

(Smack! !)

"Sweet Daddy!"—Ranger.

* * * *

The Nurse—"It's twins, sir."

Young Husband—"Good Heavens! And I told her we would have to begin in a small way."—Tiger.

* * * *

Drip—"Let's walk around the corner and get a drink."

Drap—"Hell, no. Let's run."—Columbia Jester.

* * * *

Gerald—"How long is it since you were abroad?"

Julia—"Three Husbands ago."—Life.

* * * *

HEAVE HO!

Jack—"Where have you been this summer?"

Tar—"Been working on a ship's camisole."

"What's that?"

"Oh, the rigging that covers the upper deck."

—Washington Columns.

"Didn't I meet you in New Orleans last winter?"

"Don't think so—I was never in New Orleans in my life."

"Neither was I—it must have been two other fellows."—Brown Jug.

* * * *

"Chloe, darling, answer me—will you marry me?"

"Yes, dear, on one condition—"

"That all right, Chloe, I entered college on three."

—Brown Jug

* * * *

"Wealthy through a sudden upward movement in oil? That was a bit of luck!"

"Yes. A rich old aunt of mine—dear old thing—tried to light a fire with a tin of petrol."

—London Mail

* * * *

He—"I've heard quite a bit about you."

She "That's not strange. I've done a lot."

—Jack o'Lantern

* * * *

SLIGHTLY DAZED

Speaking of white mule, two rustic sports were uncertainly flivvering their way home from the county seat.

"Bill," said Henry, "I wancha to be very careful. First thing y' know you'll have us in a ditch."

"Me," said Bill in astonishment. "Why, I thot you was driving."—Jester.

* * * *

Kind Sir (addressing attractive girl)—"I always see you here; do you work on this street?"

Attractive Girl—"Sir!"—Voodoo.

* * * *

She—"Why on earth did you come here for a holiday?"

He—"But you suggested it."

She—"Yes, but why did you agree?"

—Humorist (London).



"Well, Dickey, where have you been all this time? You know that old tire trouble gag won't go with Kellys on the car."

Ask For

WAVERLY ICE CREAM

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Purer Because It is
HEATHIZED

Manufactured by

WAVERLY ICE CREAM CO.

[Incorporated]

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TIMES SQUARE NEW YORK

WHERE you are in the very centre of the city's brilliant pulsating life and breathe its sparkling atmosphere.

Numerous and distinctive restaurants, lounges, promenades and writing rooms to gratify your every mood.

Room rates and restaurant prices to fit the purse of college men.

DINNER DANCES . .
. . SUPPER DANCES

FRED'K A. MUSCHENHEIM

TO HAVE STAYED AT THE ASTOR
IS TO HAVE LIVED IN NEW YORK

Jack—"Were you ever pinched for going fast?"

Eddie—"No, but I've been slapped."—White Mule.

* * * *

He—"I have a picture of you in my mind all the time."

She—"How small you make me feel!"—Mink.

* * * *

She—"Do you want to start the Victrola?"

He—"Why?"

She—"It's about time you started something."
—Voodoo.

* * * *

Doctor (to patient)—"It's nothing to worry about—just a little boil on the back of your neck. But you must keep your eye on it."—Bison.

* * * *

Stude—"Do you save bad girls?"

Salvation Sal—"Why, yes."

Stude—"Well, will you save me one tonight?"
—Voo Doo.

* * * *

Sheem—"What are your habits at night?"

Heem—"Pajamas!"

* * * *

"Niggah, I'se goin' to back you up 'gainst 'at wall; I'se goin' to mash yo' nose al ova yo' face; I'se goin' to push dose teeih down yo' throat and black both yo' eyes—et cetera."

"Black man, you don't mean et cetera, you mean vice versa."—Juggler.

* * * *

Little Boy—"Look, ma, the circus has come to town; there's one of the clowns."

Ma—"Hush, darling. That's not a clown. That's just a college man."—Beanpot.

* * * *

"Mam-ma, why is the co-ed smoking?"

"Be-cause she thinks she is hav-ing a wild time."

"Mam-ma, I should think she would feel badly to be so wick-ed."

"No, dear-ie, she doesnt' feel badly yet, but she will."—Pelican.

“What a whale of a difference
just a few cents make!”



—all the difference
between just an ordinary cigarette
and—FATIMA, the most skillful
blend in cigarette history.



Refresh yourself
5¢

Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Mae—"How did Dave happen to drive his car into the fence?"

Tina—"He was trying to advance his spark with both hands."

—Lemon Punch

* * * *

Neddy—"See that girl over there? She's the one who winked at us from the stake last night."

Freddy—"Aw, I aint so sure that she is."

Neddy—"Figures don't lie."

—Sun Dial

* * * *

Father to Co-ed (after examining his expense account)—"Do you think silk stockings are absolutely necessary?"

Daughter—"Certainly—up to a certain point."

—The Humbug

* * * *

TRAGIC

"Hate food."

"Why?"

"Spoils my appetite."—Lampoon.

(Wife to husband assisting in house work)—"John, what broom are you using?"

John—"The wrong one, B'God."

—Jack-o'-Lantern

* * * *

He (attempting pleasantry after evening with blind date)—"And may I call you Mary?"

She (sophisticated young thing)—"If you ever see me again."—Pitt Panther

* * * *

ANTICIPATING THE FUTURE

"George and I had a terrible quarrel last night over the observance of our golden wedding anniversary."

"That's too bad! How long have you been married now?"

"Three days."

—London (Eng.) Tid-Bits

* * * *

Sheba—"Do you believe in free love?"

Shiek—"If you knew how near broke I am, you wouldn't have to ask that."

—Texas Ranger

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Brooks Brothers.

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BROOKS BROTHERS'

Building, convenient to
Grand Central, Subway, and
to many of the leading Hotels
and Clubs

The naked hills lie wanton to the breeze,
The fields are nude, the groves unfrocked,
Bare are the limbs of all the shamless trees;
No wonder that the corn is shocked.

—Tiger

* * * *

Major—"Don't you know yet how to stand at attention?"

Frosh (in oversize uniform)—"I am standing at attention, sir. It's only my uniform that's at ease."

—Punch Bowl

* * * *

I Love Me

"Last night I dreamed I was married to the most beautiful girl in the world."

"Oh, George! Were we happy?"—Goblin.

Patterson Bros.

Druggists

Whitman's Candies

ASHEVILLE "Land of the Sky"

America's All-the-Year Resort

Tourist Headquarters of the Southern Appalachian; Eastern America's Climax in Altitude, Scenic Grandeur and Invigorating Climate.

NATURE made the "Land of the Sky," where every scene is a picture, the most perfect all-year playground and pleasure resort in America, and placed around Asheville a hundred peaks a mile high, sixty-four of them 6,000 feet and upward, with a climax of altitude in Mt. Mitchell, 6,711 feet, clothed with forests, rivers and sparkling mountain streams; cascades and falls.

CLIMATE—By reason of its southern latitude (30 deg. 37 min. N.), the rigors of winter are much tempered, and by reason of its altitude (2,250 ft. above sea level), very high summer temperatures do not prevail.

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New Battery Park Hotel and George Vanderbilt Hotel

Write for full information and booklet

Chamber of Commerce F. L. Whitman,
Secretary

Asheville, N. C.

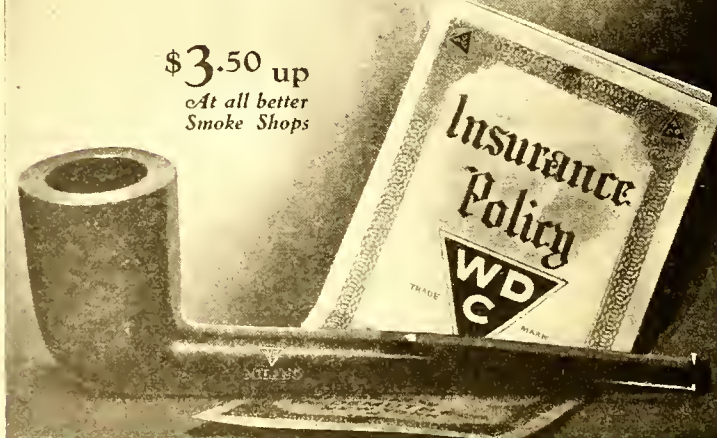
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The Insured Pipe

A Pipe of Briar so rare
that we Insure it for you

WM. DEMUTH & CO.,
230 Fifth Avenue, New York
World's Largest Makers of Fine Pipes

\$3.50 up
At all better
Smoke Shops



Let's move over a few inches, Jack. There's a nail in this spot we're dancing on.—Voodoo.

* * * *

"This fellow Skinner tried to tell me that he has had the same automobile five years and has never paid a cent for repairs on it."

"That's right, I'm the man who did his repair work for him."—White Mule.

* * * *

TRAMP. TRAMP

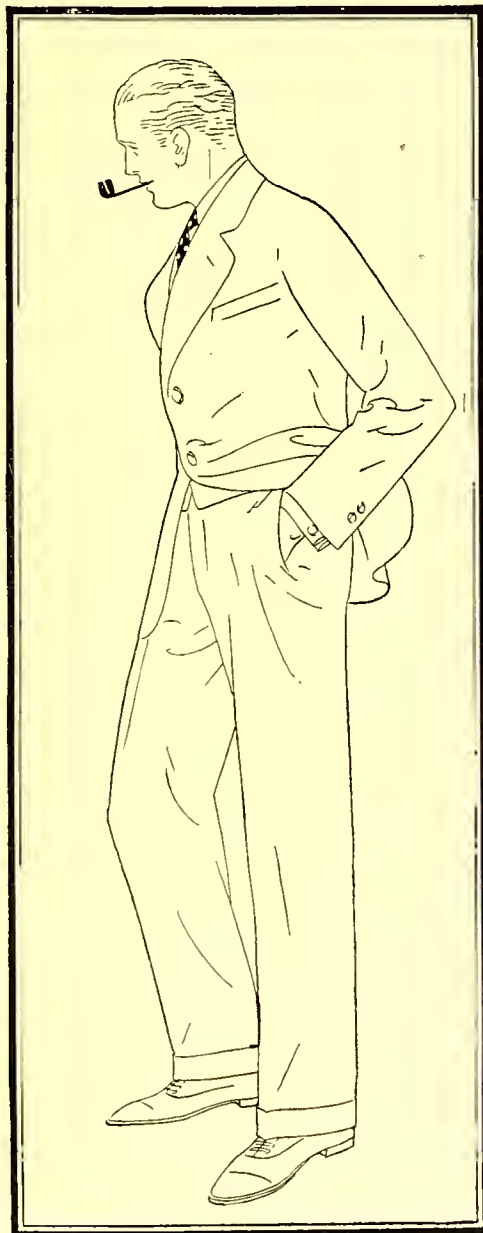
First Hobo—"Say, Rags, your wrist-watch is busted."

Second Hobo—"I know it, Bottles. A gentleman can scarcely get a cigar these days without something like that happening."—Octopus.

* * * *

"How many in that berth?"

"Only one. Here's your ticket."—Widow.



READY-TO-PUT-ON
AND
TAILORED TO MEASURE

COLLEGIATE

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STOCKINGS, SWEATERS AND
OTHER DETAILS OF DRESS
WERE SELECTED ABROAD.*

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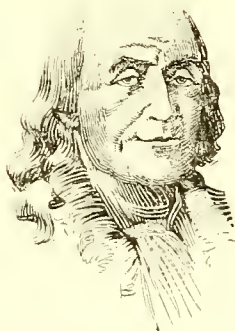
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Alice—"Why don't you wear the new garters?"

Ruth—"Oh, I'm saving them for a rainy day."

—Bison

* * * *

WELCOME HOME

Sweet Young Thing (coming in with attentive partner from room where a hard bridge match has been in progress)—"Oh, Mother, I've just captured the booby."

Mother—"Well, well! Come here and kiss me, both of you."—Tiger.

* * * *

"Sniff, sniff, Dimuendo—what's that saucy smelly stuff upon your locks?"

"That, Curacao, is Glover's mange cure."

"Odds, bodds. I always warned thee to cut out the doggy wenches!"—Brown Jug.

Druggists

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AND

Sutton's Main Street Pharmacy

Durham, N. C.

A SOFT JOB

Man in Auto—"Why don't you rubber?"

Rube—"You rub her; you've got hold of her."

—Wampus

* * * *

Freshman—"I'm a little stiff from bowling."

Coach—"I don't care where you're from, get busy out on the track."—Chaparrel.

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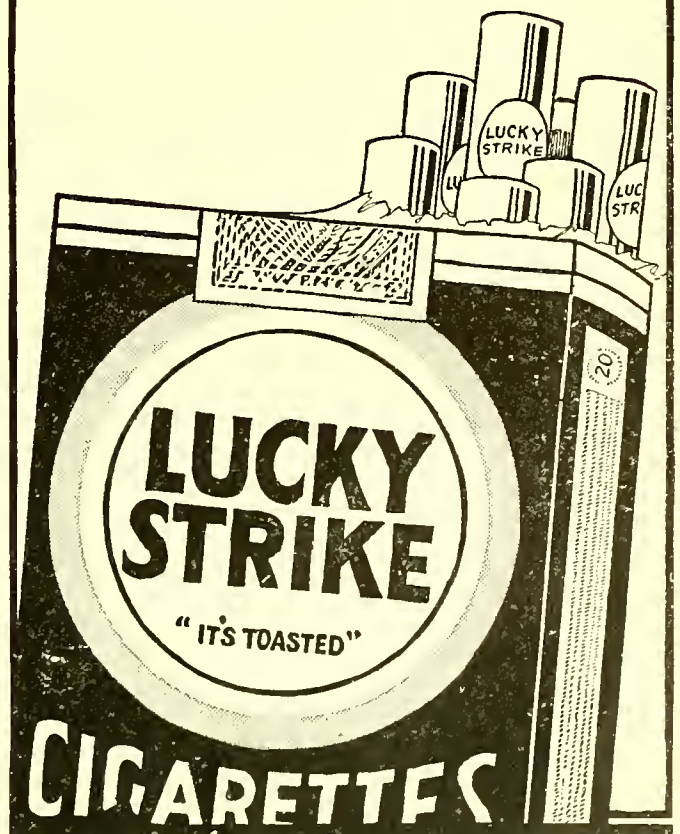
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IF—you are a 1924-model human being—



If you like Golf

Every issue of Vanity Fair has remarks on the queer kinks of the links, articles by celebrated players, and photographs of their methods of play.



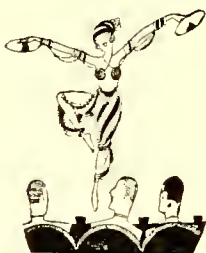
And go to the Theatre

In Vanity Fair, brilliant reviews of all the theatrical activities that delight and vivify New York. Drama, musical comedy, movies. With pictures.



And play a little Bridge

Articles for the bridge incurables. Vanity Fair's auction page is a refuge and a retreat for confirmed addicts. Mah Jongg also, for advanced cases.



And admire good Dancing

Dancers—classic, lovely, and frankly eccentric; famous dancers at home and abroad; in brilliant sketches and inspired photographs; in every issue.



And don't shy at Art

The best work of the new artists and the new work of the best ones; gossip of the exhibitions; reproductions of discussed masterpieces of the season.



And are keen on Cars

The last word in luxury, the fastest clip in speed; cars foreign and domestic; aeroplanes and yachts; news of the motor salons.



And appreciate Literature

Vanity Fair shows the work of the younger radicals and enthusiasts,—contrasted with conservatives. Plays, verse, essays, drama, reviews.

Illustrations copyrighted by Vanity Fair



And consider your Clothes

Vanity Fair prides itself on editing the only department of sensible, well-bred correct men's fashions published anywhere.



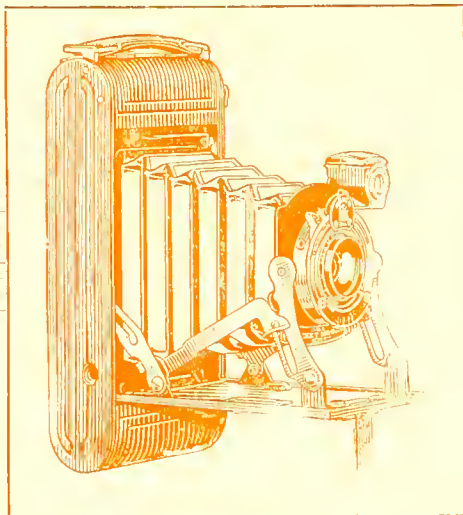
And keep up with Sport

Tennis, polo, racing, winter sports at northern resorts; sportsmen's kits, celebrated players; in articles, sketches and photographs.

If you like to be in step with the times, not to say
ahead with the band - - - - - then read

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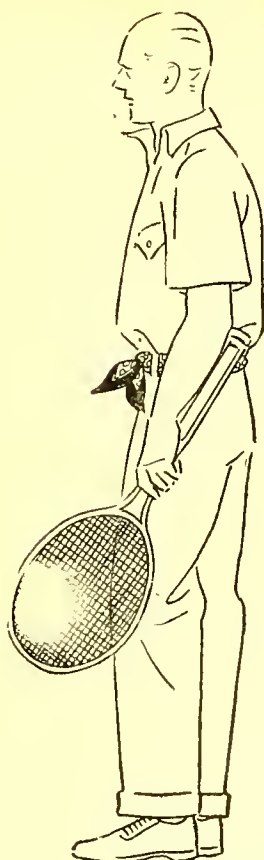
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WERE SELECTED ABROAD.*

FINCHLEY
5 West 46th. Street
NEW YORK

The Smartly Dressed Man on the Tennis-Court



© VANITY FAIR

Although white clothes for the country are impractical and are giving place to coloured flannel slaks, coloured shirts, and sweaters to match for general country wear with smart men, there is nothing so correct or so smart as white for the tennis-court. In the matter of tennis clothes, a sportsman should not overlook the type of tennis shirt which as an open neck collar like a pyjama collar of the kind which is not meant to button and has no neckband. This shirt is made in a variety of materials and, when worn with white flannel trousers and a silk bandanna, as the one not of colour, folded and knotted about the waist as a belt, is about the best-looking turnout possible for tennis. Either a sweater, preferably in white, a blazer jacket of some sort, or a blue flannel coat with brass buttons is the most popular garment to put on after the play.

If you are interested in any question of dress or etiquette, write "The Well Dressed Man" care the Boll Weevil and your letter will receive prompt and careful attention.

How Did Your Garters Look This Morning?

Quite as important as anything you wear are your garters. Keep them fresh and lively. Ask always for Bostons for better quality. Sold everywhere.



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Clothes for the College Man

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Would you mind telling the boys in your Home Town that our representatives will cover all the leading cities during the Summer time. If they will let us know their home addresses, we will be glad to advise them just when our representative will be in their City or in the nearest City to their homes.

NAT LUXENBERG & BROS.

841 Broadway, New York City
863 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.
231 Water Street, Exeter, N. H.

VOL. II., NO. 2

TIGER NUMBER

The Carolina Boll Weevil

Chapel Hill, N. C.

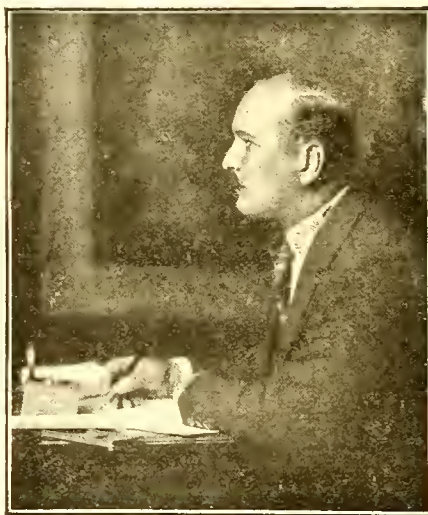
Published monthly throughout the college year. Yearly subscription \$2.00 for nine issues. Single copies on all newsstands twenty-five cents. Advertising rates furnished upon request. Offices: Chapel Hill, N. C. All communications, contributions and suggestions should be addressed to the Carolina Boll Weevil, Inc., L. J. S. Brody, Editor-in-chief.

*Entered as second class matter October 9, 1922,
at Chapel Hill Postoffice. Act of Oct. 3, 1917.*

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Satisfaction



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has always meant to the college man. Try Old Hampshire and find out for yourself.

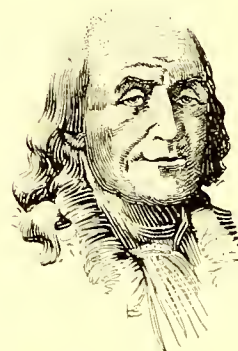
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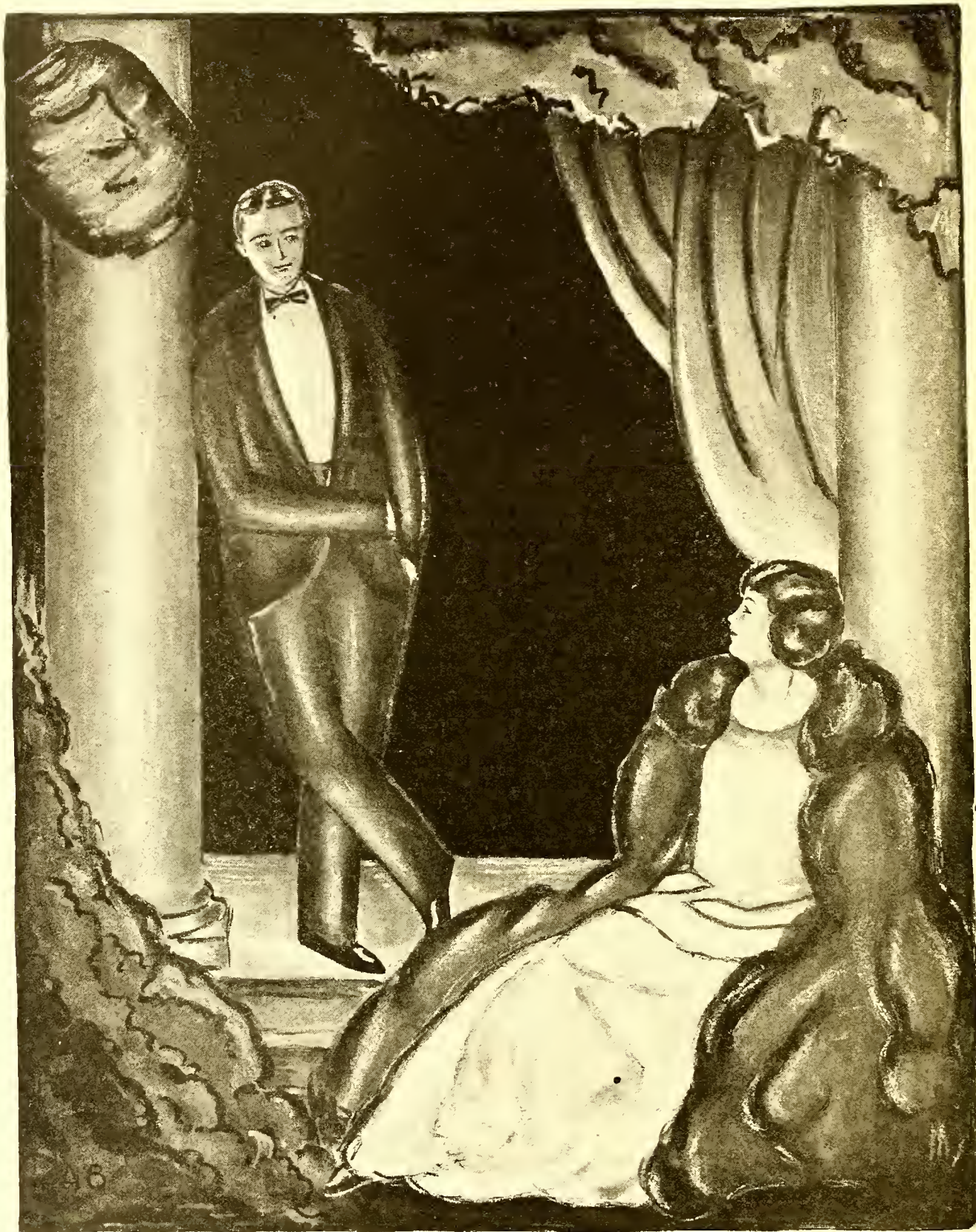
Oxford Orphanage

OXFORD, N. C.

REASON AND THANKS

Having perused rather thoroughly the nation's college comics for the past collegiate year, BOLL WEEVIL, while not claiming to be a faultless judge, has found recent issues of the "Princeton Tiger" to be the best that have met its eye. Thinking that it would be fitting and proper that one of the South's leading comics should honor one of the North's, and that the readers of our section of the country should have a taste of Northern humor, we have asked permission to reproduce in this manner material from the above mentioned magazine.

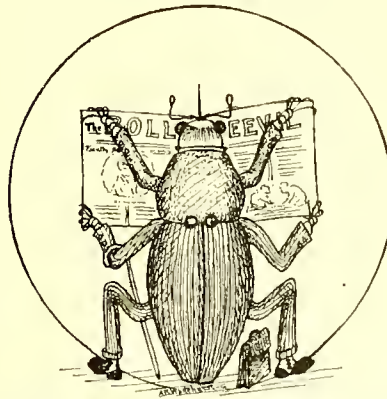
This permission has been granted; so, thanking "The Tiger" for the privilege extended to us, hoping that it will count this as an honor and an acknowledgment of deserving humor, and hoping, too, that BOLL WEEVIL'S readers will enjoy that which is contained herein, we present—THE TIGER NUMBER of the BOLL WEEVIL.



Kitty—"My father always foots the bills, you know."
Bill (Sarcastically)—"I hope he doesn't do the same to me."

CAROLINA

BOLL



WEEVIL

VOL. II., NO. 9

Entered as Second Class Matter Oct. 9, 1922 at Chapel Hill
Postoffice, Act of Oct. 3, 1916

TIGER NUMBER

Sap—"Will you mail this letter to Jane?"

Simp—"Why, it's addressed to Xmy Crzder. That isn't Jane's name."

Sap—"Sssh—I don't want anybody to know I'm writing her."

* * *

THE INEBRIATION OF
A GENTLEMAN

A gentleman is never drunk,

*The thought is so absurd;
It is now a breach of etiquette*

*To ever use the word,
He may be puffed and paralyzed,*

*Or oiled and pie-eyed, too;
(I've had an edge on once or twice,*

*And so, I guess, have you.)
He may be plastered, stewed or tight,*

*According to his spunk,—
But a gentleman, how'er far gone,
Is never, never drunk.*

* * *

Riches may ruin more men than poverty, but the process is considerably more interesting.

THE ETERNAL QUESTION

If you hold her hand, she may think you foolish;

If you don't, she will wonder why.

If you kiss her, she may think you a cad;

If you don't, she may think you slow.

If you offer her a cigarette, she may be offended;

If you don't, she may think you consider her puritanical.

If you tell her of the girls you have met, she may think you a rounder;

If you don't, she may think you've had no experience.

If you tell her she is the first you've loved, she may think you lie;

If you tell her she is the first you've kissed, she will know you lie.

Now what is a fellow to do!?!

* * *

Sing me a song of ire

And sing me a song of wrath.

Dein, que le sond du phone

Est hell quand vous etes en bath!

THERE'S A REASON

Rufus, without occupation, had been an habitu  of Peanut Park for several weeks until, one day, he spied the advertisement of a circus manager for an experienced performer.

Nothing daunted, he applied for the position and was ushered into the office of the circus magnate who immediately asked him his experience.

"I have juggled accounts," Rufus said.

"Not enough," answered the manager.

"I have worked at the bar."

But still the manager shook his head.

"I have even undressed in the upper berth of a Pullman car," Rufus exclaimed.

"Taken!" shouted the manager.

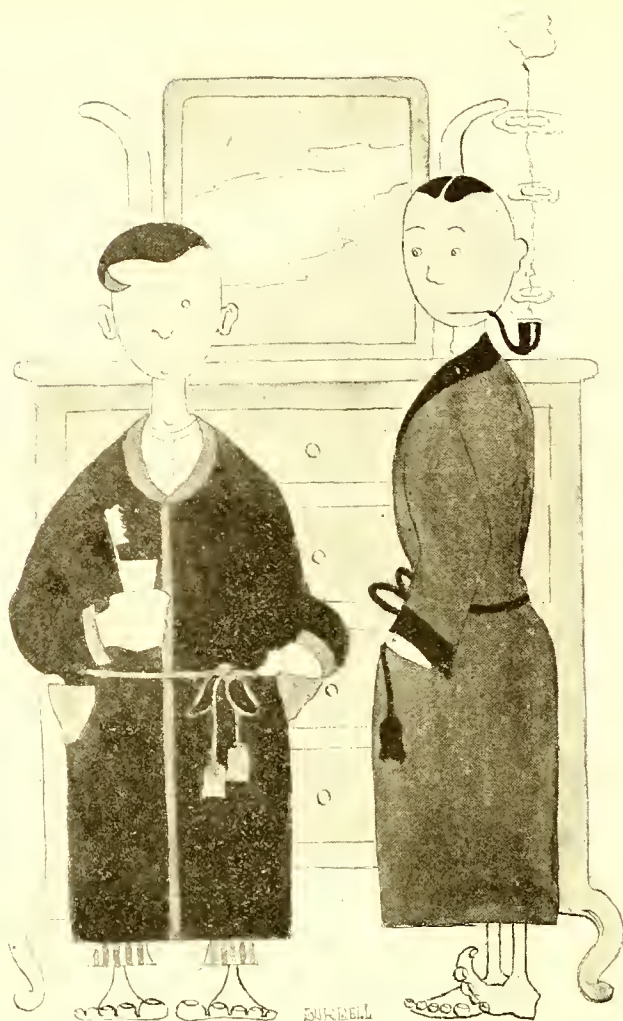
* * *

"When I think of matrimony,"

Said a benedict called Nate,

"Gosh, I feel so patriotic,

'Cause it's THE United State."



Minor—"Are you in the army?"

Major—"Uh-huh."

Minor—"Do you like Reveille every morning?"

Major—"Well, it's a rousing tune."

* * * * *

HAMLET vs. VOLSTEAD

*Two beers, or not two beers,—that
is the question.*

*Whether 'tis better in the throat to
suffer*

*The pangs and tortures of a thirst
consuming,*

*Or taking two, to run the risk of
taking*

*A few too many, six, perchance, or
eight,*

*Or more; and by our words, betray
our state;*

*To stagger, or mayhap to fall
Into a proctor's arms—aye, there's
the rub!*

*To go before the Dean: "What,
you again?"*

*The risk of getting caught, I dare
not take,*

*Thus proctors do make cowards of
us all.*

*And thus are all our fine ambi-
tions thwarted,*

*So is it that we must needs thirsty
go,*

*Desiring, as we do, to keep our
balance,*

*And our standing in this college,
don't you know?*

SOMETHING SATIRICAL

If, after you have been home a very long time and the vacation is only half over, you wish you were back at the dear old college where you could see the professors' kindly, old faces, where you could study, rise early, and—see a decent movie, try this:

That night refuse to go to any dance or go out at all but go to your room in a quiet part of the house and start the victrola. Then take out that evil-smelling pipe which your mother won't let you smoke at home, strew your possessions all over the room, hang a pennant here and a banner there, and then sit down at your desk with a heavy Latin book and—a trot.

The next morning as soon as your alarm goes off at seven-thirty jump up and startle everyone by being at breakfast. As the clock strikes eight grab a book, no matter what one, and run around the block several times. You are trying to be on time to a class. In the afternoon start for a local gymnasium and although you may see Jane on the corner, pass her by; for you are going to pull weights to put some muscle on your chest.

As a final, fitting and realistic touch to this performance: on the second day as the alarm goes off, yawn, turn over in bed and say, "I guess I'll cut this class."

E. V. S., JR.

* * *

Mrs. Newlywed—"My husband doesn't chew, drink, swear, or smoke."

Mrs. Not-So-Newlywed—"When did the good man die?"

IT'S ALL IN THE WAY YOU SAY IT

It's what you don't say that counts; the words themselves don't mean a thing. Take the following as an example: "We walked in the moonlight." A more or less colorless phrase, implying nothing whatever, yet capable of interpretations.

"We walked in the moonlight"—an extremely definite pronouncement capable of the following transcriptions: My fiancée and I, while the stars were casting their clear beams earthward and while the moon—patron of lovers—shone, delicately tinting the night around

us, walked together in the garden slowly;

"We walked in the MOON-LIGHT"—I got hold of a young girl and took her away from the dance to spend a little time in the darkness. The damn little prude was too wise for me and stayed out in the open moonlight where everybody could see us all the time, so I came back disgusted;

"We . . . WALKED . . . in the moonlight"—(by far the most obvious of all). She was simply wonderful! We went outside, and there was the most wonderful seat underneath a big tree, and we could just see the moon—her eyes—and her lips—

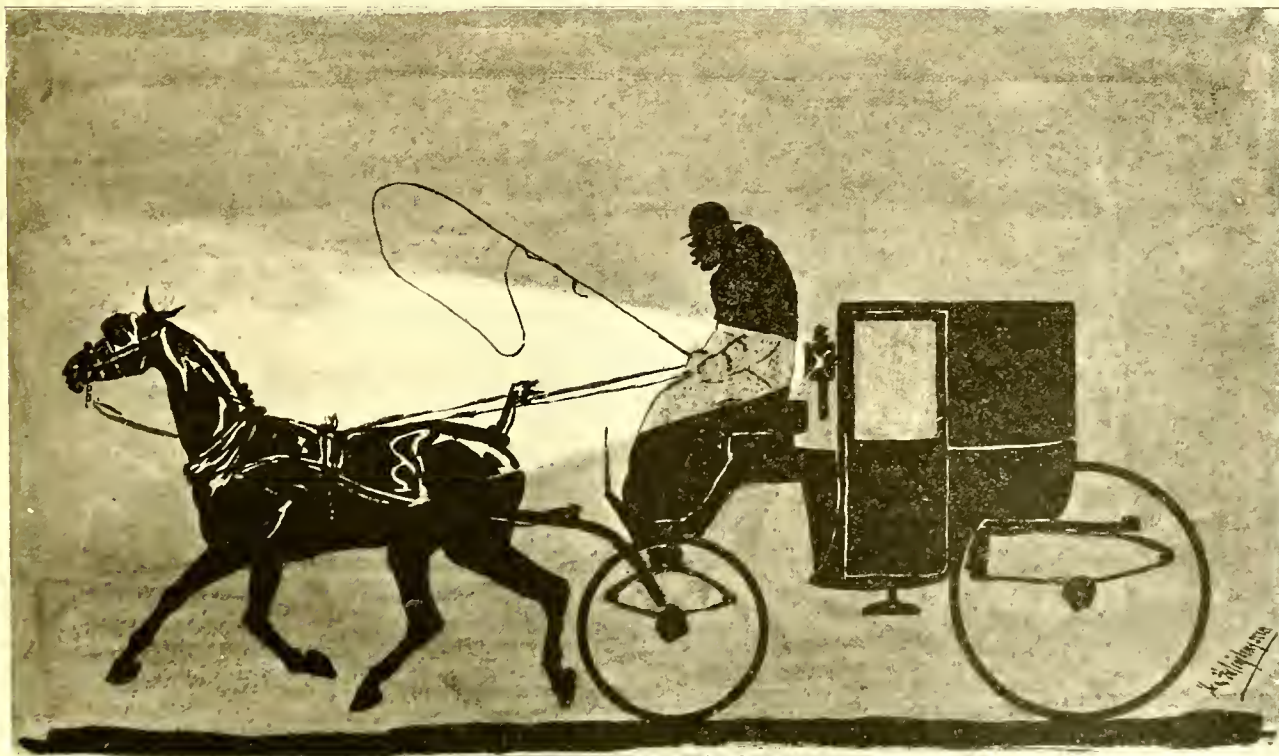
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THE DANGER

*Mirandy loved this Moses boy,
But Moses, he loved Liza Brown.
At the colored dance Moses spent
his time
With Lize, 'spite of M'randy's
frown.*

*Mirandy's wrath and envy grew
Till she was full of spite.
"If dey speaks tuh me, I'll cut
dem daid;
It'll on'y serb 'em right."*

*Mirandy's blood was African,
And she felt much abused.
She cut them dead that night, all
right,
And a razor's what she used.*



First Voice From Cab—"Would you mind changing seats with me?"
Second Voice From Cab—"Why so?"
First Voice From Cab—"I'm left-handed."



"Did you see that car in front of the Nass with
the girl swinging her legs over the side?"
Yes. Peerless?"
"No, Onyx."

• • • • •

TESTY TESTIMONIALS: A FEW UNCOMPLIMENT- ARY LETTERS FROM DISSATISFIED CUSTO- MERS

1. *Letter from a Gentleman in
Hell, to his former Pastor.*

SIR:

For twenty-eight years, golfing
Sunday excluded, I attended your
church, and was a pillar of same.
You can imagine my annoyance at
finding myself at the place indi-
cated by the postmark. Sir, I feel
that I have a just grievance. My
time is valuable (note article on

same in *American Magazine*, July,
1920) and it seems to me that I
would be justified in sending you a
bill. However, if you will return
to me at once the sum of \$11.23
which I contributed to the church
funds during my pillarage, I will
consider the incident closed. A
check on either Bank of the Styx
will be acceptable; add nothing for
Exchange—there is no Draft down
here.

Very truly yours,

W. ELMER HOODBURY.

2. *Letter from a Gentleman to
the Head Master of a School he
once attended.*

SIR:

Your letter asking me to join
the Alumni Association of St.
Swithin's and "renew the vanished
joys of the dear old school" fills
me with amazement. Why any-
one should wish to revive the mem-
ory of those mornings of misery,
afternoons of agony, and nights of
nostalgia is beyond me. You ask
for suggestions as to improving
the school; the only one I can
think of at this time is that you
jack up the cupola and run a new
school underneath. Still since you
are "nestled so cozily among the
hills of Vermont" there is always
the possibility of a landslide, and
for the sake of the present student
body I shall remember that in my
prayers tonight.

Yours,

MARTIN O. WAMPSGANN'S.

3. *Letter from a Gentleman to his
Congressman.*

SIR:

I have just read in the papers
that you are to serve on the Com-
mittee to Investigate the Revolving
Door Industry in all its Bearings,
and the Recent Rise in the Yeast
Trust. No doubt you will make
as great an ass of yourself as
heretofore. Sir, you were never
one to hide your light under a
bushel. In fact, on a figure like
yours a bushel would be only a
bump. Let me remind you, sir,
not to forget the working man;
but it is needless to say this, for
you are working him, night and
day. Peace to your bones; my
only regret is that I have but one
vote to cast against you.

Yours,

SHERMAN H. OTT.

F. F., JR.

Frantic Mother—"Why, oh why, don't you save my girl from drown-in?"

He—"Well—hic—I jush shawallowed my last life-shaver."

* * *

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A MAIL-MADE-MAN

7.00 A. M. Arises from his bed of *Sleep-tite-springs* that "Give you life and strength to make a success."

7.05 A. M. Puts Mr. Strongman's exercise record on the Victrola and spends "Ten pleasant minutes that give you pep and he-man force to shove your way to success."

7.15 A. M. Takes a shower with *Smith's-salt-solution* that "Freshens up your life."

7.30 A. M. Breakfasts on "*Peach-rock-pep food* that makes you a dynamo of energy."

8.15 A. M. Reads from Dr. Phlop's forty-eight foot shelf of books, a knowledge of which "Makes you wanted everywhere."

8.25 A. M. Gains poise and assurance from the wonder book, "*How to Act*."

9.05 A. M. Learns how to "Double your salary through our easy home-study course" and how "In six months you can beat your boss."

* * *

After the unannounced tests have been in force for a while we may expect unannounced vacations and perhaps recitations from unwritten text-books published by unknown authors.

YE FARMER'S FRIEND

Mystify your friends! Make money at home! Be your own weather prophet. By following the few simple instructions below, we can positively guarantee you the ability to fortell any standard climatic change. For instance:

For Rain. Your procedure is as follows: (a) Don natty ice-cream suit. (b) Invite her down for the game, or (c) arrange to play golf that afternoon. One of these will

produce at least a drizzle. Any two of them in conjunction warrant a cloud-burst.

For Cloudy Weather. This is absurdly easy. Line up a friend or two against a wall and make threatening gestures with a camera.

For Indian Summer. Buy a coonskin coat. Expensive but very effective.

For Ideal Weather. In New Jersey? Don't be ridiculous.

* * * *



Stranger—"What is the shortest cut to the Dean's office?"

Stude—"The thirtieth."



"I'm up to my ears in this work."

"That's nothing. It's all above my head."

* * * *

INSOMNIA

Most people believe that sleep is something automatic. You just lie down, roll over once and sleep. But don't believe a word of it. I find it not only difficult, but practically impossible.

In the first place, "my bed is like a little boat." It has everything but oarlocks. I have no idea to what purpose the former owner put it, but I fancy he found it a convenient place for skipping rope or storing a trunk or two. But no matter what he did, he was very successful. I find that with no appreciable difficulty I can touch the floor

in a very inconvenient spot, and that when I lie on my back my spine forms the most disconcerting parabola imaginable. My chin drives holes in my chest and my stomach is so wrinkled it hurts. When I lie on my side I am tortured by visions of sad-eyed doctors operating on me for appendicitis.

Now, believe me, it is very difficult to sleep under these conditions. When you can't breathe conveniently you certainly can't sleep. And should it be physically possible to breathe, there would still be the

difficulty of finding the air to do it with. In bed I am in such a valley, such an abyss, that whatever air comes in through the window blows right over me, and I must sit up to catch even a sniff of it. And I can't sleep, sitting up to sniff.

I have tried climbing up on the gunwales of my little boat and hanging there by clutching the mattress with my fingernails and toes. But if you sleep you relax—and if I relax I roll some two feet back to the centerboard. This never has failed to wake me.

Sometimes I manage to poon-pooch my difficulties, saying to myself, "George, my boy, you are indeed very comfortable;" but I become so intent on repeating this hypocrisy that I remain wide-eyed. Someone once told me that you could sleep by counting sheep jumping a gate. Now, I like sheep and nothing, in all seriousness, could give me greater pleasure than to see the pretty woolly beasts hurdling a pasture gate. But nowadays I seldom sleep in pastures, and this is not a sheep country anyway. So I have to find something else to count. I try my toes. But I have only ten, and it doesn't take me long to get that done. Counting them a second time bores me beyond measure. What a problem!

When I start for bed I usually say, "Well, now for a good night's sleep." Of course, this never works unless I am so puffed that I can't say it. Then I sleep. For a whole week I tried getting very puffed before bedtime. Needless to say I was very successful. I slept very soundly. In fact, I didn't wake up until the next afternoon, when it was time to start my treatment again for that night. But, alas! I couldn't keep that up. I am a man of mediocre circumstances.

"I hear dot Popsky changed his name."

"Yes, name vass Russian; business vass not."

* * *

THE YOUNGER GENERATION

*I've heard a lot of people rave
In terms of rank disapprobation,
About the headlong follies of
The flighty younger generation
It seems, indeed, that all's not
well—
It seems, we're going straight to
Hell.*

*I've heard a torrent of abuse
Against the modern way of dancing;
It seems it is a heinous thing
This needless and barbaric prancing.
One hears a clamorous appeal:*

*'Gainst powder, rouge and cigarettes
Revive the Old Virginia Reel!
I've heard orations vitriolic;
A "good old-fashioned licking"
would,
It seems, end this ungodly frolic.
So goes it ad infinitum,
'Gainst kissing, petting, cards, and
rum.*

*Now I have tried to find the cause
Of all this heated indignation,
Some reason for this fiery flood,
Of bold and sweeping accusation.
I wonder if this could be it:
Perhaps they envy us a bit?*

W. D. S., JR.

* * *

Little Girl (in bed—"Mother, I'm afraid of the dark."

Mother — "Remember that an angel will still be here when I take the light away."

Little Girl—"Mother, you take the angel and leave me the light."

IN MEMORY OF ARTHUR

Arthur rather griped some people, but he was my room-mate, and I always defended him. Of course, it was a little irritating to find that Arthur had reached my morning paper first and thoughtlessly carted it over to his nine o'clock, but I never complained. Lots of times he brought some of it back. Some one has declared that Arthur never bought a package of cigarettes in his life. Why should he? Didn't my family forward a thousand "Humps" only last week? Arthur would have preferred Pall Malls, but he did his best not to hurt my feelings. He didn't. Arthur has been a good influence also. I haven't had a drop in the room since he found the other key to my trunk. And I only wish that I could describe his almost

maternal solicitude for me. If I am unavoidably detained, he invariably goes through my correspondence. You never can tell when there will be something important. This may be one reason why I haven't received my allowance for three months. I didn't mind a bit when he borrowed my coon-skin, hat, shoes, necktie, socks, shirt, watch, and patent cigar-lighter for a week-end. Perhaps he really should have extinguished the lighter before he put it back in the pocket of the coat though. He saved the ticket for the watch, too. Yes, Arthur was a good boy, but I had to get rid of him. This morning he irked me, so I operated on him with the fire tongs. No man can borrow my toothbrush and get away with it.

* * * *



"What is double-jointed?"

"Why, I should say a married man who lives at home only part of the time."



"How do you like this suit?"
 "Well, frankly, it isn't so hot."
 "That's funny. I got it at a fire sale."

* * * *

WHAT THE LECTURER REALLY THOUGHT

GENTLEMEN:

You could not possibly be half so bored with this course as I, but being only partially civilized, you do not conceal it. The text-book on which these lectures are based was out of date years ago, but no one has taken time to write a new one anyhow. Some of your author's statements are so absurd that I have thought at times of writing a little essay on the subject, but I fear it would be only a thankless task. Gentlemen, you should cut this lecture more; I assure you the sight of vacant seats is infinitely easier on my nerves than your vacant faces. Furthermore, I can see no possible use in this course, to me or to you; but there is some use in it—when I have laid up a modest competency I expect to move to Paris; and you may depend upon it that if I see any of you there I shall cut you dead.

F. F., JR.

"Hey, get off that cement. Can't you see it's wet?"

"Oh, that's all right. I'm wearing my galoshes."

YOU MEAN?

Through rather close personal experience and constant perusal of newspapers and magazines during these modern days, we have arrived at the following conclusions:

1. When a diplomat says, "yes," he usually means, "maybe."

2. When a diplomat says, "maybe," he most often means, "no."

3. When a diplomat says, "no," he isn't a diplomat.

4. When a lady says, "no," she's apt to mean, "maybe."

5. When a lady says, "maybe," she almost always means, "yes."

6. When a lady says, "yes"—well—she just isn't a lady.

*Moonlight, for all its kick, may kill
 A budding love affair;
 For it did so, when by its glow
 Jean saw me kissing Claire.*

* * *

MEMOIRS OF AN EX-FIANCÉE

Of all the girls I have been engaged to Laura was the first. I loved Laura so much that I gave her anything she wanted for her birthday each week. Finally, when she began to have two birthdays a week, I got suspicious that she was gold-digging and broke it off.

Then there was Ann and Sue. I brought Ann a two-pound box of chocolates every night and got a thrill out of having her feed me a pound of it with her fingers. After a week's attack of acute indigestion I turned to Sue, who didn't believe in eating sweets. After a while I decided I'd rather be single than starve.

May was the queerest proposition. One day she was cold as ice and the next warm. Half the time she didn't remember what had happened the time before, and sometimes I think she was making fun of me. You can imagine what happened when I found out she was twins.

Cora and Jane were an evenly balanced pair. Cora had a Rolls-Royce and two houses in the city. Jane had a Lancia, a city house, and a country villa. I went temporarily insane trying to decide which one to lavish my effections upon.

Kate and Grace next came into my uneventful life. Both swore that they were faithful to me alone. My sympathies were all for Kate until I heard that Grace was faithful to two other men besides. So Grace and I engaged. She's the most constant girl I've found yet.



Jack—"What's that large new book lying on your table?"

Mack—"Can't you see? That's my memory book."

Jack—"Sure enough—I ought to have noticed it was blank."



He (tenderly)—“Oh, darling, doesn't your heart whisper that you love me?”

She (coily)—“Well, the doctor said that I had heart murmurs.”

* * * *

PUT AND TAKE

The hostess at a fashionable dinner, given not long ago in one of our large cities, wore a very valuable necklace for the occasion. It was greatly admired by the guests and finally passed around for inspection. During the course of the meal the necklace was forgotten and when the hostess came to claim it, it had disappeared. Her husband, the tactful host, wishing to embarrass no one, placed a large silver bowl in the center of the table. Then said laughingly, “I will now turn out the lights for a moment. When I put them on again, presto, the necklace will be in the bowl.” Darkness for an instant; then the glare of the lights once more. The bowl had disappeared.

A REFUTATION

If love's what makes the world go round,

*The stronger then this force,
The faster, if my logic's sound,
The world would turn, of course.*

*But then my love for Anabel,
Would throw this human race,
By increased force centrifugal,
Far into endless space.*

*But about this fate I ne'er need worry,
The world will safely turn;
Because my love is so well balanced
By her sweet unconcern.*

* * *

*In relations quite domestic
Artists must lead peaceful lives,
For such a goodly number
Of them marry model wives.*

THIS FREEZEDOM

The scene is an igloo bathroom in the frozen North, where men tear their meat. For even razors find it rather dull in the lonely wilds of Alaska. Little Waldo is taking a bath. He is a cute little codger of four summers and as he splashes about in the water, he guffaws blandly and playfully tickles the stubble on his chin.

Soon he jumps from the tub and dons his great fur rompers. In the anteroom he finds Auntie fanning herself as she whistles a fragment from “Chapped Gums” (the Eskimo version of “Hot Lips”). Father is in the corner picking his teeth with an icicle. Mother is stirring a huge cauldron full of bears paws.

After the feast the whole family is preparing for the long winter sleep, while Mother is winding the Esquimola and putting on a lullaby record.

Presently by his regular breathing, she perceives that Waldo is in the arms of Igloo Lou, the goddess of sleep. Tenderly she covers him with the seal-skin sheets, and taking out her false teeth lest their click awake him, she tenderly kisses him good-night.

Suddenly a glacial roar is heard. Father repeats the warning cry: “VANILLA! VANILLA!” which is the ice scream of the tribe. But it is too late. The key block of the igloo has slipped and the walls tumble to the ground. A few audible grunts indicate that all of the family have not been killed.

Darned lucky, these Esquimos.

D. D. S., JR.

A DARN NICE GIRL

*From every side I hear that cry,
Incessant, blatant, in my ears;
It sweeps in discord to the sky
And bounces off the heavenly
spheres.*

*I hear it here, I hear it there—
Alas! My brain is all a-whirl;
That cursed thing is everywhere:
"Oh, Mary? She's a darn nice girl!"*

*Though she has eyes of bluest blue,
And wavy hair of golden sheen,
And perfect lips of carmine hue—
Although she dresses like a queen,
Somewhere, somehow, there's
something wrong*

*Something that causes men to hurl
Forth to the air that bitter song:
"Oh, Mary? She's a darn nice girl!"*

*Ah, Mary mine, what have you
done*

*To merit such an epithet?
I've kissed you often; I, for one,
Know how adorably you pect.
Oh . . . now I see it all! Forgive
Me, dearest. What a witless churl!
To me, to me alone you give;
To others—you're a darn nice
girl!*

* * * *



"A camel can do without water for six days."

"So could I, if the damn 'stuff' wasn't so expensive."



Shy Newcomer—"What have you left for me, Miss Smith?"

Miss S. (pondering)—"Well, I have the fourth cozy corner, the ninth side porch sofa, and a waltz still open."

* * * *

DEUCES WILD

*The doctor came out through the
door*

And spoke to Jonathan Jones.

*"They're doing well; it's twins."
he said,*

"So give me just ten bones."...

*Jonathan paid, but he begged the
Doc;*

*"Your knowledge with me
share,—*

*I have a full house now," he said,
"How can I draw a pair?"*

* * *

The following regulation, if strictly enforced, would doubtless do away with auto smash-ups: When two cars approach at a crossing both shall stop and neither shall proceed until the other has passed on.

An Englishman and his wife were making a tour of the world. At dinner, on the evening of her arrival in New York, she uttered a low cry of horror.

"What's the matter, dear?" asked her spouse. "For heaven's sake, what's the matter?"

She held the menu out to him and read:

"Baked Indian Pudding. Can such things be in a civilized land?"—Black & Blue Jay.

* * * *

She—"I'd sooner be here with you than at that bridge party."

He—"Huh! Women only play bridge so they'll have something to think about while they talk."—Goblin.

* * * *

He—"Are you free tonight?"

She—"None of that, old boy, we went out on that basis last Friday."—Brown Jug.

* * * *

Runaway matches, like other runaways, generally end in hold-ups.—Brown Jug.

* * * *

He Can't Take It

"Have you ever had trigonometry?"

"Nope; I've been vaccinated."—Sun Dial.

* * * *

He—"How much do you weigh?"

She—"Oh, not enough to spoil the crease in your trousers." Lyre.

* * * *

"Hello, Joe, who're you workin' for now?"

"Same bunch—wife an' five kids!"—Goblin.

* * * *

Accommodating

An American visitor in London, buying a paper from a newsboy, said:

"I should have to pay double the price of this paper if I were over in America."

"Well," replied the urchin, "yer can pay me double, guv'nor, if it'll make yer feel more at 'ome."—Pearson's Weekly.

* * * *

"Won't you join me in a cup of tea?"

"Well, you get in, and I'll see if there's any room left."—Octopus.

She—"Can you read French?"

He—"No, but I can guess from the picture."—Gargoyle.

* * * *

Joe—"May I kiss you?"

Flo—"Isn't that just like a man! Trying to put all the responsibility on a woman!"—Drexerd.

* * * *

Author (musing)—"You remember the saying, 'All the world's a stage, and all the men and women in it merely players?'"

Movie Star—"Say, now that's good! Who wrote it? That title writer over in the Goldfinch studios?"—Judge.

* * * *

Susan—"What's Bobbie cryin' for?"

Harold—"He's not cryin' for anything. He's had it."—Life.

* * * *

1925—"Are you taking anyone to the Prom?"

1926—"Nope; I'd rather go to Europe this summer."—Record.

* * * *

"Name the oldest Roman coin now in existence and state where it is located."

"Oh, that must be the Latin Quarter in Paris."—Record.

* * * *

"Say, young man, you can't go to New York on this ticket. It's marked New York to New Haven."

"That's all right. I'll ride backwards."—Record.

* * * *

"Father, I wish you wouldn't leave my millinery bills hanging around on the table just when Arthur is on the verge of proposing!"—Widow.

* * * *

Barber—"Shave and a haircut, sir?"

Student—"Naw, brush my teeth."—Record.

* * * *

Old Colored Mammy—"Ise wants a ticket for Florence."

Ticket Agent (after ten minutes of weary thumbing over railroad guides)—"Where the devil is Florence?"

O. C. M.—"Setting over dar on de bench."—Tiger.



"Oh, Jerry, why did you buy those cheap spark plugs when you were so particular to get Kelly-Springfield tires?"

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"Waiter, is your corn tender?"

"Very, sir, and the sooner you take your foot off the better I'll like it."—Lampoon.

* * * *

THE WRETCH

Some fellows can get away with anything.

There's one in our neighborhood who does it.

Morals don't mean a thing to him.

He's unmarried, and lives openly with a women he's crazy about.

And doesn't give two steam-heated hoots what the neighbors say or think.

He has no regard for truth or law.

The duties of the so-called good citizens are the bunk, so far as he is concerned.

He doesn't vote either at the primaries or the elections.

He never thinks of paying a bill.

We saw him take a two-dollar taxi ride without giving the driver a pleasant look.

And the driver looked at him and muttered something silly.

He won't work a lick.

He won't go to church.

He can't play cards.

Or dance.

Or sing.

Or fool around with musical instruments.

Or the radio.

As a conversationalist he's null and void.

He neglects his appearance terribly.

He hasn't shaved for weeks.

He'd let the house burn down before he'd turn in a fire alarm.

The telephone can ring itself weak and he won't give it a tumble.

He lacks opinions.

Even on the good old prohibition question nobody knows actually where he stands.

One minute he's dry.

And the next minute he's wet.

But we will say this for him.

He comes of a darn good family.

He's our new baby.—Judge.

* * * *

"I am from Missouri; you have to show me."

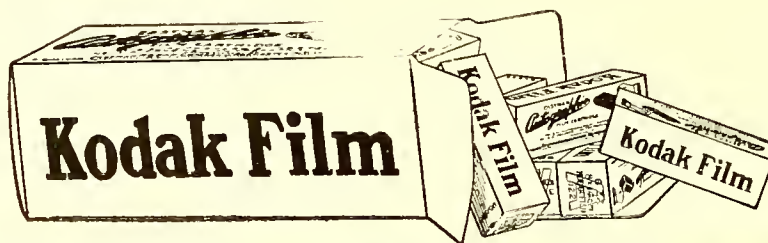
"I am from Elgin. Watch me."—Gargoyle.

“What a whale of a difference
just a few cents make!”



—all the difference
between just an ordinary cigarette
and—FATIMA, the most skillful
blend in cigarette history.

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The Hall of Progress

The Doctor—"All you need is a little sun and air."

The Patient—"Sir, how dare you!"—Pelican.

* * * *

Phooey

"I'm fed up on the articles in this magazine."

"What are they, serial stories?"—Lampoon.

"You haven't changed much."

"No. The laundries are on strike."—Moonshine.

* * * *

"Speaking of small babies, my father weighed only three pounds at birth!"

"And did he live?"—London Titbits.

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and Clubs

"Hate food."

"Why?"

"Spoils my appetite."—Lampoon.

* * * *

"What do you do for a living?"

"I'm a salt salesman."

"A salt seller?"

"Yea."

"Shake!"—The Drawl.

* * * *

"I got a cut in chapel this morning."

"But it doesn't show."—Banter.

* * * *

"My father says the best time to call on a woman
is in the morning."

"How does he know?"

"Well, he is a milkman."—Banter.

* * * *

He (over the phone)—"I'm coming right over,
don't get dressed."

She (just out of bath)—"You fresh thing, don't
you dare come."—Banter.

* * * *

"This isn't a very good picture of your little
brother, is it?"

"No, but, then he isn't a very good little boy."—
London Humorist.

* * * *

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TO HAVE STAYED AT THE ASTOR
IS TO HAVE LIVED IN NEW YORK

Magician—"I will now bring a little dog from the robe—hear him bark?"

Pest—"Aw, that's only the woof of the cloth."—Lampoon.

* * * *

Father—"What did you do with the check I sent you?"

Son—"Alma Mater took it, Dad."

Father—"And I told you to keep away from the women!"—Pitt Panther.

* * * *

Aesop's Fables Up to Date

Once there was a man who started to walk a mile for a Camel.

But just outside of his house was a pretty little miss.

Being a coed, she was smoking cigarettes, and gave him one.

So he stayed there, and got his Camel anyway.

Moral: A miss is as good as a mile.—Octopus.

RUN RIGHT TO

SUTTON and ALDERMAN

Druggists

Chapel Hill, N. C.

AND

Sutton's Main Street Pharmacy

Durham, N. C.

Agent—"Is the head of the house in?"

Man—"Just a moment." (Calling loudly) "Mary!"

(No answer.) "Yes, what was it you wanted with me?"—Ohio Sun Dial.

* * * *

Mystery

Bobbie (aged seven, helping cousin to dress doll)—"What goes on next?"

Cousin—"Well, really, Bobbie, I don't think I ought to tell you."—Eve (London).

When in Durham

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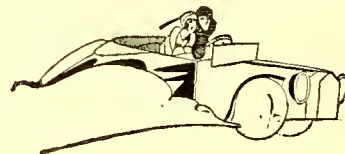
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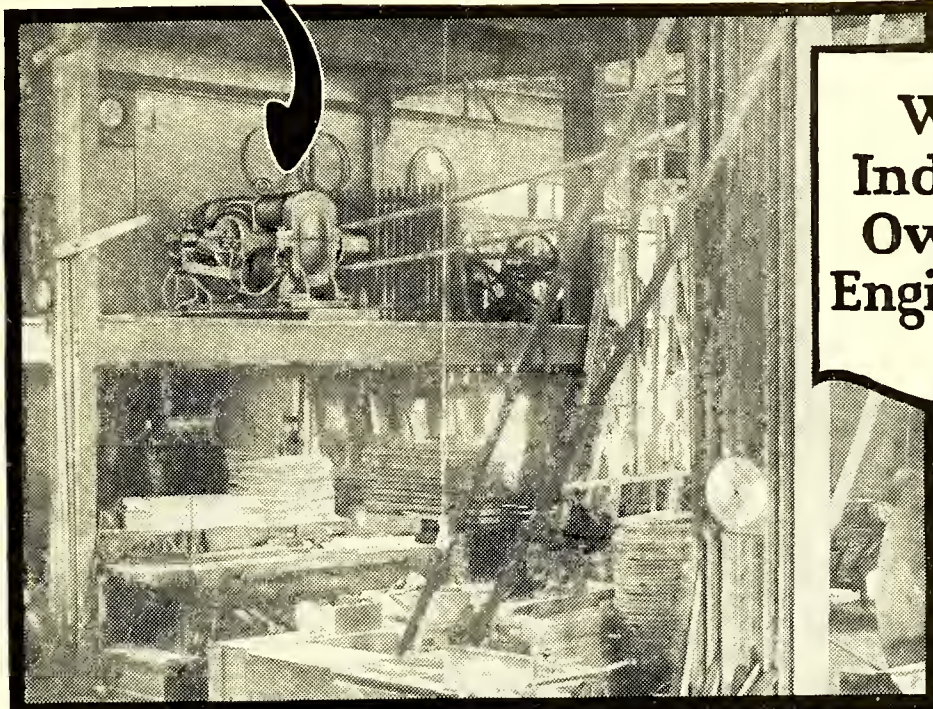


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ahead with the band . . . then read

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After many years of service as a direct-current generator, this original application in the steel industry in 1891—in the Edgar Thompson Works of the Carnegie Steel Co., Bessemer, Pa.—ended its days as a motor in the pattern shop.

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Textile Manufacturing
Paper Making
Rubber Industry
Material Handling
Motion Picture Industry
Meat Packing
Railroading
Ship Building
And Others

In 1891 the first electric motor was put to work in a steel mill. In 1905 the first large rolling mill motor, and in 1906, the first reversing mill motor were also installed in steel mills. These motors—all Westinghouse Motors—were history-makers in the steel industry.

Other industries too have profited by Westinghouse engineering pioneering.

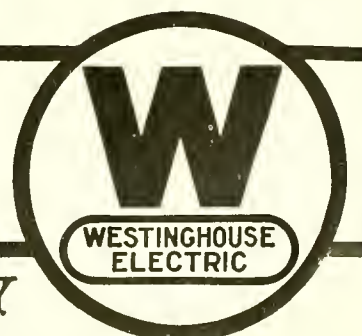
—In the textile industry, individual motor drive became a reality in 1902, in the Sauguoit Silk Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

—In the rubber industry, Westinghouse ideas as originally applied in 1900, are today the standard method of application in plants throughout the world.

—In the handling of materials at the world's great shipping centers, in the manufacturing of paper, in the motion picture industry, in coal mining, in meat packing, railroading, ship building—in fact, in every branch of human activity can be found progress and profits traceable directly to the pioneering of Westinghouse Engineers.

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